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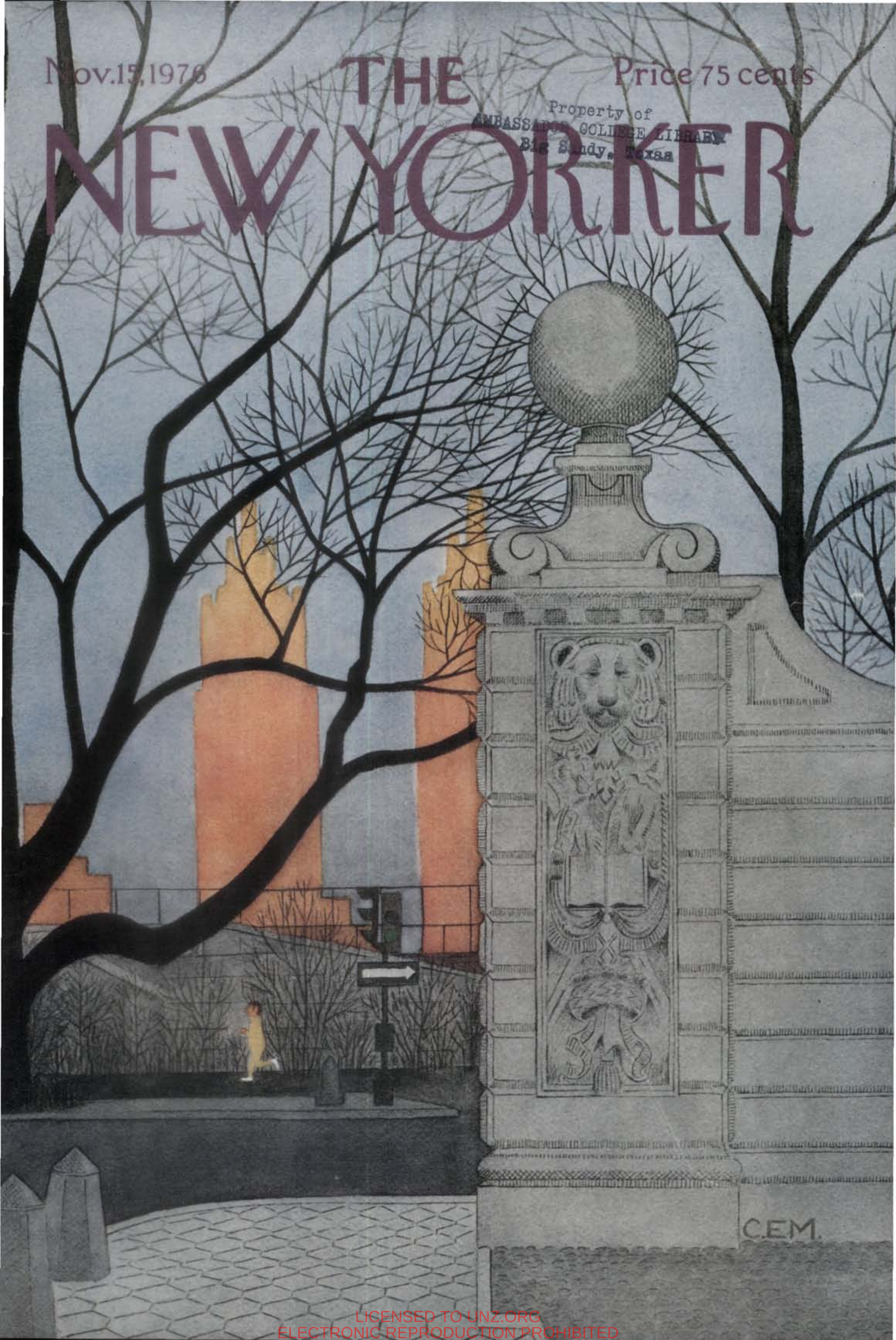

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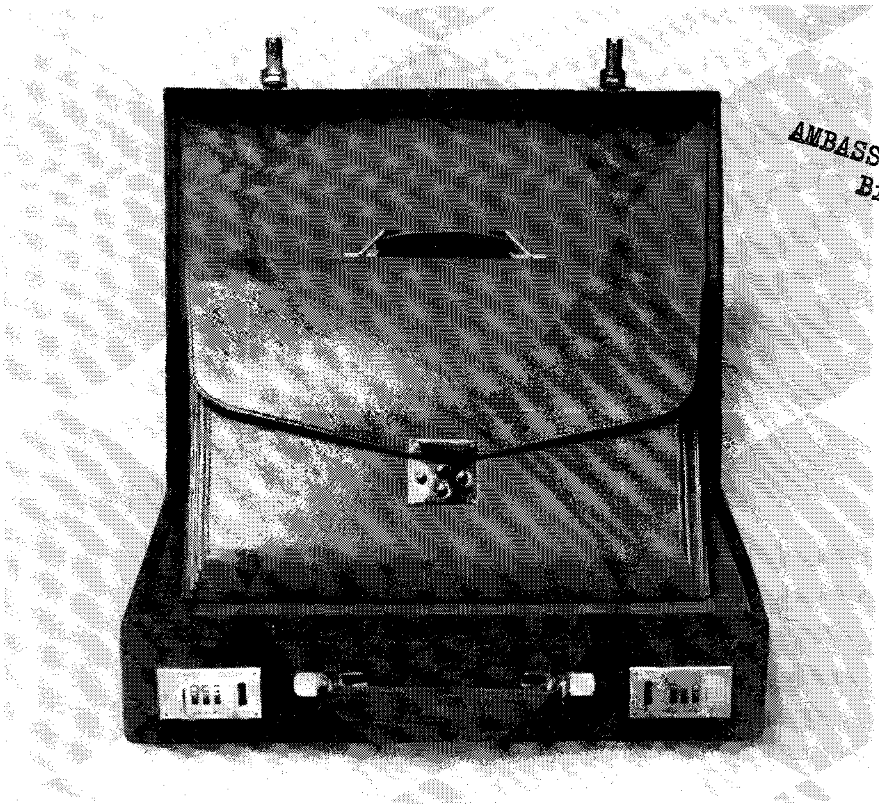

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BONWIT
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABBEY THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS, with Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack, opens Wednesday, Nov. 17 (preview Tuesday, Nov. 16), and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Eamon Kelly's one-man show "In My Father's Time" will follow, starting Tuesday, Nov. 30, and closing Sunday, Dec. 5. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CHILDREN—A. R. Gurney, Jr., whose "Scenes from American Life" was one of the delights of the 1971 season, again casts his ironic and sympathetic eye on the old-fashioned Protestant gentry as it deals with the social stresses of the turbulent present. This play, loosely based on John Cheever's story "Goodbye, My Brother," is set in the summer house of a well-to-do widow, who invites her adult sons and daughter (and various in-laws) there to announce that she plans to remarry and turn over the property to them. The results of that announcement are highly dramatic, the climax being precipitated by a couple of family members who remain offstage. The production, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, is first-rate, and the four actors—Nancy Marchand, Swoosie Kurtz, Holland Taylor, and Dennis Howard—prove entirely worthy of the fine parts that Mr. Gurney has provided them. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMEDIANS—A play by Trevor Griffiths, imported from London, starring Milo O'Shea, John Lithgow, and Rex Robbins. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews through Monday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DAYS IN THE TREES—Mildred Dunnock, Joseph Maher, and Suzanne Lederer are first-rate in this bitter comedy about family life, written by Marguerite Duras. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

THE DEFENSE—A play by Edgar White. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

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DOMINO COURTS AND COMANCHE CAFÉ—A pair of one-acters by Bill Hauptman. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T STEP ON MY OLIVE BRANCH—A tiresome Israeli musical. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Shaw's HEARTBREAK HOUSE will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 10. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FARM—David Storey's play about the disappointments, resilience, and gallantry of a Yorkshire farmer and his family in present-day England is as strong and witty and mysteriously fascinating as this same dramatist's "Home" or "The Contractor," and it is very well acted under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Jack Gwillim is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Debra Mooney, Ruby Holbrook, and Jeff Daniels, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, hu-

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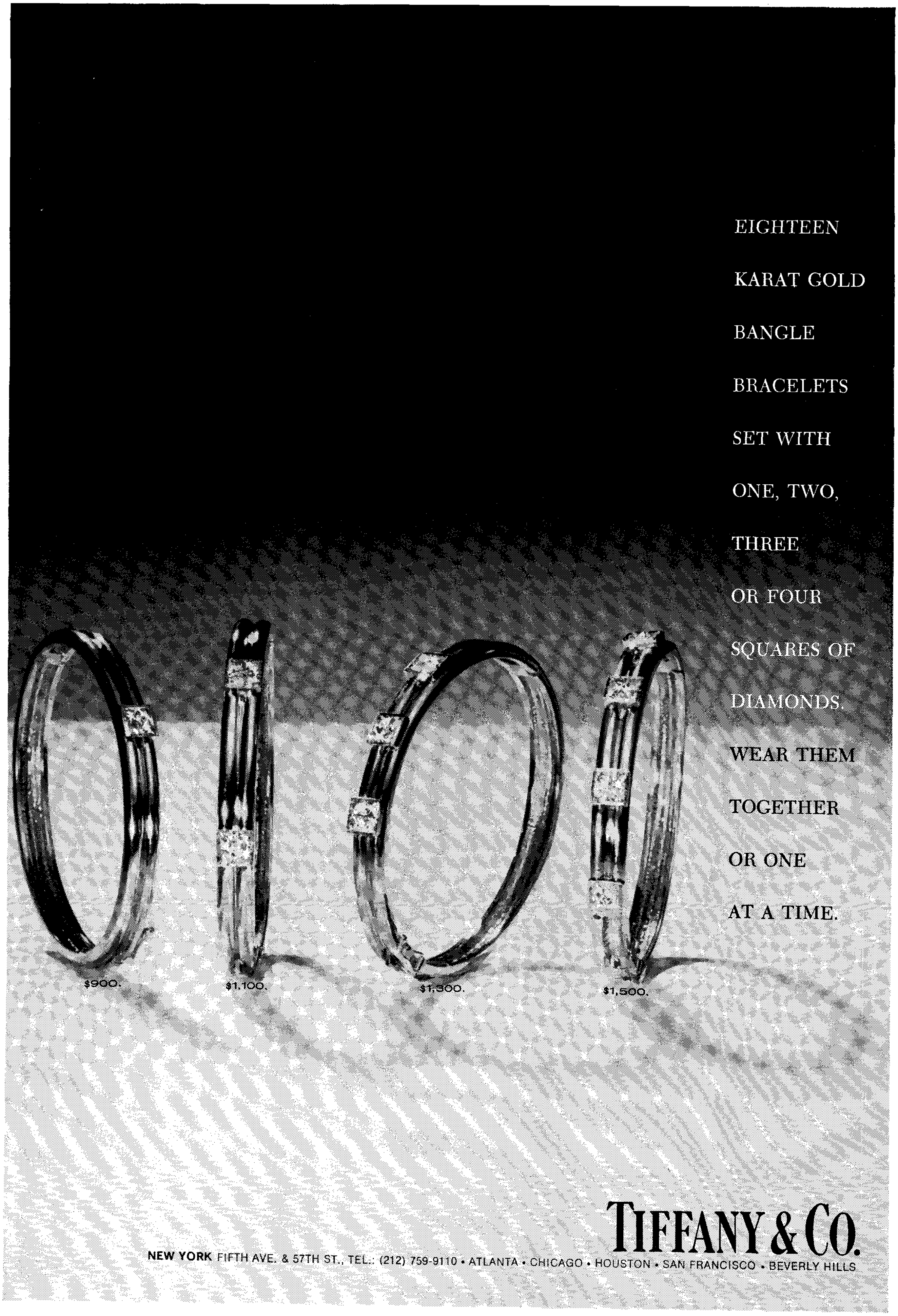
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mor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gavella Theatre of Zagreb—The last two of three performances, in Croatian, by this company, appearing here for the first time. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 3: "A Badger in Court" and "A Kajkavian Garden."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "The Kermess." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams spends the evening quoting texts from Martin Luther King, Jr. What one feels is piety. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

National Theatre of Greece—Two plays in modern Greek (no translations): Sophocles' **OEDIPUS AT COLONUS:** Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 6:45; Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.... ¶ Aristophanes' **THE KNIGHTS:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, at 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

No Man's Land—Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud in a limited engagement of a new play by Harold Pinter, imported from London. Directed by Peter Hall. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Thursday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

Poor Murderer—A drama embracing a psychodrama, in which a bright young man in a mental hospital acts out a murder that he may or may not have committed. The cast is sensational: Laurence Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Kevin McCarthy, Ruth Ford, Larry Gates, Paul Sparer. Written by Pavel Kohout and directed by Herbert Berghof. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's irresistible opera, played and sung for the first time as he wrote it. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Prince of Homburg—A play by Heinrich von Kleist, written in 1811. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical that pretends, not very successfully, to be a mingling of country humor and age-old folklore. The cast is pleasing, and the dancing is first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

2 by 5—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,889 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 20—Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Source," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 320.)... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Bugaku," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Square Dance," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun,"

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and “Western Symphony.” (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: “The Real McCoy,” “A Soldier’s Tale,” and “The Consort.”. . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: “Waves,” “The Gods Amused,” “A Poem Forgotten,” and “Intermezzo.”. . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: “Harbinger,” “The Consort,” and “Excursions.”. . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: “Harbinger,” “The Gods Amused,” “Tzaddik,” and “The Consort.”. . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: “Waves,” “The Gods Amused,” “Cortège Parisien,” and “Intermezzo.”. . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 14: “Harbinger,” “The Real McCoy,” and “The Consort.”. . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 14: “Waves,” “Excursions,” and “A Soldier’s Tale.”. . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 16: “The Real McCoy,” “The Gods Amused,” “A Poem Forgotten,” and “A Soldier’s Tale.”. . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 17: “Excursions,” “The Consort,” and “Intermezzo.”. . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18: “Waves,” “The Gods Amused,” “Cortège Parisien,” and “A Soldier’s Tale.”. . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: “Harbinger,” “The Gods Amused,” “A Poem Forgotten,” and “The Consort.”. . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: “The Real McCoy,” “The Gods Amused,” “Tzaddik,” and “Excursions.”. . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: “Harbinger,” “The Consort,” and “A Soldier’s Tale.” (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

Dutch National Ballet—A one-week engagement by a company appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30: “Metaphors,” “Twilight,” “Epitaph,” and “First Aerial Station.”. . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2 and 8: “Ginastera,” “Adagio Hammerklavier,” and “Before, During and After the Party.” (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550.)

Dance Umbrella—A five-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 28. **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7; Friday, Nov. 12, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8. . . . **PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 11, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2. . . . **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8. . . . **ANNABELLE GAMSON:** Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious bar and soul-food night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus **RASHIED ALI.** Since he reopened this summer, Ali has brought in some of the best new-jazz musicians on the scene. Drummer Harold Smith leads his band *through Thursday, Nov. 11; Friday through* Sunday, Nov. 12-14, pianist Hal Galper will head up a quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 16-18, alto saxophonist James Vass, who usually works with Ali, will front his own quartet; and on Friday, Nov. 19, Ali himself will be onstage with his quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Foster, who contributes an occasional tenor or soprano solo himself, has written and arranged all the material—“Cecilia Is Love” and “Someone’s Rocking My Jazzboat” are standouts. Many of the numerous solos are stirring, particularly those by drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP.** Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel *Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.*

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** leads a densely percussive quintet—Ray Mantilla on congas, guitarist Paul Metzke, bassist Alex Blake, and pianist Al Dailey—through Saturday, Nov. 13. Electric violinist John Blair will be sitting in with the group during its sets. Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 15-17, singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão’s Brazilian Roots, a Latin-inspired sextet, will be on hand. Tenor saxophonist and free-thinker **ARCHIE SHEPP** and his quintet will arrive on Thursday, Nov. 18. Music from about nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here’s the lineup: The Cate Brothers, an Arkansas rock band, is onstage through Thursday, Nov. 11; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 12-14, the **PERSUASIONS**, a remarkable street-corner a-cappella soul-and-gospel quintet, will alternate with rural-blues revivalist **JOHN HAMMOND**, who grunts, cries, whoops, and stomps his way into authenticity; on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 15-16, the Aztec Two-Step, a folk duo, will work opposite singer and songwriter David Forman; on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, the Ozark Mountain Daredevils, a country-pop sextet from Missouri, will be here; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, have been reserved for singer Elly Stone. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and **STAFFORD JAMES** do their exemplary things through Saturday, Nov. 13. On Monday, Nov. 15, the piano will be pushed into a corner to make room for the very fine guitarist **JIMMY RANEY**, his guitar-wielding son, Doug, and a bassist. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is home, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. Supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, he appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she’ll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing (in fact, there’s usually none at all), no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER**, who is sixty-five, first attracted attention in the early thirties when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie band, and doing numbers such as “Roll ’em, Pete,” “Corrine, Corrina,” “Piney Brown Blues,” and many more. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues singer for Atlantic Records. His styles during this period stretched from New Orleans singer (“Honey Hush”) to Chicago-blues singer (“TV Mama,” a wonderful, funny midtempo blues, which Turner wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll ace (“Shake, Rattle, and Roll”). Turner hasn’t appeared in New York in nearly thirty years, but he’s here now, backed by K.C. pianist Lloyd Glenn and guitarist Wayne Wright. Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, who plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan’s, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** joins up with the group through Saturday, Nov. 13. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Nov. 14, from eight, trumpeter **THAD JONES** and drummer **MEL LEWIS**, who for the last ten years have usually been surrounded by fifteen other players, will work with a pared-down group—a quintet—that features **PEPPER ADAMS** conscientiously delivering on his baritone sax. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, highly regarded swing saxophonist, has been annexed by the trio for the month of November. Mondays and Tuesdays, **WARREN CHIASSON** and **CHUCK WAYNE** get together. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Nov. 14, *Chiasson will be back again* from five-thirty to nine-thirty, this time collaborating with **JIMMY RANEY.** Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don’t be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Dashiki-clad **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet solos still seem to skid on ice, has settled in for a three-week stint with his current quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BUCK CLAYTON** has been away too long, but here he is with a fine sextet that includes **HAROLD ASHBY** on tenor saxophone, **EARLE WARREN** on reeds, **RED RICHARDS** on piano, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **PANAMA FRANCIS** on drums. And **JOHNNY HARTMAN** does some songs. Altogether, a welcome sound. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand all week. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his lively young quintet, the Hip Ensemble, will be present. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Mission Mountain Wood Band, a bluegrass band with its roots in Montana, trades sets

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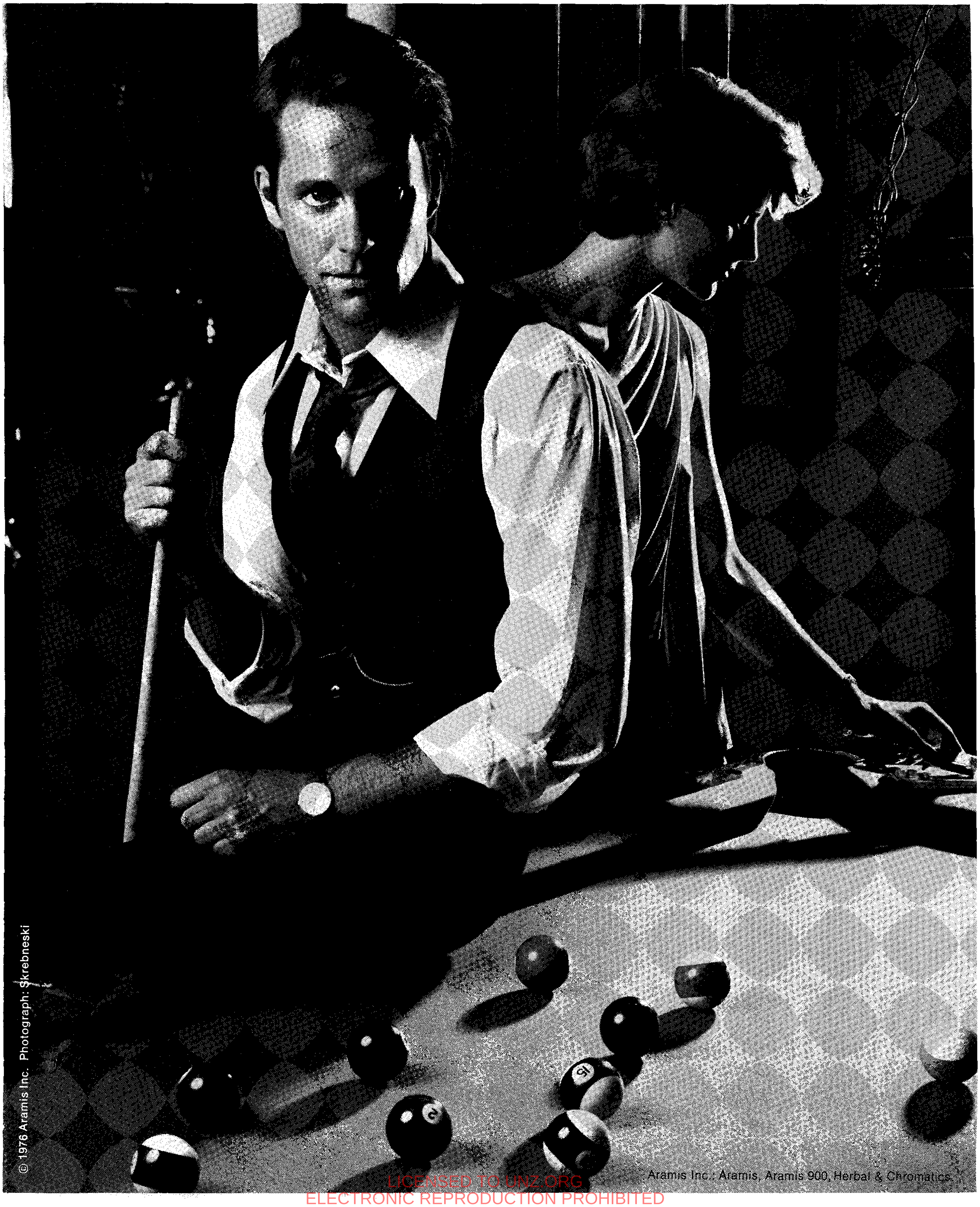

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with Jake and the Family Jewels, a Lovin' Spoonful-inspired band with roots right under this stage, through Sunday, Nov. 14. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 16-18, blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON** will bring in his band. Cotton, who served apprenticeships with Sonny Boy Williamson, the reigning harp giant of thirty years ago, and Muddy Waters, the Delta-born William the Conqueror of Chicago blues, now has a cult of his own, and he should—he's probably the best second-generation Chicago-blues musician. In the sixties, after he left Waters, Cotton formed his own band and mostly played Chicago and Detroit clubs that were small, intimate, and informal. Those who saw him then report that he would get so worked up he would leave the stage, blowing on his harmonica, dance around through the audience and out the front door, go around the block, and burst back in ten minutes later, still going strong. Nowadays, he spends most of his time in concert and on stages as large as and larger than the Bottom Line's. He can still project his wild, infectious enthusiasm, and he should be especially good in these rather smallish quarters. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, will be turned over to AC/DC, a rock group from Australia. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene, and the fact that the great and altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** is ensconced here for two weeks makes the place all the more appealing. Raun MacKinnon, an eclectic and talented singer, and her backing crew open the shows through Sunday, Nov. 14; singer Karen Akers will take on the opening chores beginning Tuesday, Nov. 16. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here goes like this: Monday is Dixieland night (presented by the New Jersey Jazz Society), Tuesday's offering is contemporary jazz, Wednesday focusses on American song, Thursday is jazz-classics night, and Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for miscellaneous groups. Different musicians and ensembles are scheduled each night; some of them are singer **JOE CARROLL** (who contributed his recordings of "Oo-Sho-Be-Do-Be" and "Jump-Did-Le-Ba" to the cause of American song some twenty-five years ago) on Wednesday, Nov. 10; pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and a quintet on Thursday, Nov. 11; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and his quartet on Friday, Nov. 12; trumpeter Warren Vaché, Jr., and a quintet on Monday, Nov. 15; Cedar Walton, again, and his quartet, again, on Tuesday, Nov. 16; pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, his quartet, and vocalist Carrie Smith on Wednesday, Nov. 17; **RICHARD SUDHALTER'S** band, in an all-Bix program, on Thursday, Nov. 18; and singer and bebop patriarch **EDDIE JEFFERSON** on Saturday, Nov. 20. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels is in charge of a robust quartet; **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, is on hand with a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays involve guitarist **JOE PUMA** in one way or another: On Friday, Nov. 12, Sheila Jordan will sing with the Puma trio; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF**, Puma, and others will join forces; and on Sunday, Nov. 21, Puma will perform with a visiting guitarist. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jammed-together tables and chairs are usually filled in this animated restaurant. Electronic-keyboard whiz Mike Nock performs with bassist Cecil McBee and saxophonist Joe Farrell through Sunday, Nov. 14. On Wednesday, Nov. 17, pianist **MIKE LONGO** will arrive with a quartet. Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, two young dynamos. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a South Boston bar, will leave this small, inoffensive cabaret after Sunday, Nov. 14. Comedian David Misch, who also comes from Boston, opens for them with a witty, compact act—that a young, aspiring comic does only fifteen or twenty minutes is an innovation in itself. His routines include a parody of a local newscast, a bit he calls the Dylan Bathroom Tapes, and a pitch for Cat-on-the-Back Disease. Shows at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Singer and pianist Donny Hathaway is here Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 11-13. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, conga virtuoso **RAY BARRETTO** and his big band will trade sets with musical humanist-explorer and tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his quintet. Music from about ten. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his wonderful septet are still making local waves, and they'll be available at this address through Sunday, Nov. 14. On Mondays and for the week following Monday, Nov. 15, **THAD** and **MEL** (**JONES** and **LEWIS**) will be blasting forth with their fifteen colleagues. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Dill Jones and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for the likes of Paul Quinichette, **BUDDY TATE**, **BENNIE MORTON**, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 5:45: **CHARLES MINGUS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 5:45: **GUS GIORDANO JAZZ DANCE COMPANY.**

John Denver and **the Starland Vocal Band**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.

Kenny Rankin and **Franklyn Ajaye**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.

Harry Chapin—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Lou Reed—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Jimmy Cliff—Palladium. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.

Climax Blues Band, **Montrose**, and **Styx**—Palladium. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30.

A Jazz Portrait of Hoagy Carmichael—Helen Merrill, Jimmy Rowles, Chuck Wayne, George Duvivier, and Dick Sudhalter. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Neil Young & Crazy Horse—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 9, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 9 and 11:59.

Johnny Cash—With the Cash-Carter family. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 19, at 7 and 9:45.)

Gordon Lightfoot—With Liona Boyd. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chicago—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd—With alumni and other guests. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Addams—Cartoons, illustrations for book jackets, and other drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Horst Antes—A truncated figure is the subject of these works in mixed mediums on paper. Through Dec. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—This artist is much concerned with what he terms the mechanism of meaning, and the six large acrylic paintings in this exhibition—diagrammatic compositions that might be taken for engineering worksheets—illustrate clearly how difficult it is to grasp his concepts. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Ed Baynard—Large paintings of groups of bowls seen directly head-on on a shelf (sometimes there are two shelves), so that they appear almost as silhouettes, except that they are colored with a curious sort of stain concocted by the artist. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings, some of them illustrating ancient Hebrew songs, some of them based on "The Magic Flute," and three of them designs for Austrian postage stamps. The artist lives in Vienna. Through Dec. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexander Calder—Three exhibitions that are running concurrently with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum: Works on paper, including watercolors, gouaches, and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Mobiles and graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Tapestries and graphics. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

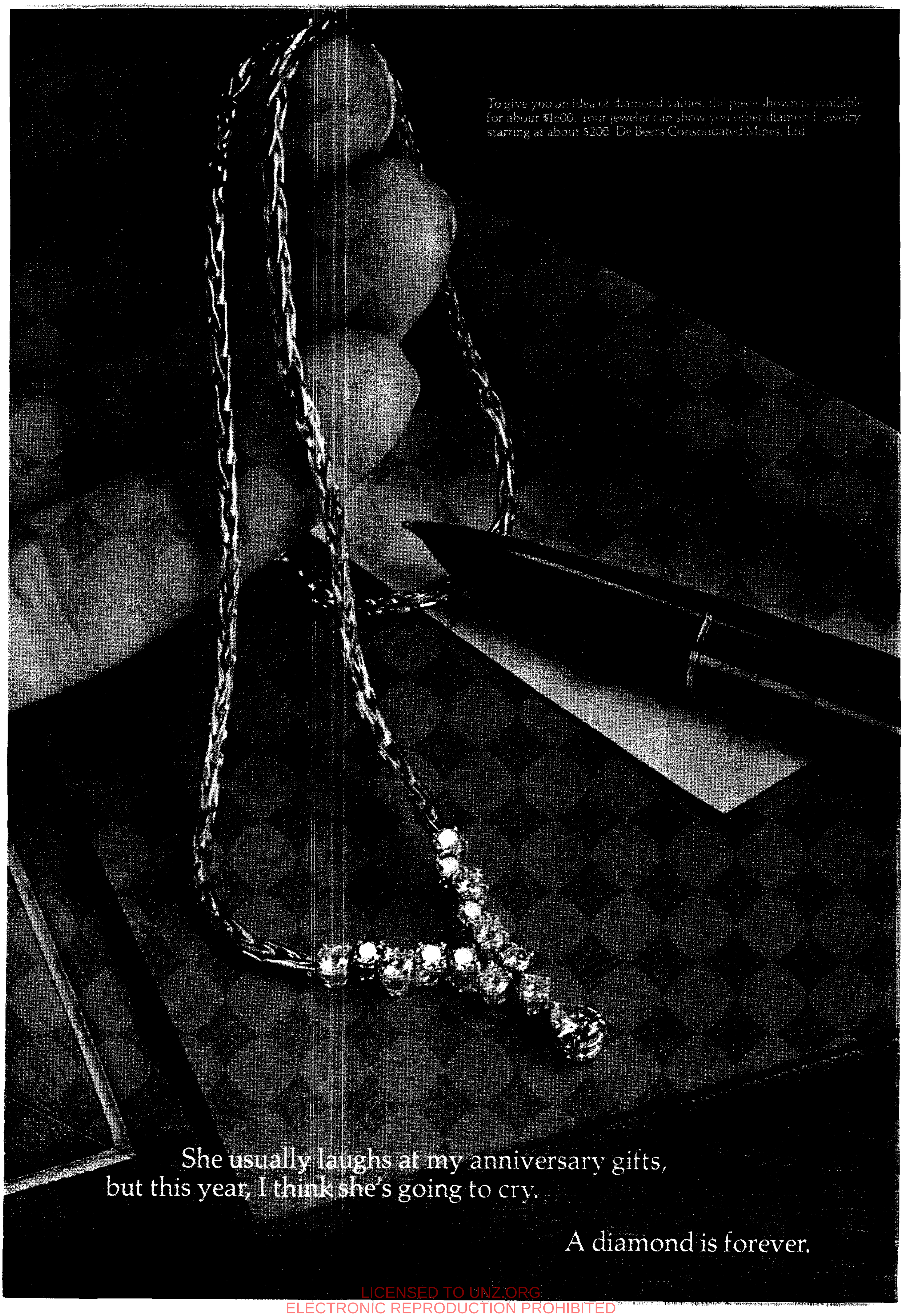
Kenneth Callahan—Abstract paintings and drawings derived from nature. Through Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Cook—A retrospective of his graphic works, along with examples of his drawings and watercolors. Through Dec. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

David Cox (1783-1859)—Small, deft watercolors, plus drawings and oils, by an artist whose depictions of the English countryside—and the carts and wagons and pedestrian traffic going through it, and the sailing ships nuzzling into its ports—remind one of Turner and Constable and of the peculiarly English way with watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Willem de Kooning—His latest crop of Abstract Expressionist canvases, which work on the onlooker's imagination the way shifting cloud formations do, inviting us to scale new heights, plumb new depths, and ride with new waves of color. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract and not-so-abstract motifs taken from various sources—fine chinaware and Oriental rugs, for example—and reassembled in a random pattern on canvas. The colors are mostly pale, and the paint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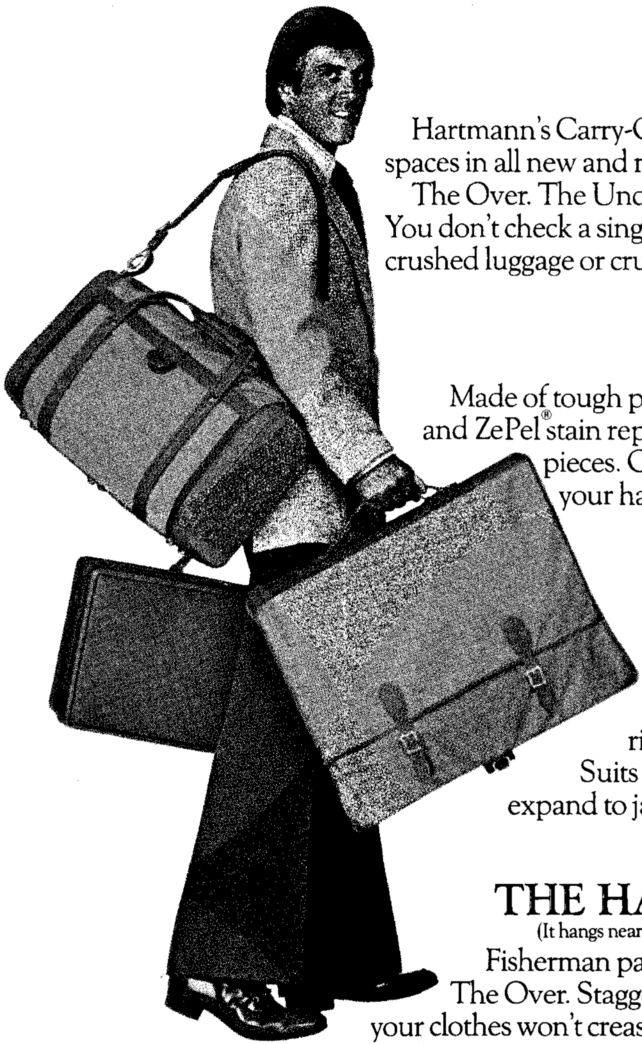

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is acrylic; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Witold Gordon (1884-1968)—Still-lifes, sketches of houses, and two original paintings for *New Yorker* covers. Through Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Nancy Grossman—Collage paintings and collage pastels that depict featureless males. Through Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Anne Helioff—Abstract paintings—acrylics and watercolors—based on the sea, which is represented by horizontal layers of unusually warm colors, no doubt inspired by the artist's recent sojourn in Hawaii. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions set in boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. In addition, there are three-dimensional pieces that might be maquettes for, say, a Byzantine theatrical setting or a wicked doge's palace. Through Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

John William Hill (1812-79) and **John Henry Hill** (1839-1922)—Small, precise pencil drawings and watercolors, all of them landscapes and most of them devoted to upstate scenery, by a father and son who took Ruskin's art theories literally, had no truck with commercialism (except for peddling their works from house to house), and nearly starved. Through Nov. 27. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Paul Jenkins—A new group of the artist's fluid abstract paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Jordan—Missouri and New Hampshire landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Ben Kamihira—Realist paintings in the school of Eakins by a Philadelphia artist who specializes in mysterious settings where nude or partially nude women loll about in sensuous, not to say erotic, poses on huge, overstuffed sofas. Through Friday, Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacob Landau—Watercolors and drawings described by the artist as "apocalyptic and prophetic works" and consisting mainly of attenuated-figure drawings washed with psychedelic colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes, all done in pure, bright colors, with the individual compositions locked together in the mosaic-like arrangements that this pioneer Cubist is well known for. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A still-life, a landscape, a composition of architectural decorative motifs, and a large abstract, ten and a half feet square and made up of nine canvases, are included in this show. They date from 1964 to last year, and are all imprinted, more or less, with his characteristic Benday dots. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rosemary Mayer—Sculptures of lightweight, painted aluminum draped around wood to look like undulating tulle, along with a set of related watercolors. Through Dec. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Claude Monet (1840-1926)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings covering six decades in the life of this indefatigable outdoor painter, who roamed France (and later England) depicting harbors, wharves, haystacks, village landscapes, windmills, steamy railroad yards, and so on, before settling down to the studies of water lilies on which his declining years were spent. Through Nov. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Kenneth Noland—Big new polygonal, shaped canvases traversed by bold, irregular stripes that divide the paintings into large areas of contrasting solid colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Jeanne Owens—Paintings of birds and animals. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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George Parrino—Paintings in which the more provocative elements of the female figure are shown in semi-abstract arrangements done in flat, high-key colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

William Perehudoff—New acrylic paintings by a Saskatchewan artist whose previous works have emphasized three or four relatively heavy slats of contrasting colors superimposed on a solid background, and whose current efforts have all but eliminated the slats, reducing them in some instances to a single thin vertical that splits the canvas in two. Through Dec. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joseph Piccillo—A series of five sets of strange pencil drawings, each group done on treated canvas and made up of what appear to be snapshots posted on a bulletin board, depicting highlights in the career of an anonymous and not very distinguished man, apparently an Italian. Each set records childhood, military service, romance, clashes with authority, and increasing age. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Poons—Torrents of paint seem to be coursing up or down these huge, wall-size canvases—the up ones suggestive of fireworks erupting in the night sky, and the down ones suggestive of a Niagara of pigmentation. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Edouard Vuillard (1868-1940) / **Paul Vázquez**—Early paintings. Through Nov. 23. / New paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

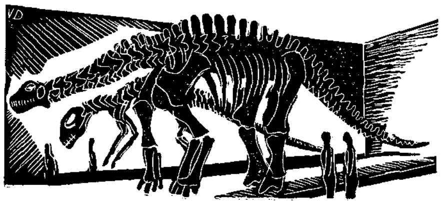
John Wesley—A number of references to the American past by a Pop artist—more amusing than historical. Through Dec. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henry Wo Yue-kee / John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Still-lifes, goldfish, carp, tigers, and owls are all subjects for the skilled brush of this Chinese artist, who works on rice paper and mounts his paintings on silk. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. / Drawings, watercolors, and linoleum-block prints of archetypes of the twenties and thirties by the cartoonist-illustrator who gave identity to the hip-flask, flapper generation. Through Nov. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Don Wynn—Landscapes of the Adirondacks predominate in a show that also includes portraits and a self-portrait. Through Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Modern Portraits—When artists are painting themselves or their close friends, they let go in a way that seldom occurs when the subject matter is more formal, and a sense of this free, unfettered atmosphere brightens this benefit show of twentieth-century portraiture put together by the Department of Art History of Columbia University. The survey includes paintings, drawings, and photographs by Matisse, Chagall, Mondrian, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by a group that includes Marsden Hartley, Everett Shinn, and Sol Wilson. Through Nov. 27. . . . **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **carus**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and graphics by German Expressionists Nolde, Kirchner, and others. Also works by Russian artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A show of paintings by Americans. The earliest work is a portrait by John Smibert dated 1729 and the latest is a 1961 Andrew Wyeth; in between are paintings by Homer, Sully, Trumbull, Hassam, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Portraits and landscapes by folk artists Joseph Pickett, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Nov. 30. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, and small sculptures (by, among others, Arthur B. Davies, Leo Ganso, and Doris Caesar) that center on the figure. Through Nov. 27.



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Samuel Adler—Abstract paintings and collages by a colorist. Through Nov. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—A stylish-looking collection of wood, plaster, terracotta, and bronze sculptures, completed between 1915 and 1958 and often painted in arresting earth colors. Some of the smaller pieces are little gems of Cubistry, and there are also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—A comprehensive showing of his lithographs and serigraphs. Through Nov. 24. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Kosso Eloul / Rita Letendre—Large rectangular polished-steel boxes leaning against one another in pairs or in groups. / Paintings of horizontal bands of color. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier / Isabel Bishop—A late-afternoon quality seems to pervade Mr. Etnier's seaside paintings, whether they are done in Maine, where he lives, or in the tropics (Nassau and Hawaii), where he sometimes spends the winter months. / A set of thirty-one illustrations for a newly published edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," drawn in pen-and-ink and wash by an artist who appears to be ideally cast for the job. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Abstract welded-steel sculptures made from such found objects as car bumpers and sewer pipes. Through Nov. 27. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—A retrospective of the stylized, Gothic compositions by this artist, who has devoted much of his career to depicting the plight of the black man in the Deep South; included are some pencil drawings lightly washed with color that offer a sunnier side of the situation. Through Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—This artist uses small brush strokes to create aerial views of villages and cities. Through Nov. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Five large sculptures, each consisting of two curvilinear ribbons of heavy plate steel nested together (some of the members are made of a dark steel exterior lined with contrasting stainless steel), and six smaller, tabletop works made of highly polished stainless steel and brass. Through Friday, Nov. 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Willard Midgette—Mural-size realist paintings. One series shows Indian life out West (Sitting Bull and his warriors loom enormously on a drive-in movie screen while his real-life descendants loaf around the parked cars; four young Indian women stand shyly on a stage in some sort of beauty contest while behind them, but on a scrim, majestic mesas rise in the distance). Another series shows big-city folk pouring into and out of the buildings that imprison them. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mon-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Greg Otto—Drawings done with a soft-lead Eagle Turquoise pencil (B to 3B) on a heavy rag paper called Museum Board; in most of them, thousands upon thousands of tiny strokes cover the entire sheet, giving it the appearance of a pebbled surface, in which some viewers, thanks to an optical illusion of sorts, see various colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Large abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Reineking—A single piece of abstract sculpture that might have been inspired by a child's pinwheel except that it is ten feet across, three feet four inches high at its highest, and made of heavy-duty rolled steel plate. Related drawings are also shown. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Instead of the big black paintings this artist was most noted for, here is a collection of cartoon collages in which he lampoons both himself and the art scene of his day, plus a number of more formal collages, done with cheerful, bright-colored paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Tommy Simpson—Odd constructions handsomely turned out in raw, unfinished wood—for example, a procession entitled "The Emperor's New Clothes," consisting of a regal-looking pillar (there's a crown on top), riding in a small cart and followed by four naked coat hangers, also set on wheels; or a slingshot nearly four feet tall, with a bird's nest and a piece of pumpkin pie in the crotch, the whole mounted on a sort of juggernaut. There are also a couple of large, dangling, loose-jointed figures, and all the pieces incorporate apposite found objects. Through Nov. 27. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Alma Thomas—Large, romantic abstract paintings, usually of two colors—red on white, black on yellow, blue on white—that sometimes suggest a whirlwind of flower petals and sometimes suggest a nice pattern for a curtain material. Through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Large-scale painted-metal sculptures. Through Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge, dramatic paintings of wetlands in Maine, where flooded streams come gushing down the mountainsides through snow-covered boulders into stump-ridden flats full of beaver dams and lodges. The scale is heroic, and the visitor is surprised at the small size of the oil sketches, also on view, from which they derived. Through Dec. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Still-lifes by thirty-three women artists include a meticulous colored-ink drawing of a torn-open mailing carton by Dalia Ramanauskas; a summery abstract involving birds and flowers by Edith Schloss; and a sinkful of sudsy dishes by Joyce Stillman Myers. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture—The thirty-ninth annual of the Sculptors Guild, composed of sixty pieces (one by each artist) in a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Three series of pencil drawings, plus text, in sequence. Through Dec. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Michael Chelminski—Rhythmic patterns flow through these landscape paintings done mostly on Cape Cod and the Connecticut shore, and a strong sense of design is also evident in a couple of nudes by the same artist. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Dominick DiMeo—Graphite-on-paper drawings, plus collages that incorporate white acrylic laid on hardware cloth (a coarse wire mesh) that has been creased and wrinkled and sometimes laced up, like an old-fashioned corset. In all of these works, rows of tiny, stylized death's-heads appear, but without evoking a great deal of morbidity. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Jackie Ferrara—Unpainted birch plywood and Masonite stacked in the shape of pyramids. Also related drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Landscapes and textural paintings of female nudes. Through Nov. 25. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Buckminster Fuller—The centerpiece of this show is a multifaceted, spherical piece, set on a freestanding shaft about five feet high and titled "'Jitterbug,' a Sculpture Describing the Synergetic Transformation of Nature's Structural Component—the Tetrahedron." That just about sums it up. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Cynthia Gallagher / Julius Tobias—Large abstract paintings and small works on paper. / A single work in cement that consists of two units that run the full length of the gallery. Through Nov. 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Gordon Hart—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ben Huberman—Still-lifes done in the realist tradition and painted with an unusual solidity of form, plus a number of studio interiors and self-portraits. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at one.)

Margaret Miller—Sculptures incorporating wood, rope, and twigs. Through Nov. 24. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

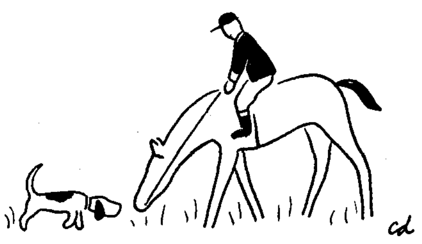
Elizabeth Murray—Abstract oils, some of them on shaped canvas, in which a central field of interest—sometimes a single, simple shape, and sometimes a relatively complicated arrangement—is set on a contrasting background that the painter has worked hard to keep subdued. First solo show in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—Recent sculptures; to wit, a dozen cubical forms (technically, they are rhombohedrons) made of plaster and loosely arranged on the floor in one room, and, in another, fourteen smaller ones, sliced from a steel bar six inches square. There is also a grim-looking cage, made of a steel frame and heavy-duty steel mesh, sixteen and a half feet long, thirteen and a half feet wide, and seven feet tall, with a second cage, about a foot smaller, inside. Through Nov. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)...¶ An installation made up of huge limestone cubes, accompanied by a text. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Claes Oldenburg—New sculptures, among them representations of ice-cream bars, alphabet letters, typewriter erasers. Some of the pieces are as large as twelve feet, and most have smaller companion versions. Through Nov. 27. (Castelli, 420 and 410 West Broadway.)

Robert Perless—Huge mobiles, called "wind sculptures," which move with a certain dignity when a breeze engages them. The largest is an extended "V," twenty-five feet long and set on a twelve-foot triangular pedestal; a lesser one, hanging from the ceiling, is a nicely balanced series of bright-yellow wooden slabs. Through Nov. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—This artist, who uses an ancient Greek mathematical formula to work out the shape of her compositions (they consist of creased and folded abstractions made of linen or heavy paper), has now begun to color them according to the dictates of her own intuition, rather than by calculation—with good results. Through Nov. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)



Masaaki Sato / Michael Torlen—Large paintings of subway stations and theatre interiors that are realistic enough except that the horizontal surfaces are all uniformly pocked with conical indentations, like egg crates. / Large, decorative compositions done in bright colors and resembling wheels of fortune that use signs of the zodiac rather than numbers. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (SoHo Center for Visual Arts, 112 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Michael Snow—Unidentifiable sounds are played simultaneously on several cassettes. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Michelle Stuart—Strips of paper (which have impressions of rocks and earth imbedded in their surface) are affixed to the gallery walls. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mimi Weisbord—Watercolors and oils, the most engaging of which portray an open-sided structure that one gradually perceives is a dollhouse, set on a table and filled with toy furniture. (A window casement in the background looks enormous until one's eyes adjust to the scale.) Through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Opens at 1.)

Lisa Zwerling—Charcoal figure studies and several pastels and oils; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Opens at 1.)

Group Show—Representational drawings by four artists. Through Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Donohue—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (47 Bond Street Gallery, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and Bowery. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Richard Fleischner—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world, and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Show—A single painting or sculpture by a group of women artists that includes Alice Baber, Gillian Jagger, and Gabriele Roos. Through Dec. 2. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—A two-gallery exhibit of black-and-white photographs. Both shows through Nov. 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.... ¶ SoHo-at-Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lee Boltin—Color photographs of art objects in museums here and abroad. Through Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jerome Flax—Color photographs. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (Kulicke, 636 Broadway, at

Bleecker St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Robert Frank and **Gotthard Schuh** (1897-1969)—City scenes and landscapes taken in Europe. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Micha Kirschner—Manipulated photographs of nudes. Through Monday, Nov. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Jay Maisel—Dye-transfer color prints. Through Dec. 4. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Duane Michals—A selection of a hundred and thirty prints made during the last eighteen years. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—Photographs of the Civil War, along with pictures taken on his several expeditions in the West and in Central America. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A selection of photographs from his entire career, including thirty vintage prints. Also work by Emmet Gowin. Through Nov. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.). . . ¶ Photographs and gravures. Also work by photographer John J. Gruen. Through Dec. 4. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

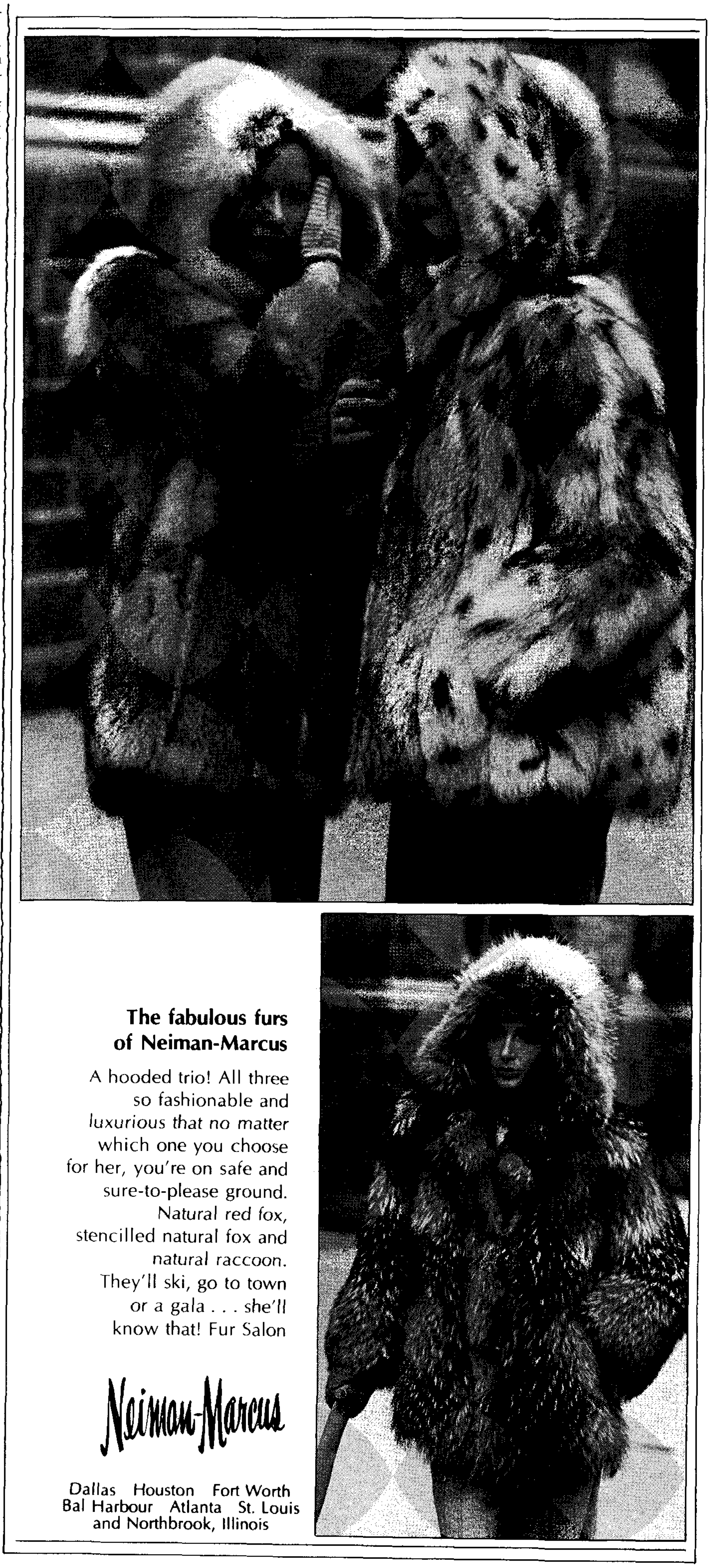
Frank M. Sutcliffe (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer who was influenced by the works of Millet and Corot. Through Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.). . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931).



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise" examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that examines American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe" is a retrospective paying homage to one of our major national resources, from whom an incredible number of blessings flow, and it includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., through Nov. 30, and at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., and the Brewster Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A selection of thirty-two paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the American Abstract Artists, a group that was founded in 1936 and held annual exhibits until the early forties. Among the prominent members whose works are included are Ilya Bolotowsky, David Smith, and Gertrude and Balcolm Greene. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is the product of ten designers and architects and consists of a host of separate exhibits (your everyday hammer, birdcage, piece of cloth, bread, etc.) whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-third annual exhibit of paintings and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and prints in mixed mediums by Freida High. Through Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, James Morris, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Leona Mitchell, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Morley Meredith, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Leona Mitchell, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Ruggero Orofino, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: The Metropolitan's première of Massenet's "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, John Macurdy, and John Carpenter; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Justino Díaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Diana Soviero, Jeanne Piland, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; conducted by Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Diane Curry, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, John Darrenkamp, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Richard Fredricks, John Sandor, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; George Branson Gray. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 255-5820.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Richard Stilwell, Michael Devlin, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Lando Bartolini, Richard Fredricks, and Alan Baker; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the United States première of Chabrier's comic opera "Le Roi Malgré Lui," in an English translation entitled "The Reluctant King" by Maurice Valency. Staged by Bliss Hebert, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Nov. 18, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

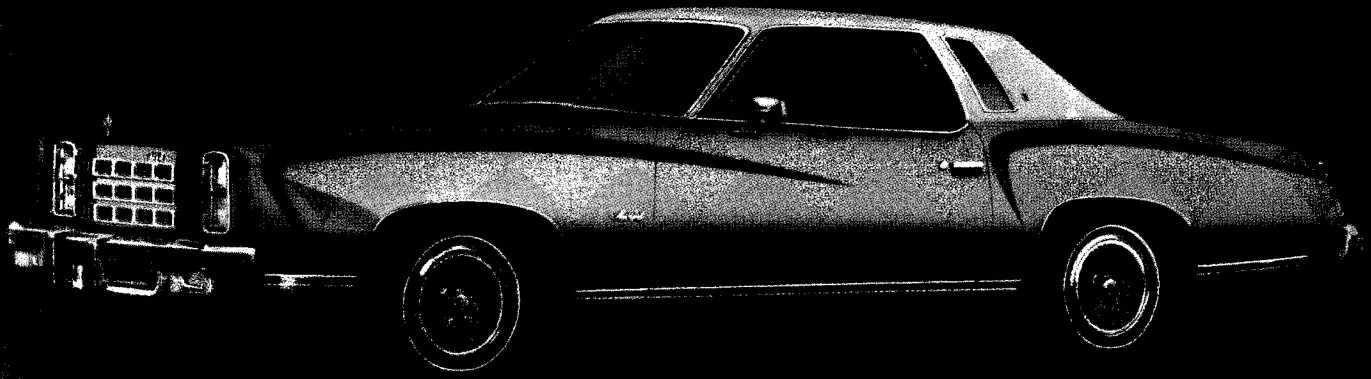
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola); and Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert von Karajan directing, with the Vienna Singverein. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem," with Leontyne Price, soprano, and José van Dam, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Karl-Walter Boehm, tenor; and Mr. van Dam. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 8: Mozart's Requiem and Bruckner's "Te Deum," with the Misses Tomowa-Sintow and Baltsa; Werner Krenn, tenor; and Mr. van Dam. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: Verdi's Requiem, with Mirella Freni, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; and Mr. van Dam.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Carnegie Hall.



Above all, it's a driver's car.

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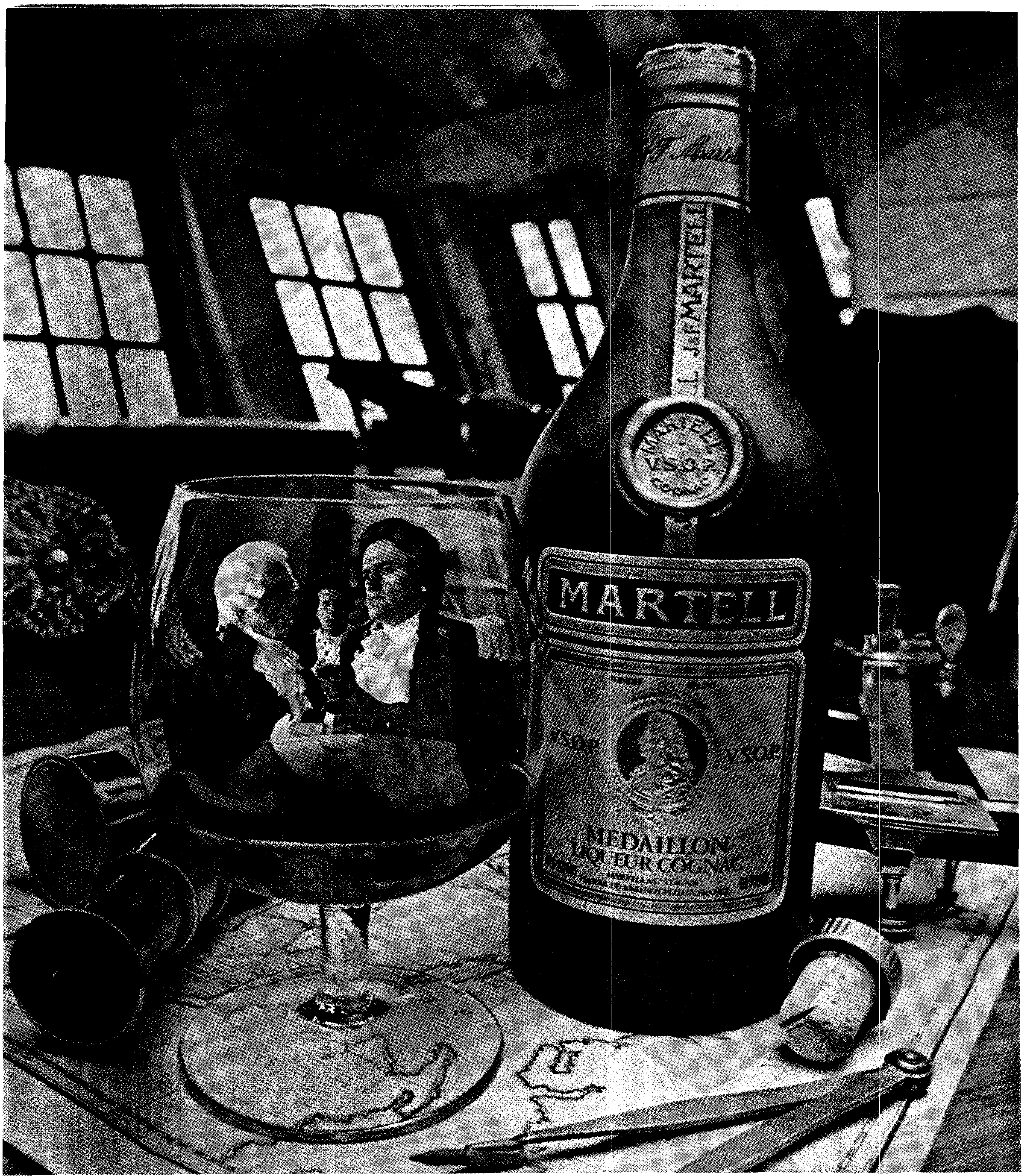
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In 1779, when John Paul Jones received command of the Bonhomme Richard, Martell may well have been there.

France's Minister of Marine places the frigate Bonhomme Richard under the flag of the United States and the command of Captain John Paul Jones. It is from this ship that Captain Jones will reply, "I have not yet begun to fight," and defeat the British vessel, Serapis.

The turning over of command. What more appropriate time to raise a glass of the renowned cognac from the House of Martell. For by 1779 important occasions had been celebrated with Martell Cognac for more than half a century.

They still are.

Martell. Taste history.

V.S.P.-V.S.O.P.-CORDON BLEU.
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING COGNACS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Thomas Palmer, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 5:30, both with Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and Sharon Moe, French horn. All seats have been sold for the three concerts, and only standing room is left.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting, with Peter Basquin, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The third in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one entitled "The Young Mozart," with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to early-twentieth-century American masters, with Virgil Thomson narrating his own "The Plough That Broke the Plains." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

City Symphony—Stephen Jablonsky conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano, and John Lewis, jazz piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of German music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Schubert program, performed by Claude Frank, piano; Jaime Laredo, viola; Julius Levine and Alexander Schneider, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus—Baritone and piano, in the second of two programs, this one lieder set by Wolf to poems by Goethe. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Gabriel Banat—Violin, with assisting artists, in a program of music by violinists postponed from Nov. 5. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Itzhak Perlman and Joseph Kalichstein—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2.)

Balint Vazsonyi—The second of two marathon programs presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas, these from the late-middle and late periods, 1801-22. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 14, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., with six intermissions.)

Marie-Claire Alain—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.)

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Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Twelve Cellists of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—A program of baroque, romantic, and contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Jerome Rose—Piano, in the second in a series of Beethoven-Liszt recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A piano recital by Robert Miller, devoted to the music of Milton Babbitt, Joan Tower, and others, (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Boris Bloch—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Kyung-Wha Chung, Myung-Wha Chung, and Myung-Whun Chung—Violin, cello, and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Golden Age of Salon Music." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of six concerts, this one a program of contemporary Swiss music performed by the Bern String Quartet and Geneviève Calame, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Choros Woodwind Quintet—With Dennis Smylie, bass clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Dickran Atamian—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Trio Di Milano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Town Hall Tonight!—A benefit concert celebrating the fifty-fifth birthday of Town Hall. Among those appearing in Part I will be Marian Anderson, Jorge Bolet, Aaron Copland, Mignon Dunn, Brendan Gill (birdcalls), Raphael Hillyer, Constance Keene, Leonard Pennario, Bidu Sayao, Risë Stevens, and Virgil Thomson. Among those appearing in Part II will be Eubie Blake, Barbara Cook, Hildegarde, Mabel Mercer, Ronny Whyte, and Mary Lou Williams. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call 879-4890.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Denver.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 13 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Colgate, at West Point. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Fordham vs. Brooklyn College, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 14: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Washington Capitals. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. The Sport Page Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 10; the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13; the Nashua, Monday, Nov. 15; and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 19, at 6:30, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30: Tony Towle and David Rosenberg reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30: John Ashbery, Ted Berrigan, Kenneth Koch, and others reading from the works of Frank O'Hara. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Admission by contribution.)

Flower Show—Seventy-two varieties of mums are featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.

Auctions—At the SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 10, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and modern prints, from various sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Part I of the sale of books from the library of the late Niels Christensen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including the sword of honor presented to General Lafayette by the American Congress in 1779; from the American Heritage Society. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . HOTEL ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Park South. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 9:30 and 2: Photographs, including works by George N. Barnard, Frederick H. Evans, Eugène Atget, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Man Ray, and Walker Evans; from several owners. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1: Print and photography reference books and illustrated books, from the estate of Richard Cole and from other sources. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 9:30 and 2: Prints by such artists as Winslow Homer, Charles Sheeler, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Edvard Munch; from a number of owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 10-12, from 9:30 to 5.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Face to Face" and "Amarcord."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 16: "Swashbuckler" and "The Hindenburg."
From Nov. 17: "The Ritz" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 17: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."
From Nov. 18: "James Dean, the First American Teenager."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 16: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Midnight Cowboy."
From Nov. 17: "The Ritz."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 11: "Logan's Run" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Nov. 12: "Two-Minute Warning."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Next Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 16: "Barry Lyndon."
From Nov. 17: "The Song Remains the Same."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Nov. 10: "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots."
Nov. 11: "Long Day's Journey Into Night."
Nov. 12: "The Sea Gull."
Nov. 13: "The Group."
From Nov. 14: "Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Maîtresse."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front." (No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 15.)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Nov. 11: "Story of Sin."
From Nov. 12: "A Matter of Time."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Nov. 10: "People of the Wind."
From Nov. 11: "A Child Is a Wild Young Thing."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 16: "The Song Remains the Same."
From Nov. 17: "The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 16: "Car Wash."
From Nov. 17: "Carrie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Russ Meyer's "Up" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Memory of Justice."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 16: "Swashbuckler."
From Nov. 17: "The Ritz."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Loving Cousins."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Car Wash."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 11: "The Outer Space Connection."
From Nov. 12: "Two-Minute Warning."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Next Man."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 16: "Norman . . . Is That You?" and "Logan's Run."
From Nov. 17: "Carrie."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 11: "House of Exorcism" and "Prime Cut."
From Nov. 12: "A Matter of Time."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Incredible Torture Show" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Nov. 16: "The Ritz."
From Nov. 17: "Edvard Munch."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 16: "Norman . . . Is That You?" and "Logan's Run."
From Nov. 17: "Carrie."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Nov. 10: "Anna Christie" and "Flesh and the Devil." Nov. 11-13: "Conquest" and "The Painted Veil." Nov. 14-16: "Queen Christina" and "Grand Hotel." From Nov. 17: "Camille" and "Two-Faced Woman."
Theatre 2: Nov. 10: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Where's Poppa?" From Nov. 11: "A Child Is a Wild Young Thing."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 16: "Barry Lyndon." From Nov. 17: "The Ritz."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 16: "The Clockmaker." From Nov. 17: "A Piece of Pleasure" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Incredible Sarah."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 16: "Midway" and "Rooster Cogburn."
From Nov. 17: "The Gumball Rally" and "The Drowning Pool."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
A group of François Truffaut films (not described in our "In Brief" section):
Nov. 10: "Day for Night."
Nov. 11: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
Nov. 12: "Stolen Kisses."
Nov. 13: "The 400 Blows."
Nov. 14: "The Wild Child."
Nov. 15: "Shoot the Piano Player."
Nov. 16: "The Soft Skin."
Nov. 17: "Jules and Jim."
Nov. 18: "Mississippi Mermaid."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 16: "Loving Cousins."
From Nov. 17: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 16: "Barry Lyndon."
From Nov. 17: "The Middle of the World" and "La Salamandre."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Hands."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 16: "Norman . . . Is That You?" From Nov. 17: "Carrie."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 11: "Assault on Precinct 13" and "Adios Amigo." From Nov. 12: "A Matter of Time."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 16: "Edvard Munch."
From Nov. 17: "Fantastic Planet" and "Last Days of Man on Earth."

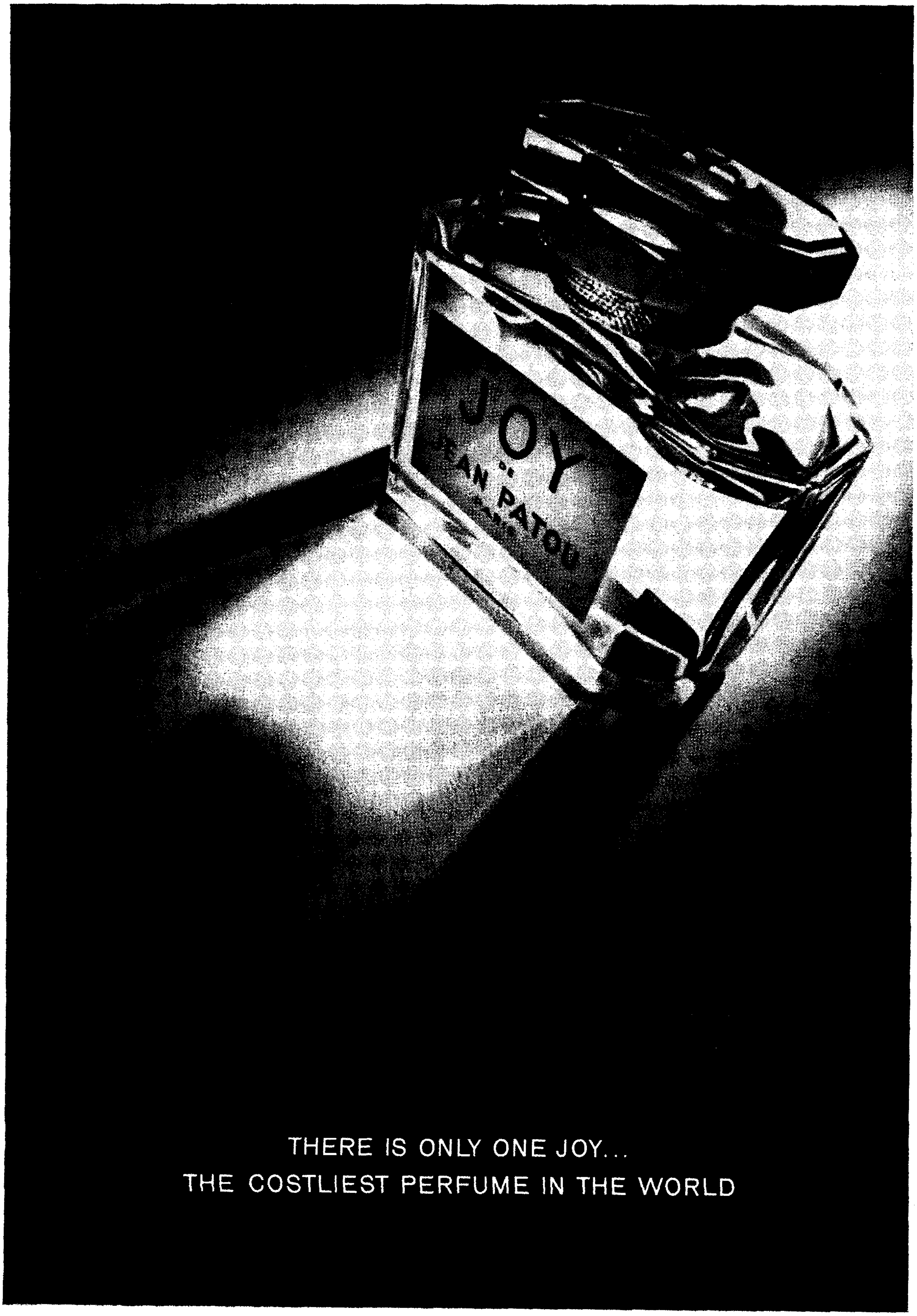
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 16: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."
From Nov. 17: "The Ritz" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 10: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Bandits of Orgosolo" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Seta.
Nov. 11: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Nov. 12: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Forbidden Planet." (†)
Nov. 13: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Nov. 14: "Elvira Madigan" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark; and "The Wanderer" (1969), in French, directed by Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, with Brigitte Fossey and Jean Blaise.
Nov. 15: "The Gold Rush" (1925) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Nov. 16: "Hallelujah the Hills" (†) and "Joanna." (†)
Nov. 17: "Amarcord" (1974) (†); and "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.
Nov. 18: "Images" (†) and "Diary of a Mad Housewife." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 10: "To Die in Madrid" (1965), a French documentary, with an English narration, directed by Frédéric Rossif; and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo.
Nov. 11: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Hurd Hatfield, and Judith Anderson; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Nov. 12: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wild One." (†)
Nov. 13: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Forbidden Planet." (†)
Nov. 14: "War and Peace, Part II" (1968), a Russian film dubbed in English, directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, with Ludmila Savalyeva and Bondarchuk himself.
Nov. 15: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Nov. 16: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eus-



JOY
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tache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.

Nov. 17: "Lucky Luciano" (1974), directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte and Rod Steiger; and "The Mattei Affair." (†)

Nov. 18: "L'Amour Fou." (†)

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Nov. 10: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Fort of Ezo" (1971), in Japanese.

Nov. 11: "Pal Joey" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak; and "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth.

Nov. 12: "The Longest Yard" (1974), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds, Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters; "Macon County Line" (1975), directed by Richard Compton, with Alan Vint and Cheryl Waters; and "White Line Fever" (1975), directed by Jonathan Kaplan, with Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz.

Nov. 13: "Lisztomania" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey; and "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.

Nov. 14: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

Nov. 15: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (†) and "Born Yesterday." (†)

Nov. 16: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

Nov. 17: "Freaks" (†) and "Forbidden Planet." (†)

Nov. 18: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (†) and "Freaks."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 16: "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

From Nov. 17: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Nov. 10: "Bananas" (1971) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Nov. 11-13: "Horsefeathers" (1932) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 14-15: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (†) and "The Paper Chase." (†)

Nov. 16-17: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

From Nov. 18: "James Dean, the First American Teenager." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Nov. 11: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Desk Set" (1957), directed by Walter Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Gig Young, and Joan Blondell.

Nov. 12-13: "A Place in the Sun" (†) and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (†)

Nov. 14-15: "Naughty Marietta" (†) and "The Merry Widow." (†)

Nov. 16: "The Divorcée" (†) and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (†)

Nov. 17-18: "The Seven Year Itch" (†) and "How to Marry a Millionaire." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 11 at 2:30: "A Girl Must Live" (1939), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood, Renee Houston, and Lilli Palmer. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Harvey Middleman, Fireman" (1965), directed by Ernest Pintoff, with Gene Troobnick and Hermione Gingold. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8:30: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964), directed by Billy Wilder, with Kim Novak, Dean Martin, and Ray Walston. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6: "A Girl Must Live.". . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966), directed by George Axelrod, with Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "The World of Henry Orient" (1964), directed by George Roy Hill, with Peter Sellers, Paula Prentiss, Angela Lansbury, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965), directed by Peter Coe, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, and Barry Gordon. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at noon: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at noon: A program of avant-garde films by George Landow. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Kiss Me, Stupid.". . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "The Apartment" (1960), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at noon: "Lord Love a Duck.". . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: A program of avant-garde films by George Landow. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Tempi Nostri" (1954), in Italian, directed by Allessandro Blasetti, with Vittorio De Sica, Lea Padovani, Marcello Mastroianni, Yves Montand, and Michel Simon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "The President's Analyst" (1967), directed by Theodore J. Flicker, with James Coburn, Godfrey Cambridge, and Severn Darden. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8:30: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?" (1966), directed by Blake Edwards, with James Coburn, Dick Shawn, Sergio Fantoni, Aldo Ray, and Carroll O'Connor. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 14: "Independence Day," directed by Bobby Roth, with Mel Rosier, Grammy Burdett, Michelle Davison, and Henry Gayle Sanders. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 16: A film by Kathy Acker and Alan Sondheim. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vigo, Vertov, Ozu, Brakhage, Girouard, Valentin, Snow, Sharits, Riefenstahl, and others. Showings Nov. 10-12 at 7 and 9; Nov. 13 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Nov. 14 at 8; Nov. 16-17 at 7 and 8:30; and Nov. 18 at 7.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Werner Schroeter, Eddie Constantine, and Lou Castel; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMARCORD (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Art. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

L'AMOUR FOU (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 10.)

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ (1974)—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 14-15.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (1934)—The war-horse of the matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this heavy, overproduced version from M-G-M, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

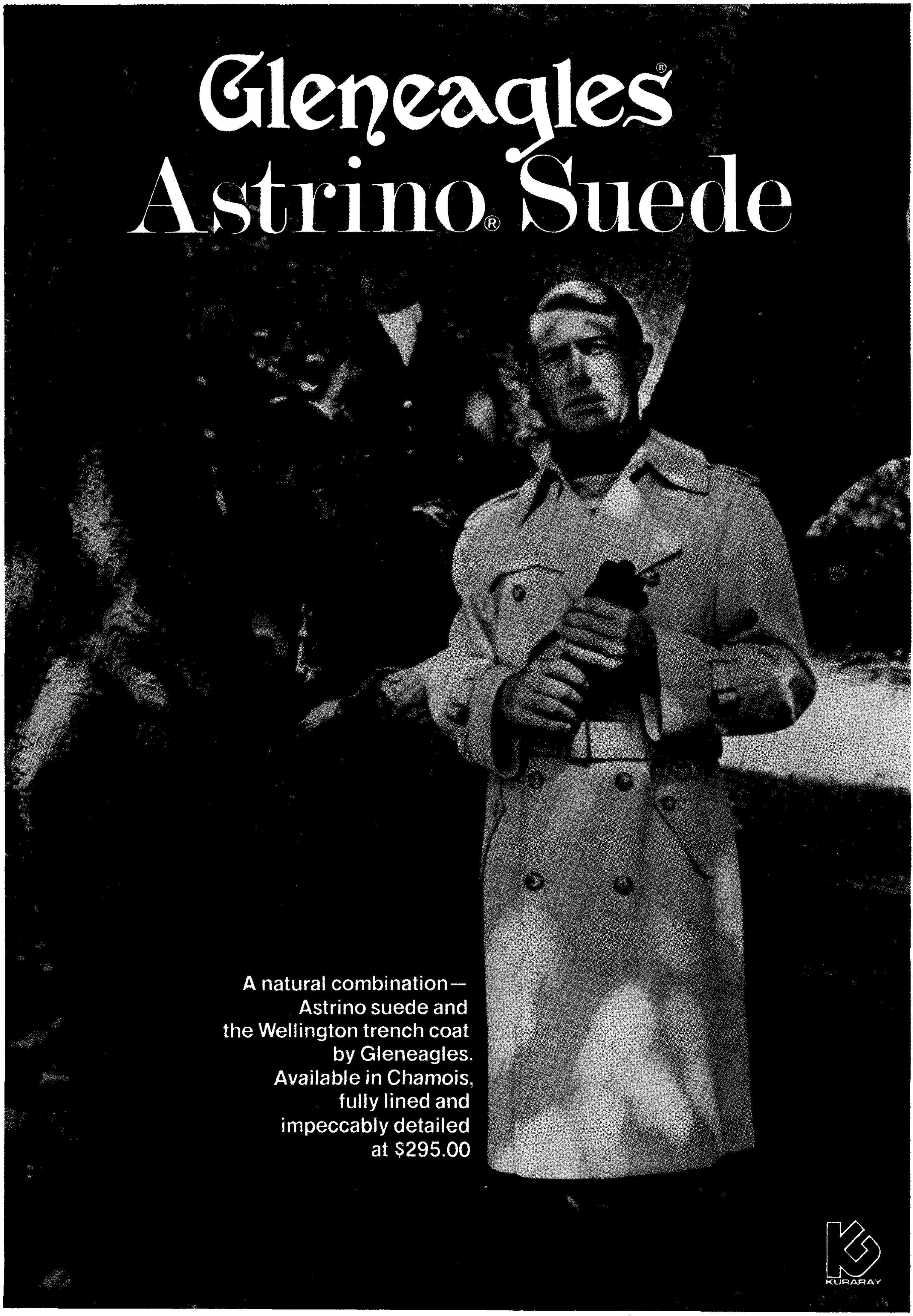
BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/75.) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 16.)

BORN YESTERDAY (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Elgin; Nov. 15.)

CAMILLE (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

CARRIE—With Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie; directed by Brian De Palma. (Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 17.)

CAR WASH—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking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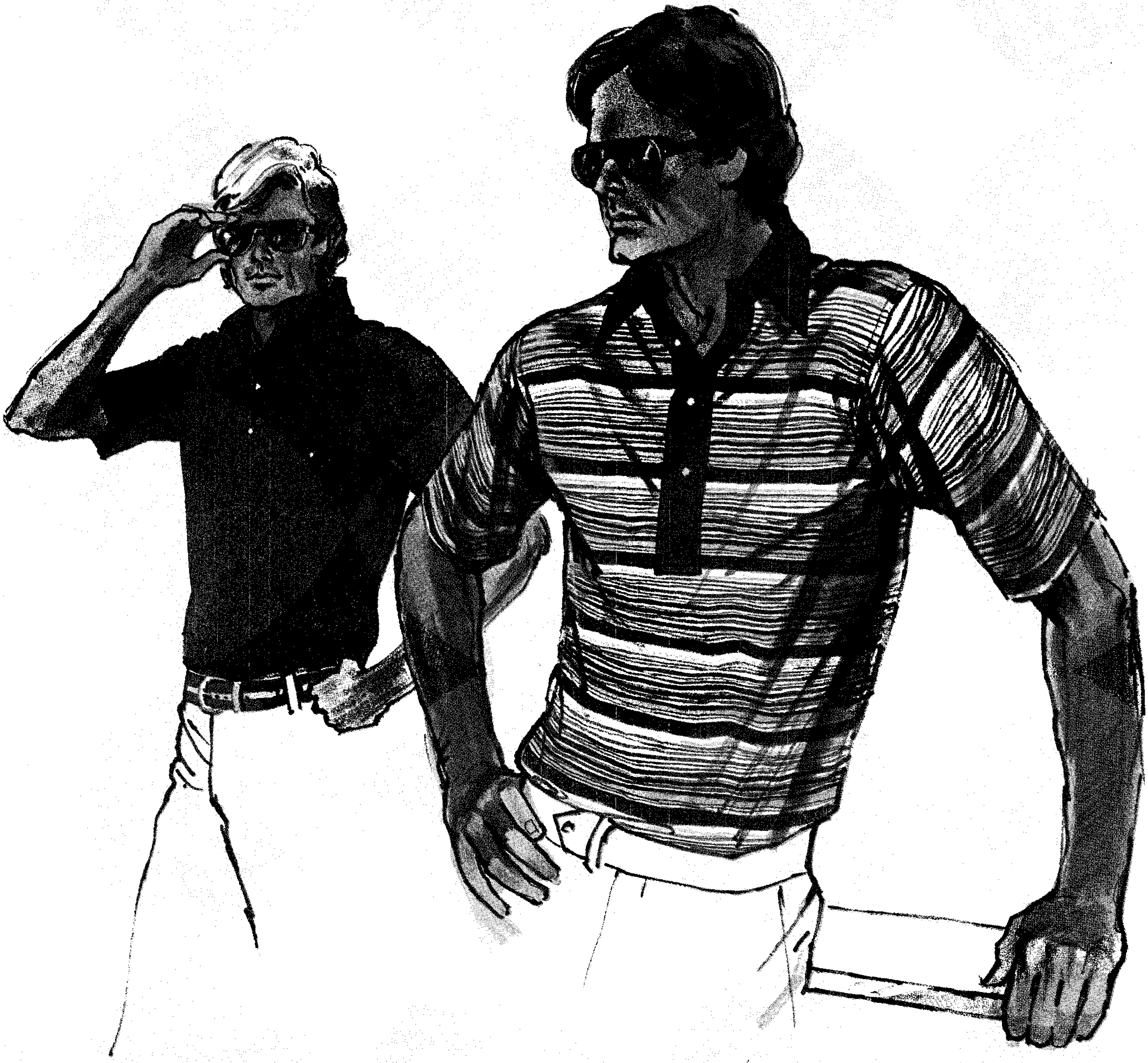

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laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (U.A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through Nov. 16.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12-13.)

A Child Is a Wild Young Thing—With Marie Antoinette Skinner, directed by Peter Skinner. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 11.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 16.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 11-13.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings. Full of Rabelaisian cheer and finely acted. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Dirty Hands—With Rod Steiger and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Chabrol. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Divorcée (1930)—Norma Shearer and the double standard. Her husband (Chester Morris) is unfaithful, but she isn't allowed to be; they split. This being a sizzling, daring movie, she turns to Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel before reconciling (on New Year's Eve, of course) with her ex-husband. Shearer's specialty was sexy suffering in satin gowns by Adrian; she always seems to want to abandon herself to naughtiness, but one damned thing after another stops her. With Florence Eldridge. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

The Drowning Pool (1975)—A poor film, apart from a climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizzicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Playboy; starting Nov. 17.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (New Yorker; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Nov. 17.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Art.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 17.)

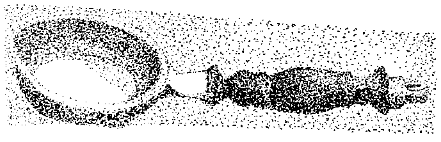
Flesh and the Devil (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love, derived from a novel by Hermann Sudermann. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent as the good girl. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 17.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin; starting Nov. 17.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet. No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 15.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 14-16.)



The Group (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Elizabeth Hartman, Candice Bergen, Kathleen Widdoes, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. (Sutton; Nov. 13.)

The Gumball Rally—A cross-country car race, with Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Playboy; starting Nov. 17.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Olympia; through Nov. 16.)

Hallelujah the Hills (1963)—Adolfas Mekas and a troupe of friends made this prankish improvisational movie in Vermont; they parody other movies and frisk about in the snow, or in the autumn woods, or in an old cabin, and the hero, Peter H. Beard, slides off roofs and out of trees. Except for a mock battle in a cemetery, the picture fades from memory very fast. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 16.)

House of Exorcism—With Telly Savalas, Sylva Koscina, Elke Sommer, Alida Valli, and Robert Alda; directed by Mickey Lion. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 11.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-18.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

The Incredible Sarah—With Glenda Jackson as Sarah Bernhardt, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Festival.)

James Dean, the First American Teenager—A British documentary, including long-unseen television plays done by Dean during the early fifties and interviews with people who knew and worked with him. Directed by Ray Connolly, narrated by Stacy Keach. (Cinema Village, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 18.)

Joanna (1968)—Joanna (Genevieve Waite) gets pregnant by a beautiful black, and though he goes to prison for ten years, she decides to have the baby. Moronic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts.)

Last Days of Man on Earth (1974)—With Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden, directed by Rob-

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ert Fuest. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 17.)

Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots (1970)—Based on a Tennessee Williams play, with James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave, and Robert Hooks; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sutton; Nov. 10.)

The Last Tycoon—From the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Elia Kazan. (Cinema I; starting Nov. 17.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Murray Hill; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Greenwich; through Nov. 16.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. (Sutton; Nov. 11.)

Loving Cousins—A comedy, with Susan Player and Hugh Griffith, directed by Sergio Martino. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Nov. 16.)

Maîtresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Murray Hill; through Nov. 11.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Mattei Affair (1973)—Francesco Rosi's film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the natural-gas reserves in the Po Valley. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 17.)

A Matter of Time—The romantic story, taken from Maurice Druon's novel "Film of Memory" is about a peasant girl (Liza Minnelli) who gets a job as a maid in a Roman hotel. A contessa (Ingrid Bergman) who lives there was once a great demimondaine; she talks about her romantic adventures, and the maid visualizes herself living through the events. But the film has been mangled: the producers took it away from the director, Vincente Minnelli, shifted scenes around, cut others, and even added stock footage. The result exposes Liza Minnelli, in particular, to ridicule; however, though Ingrid Bergman's performance has no rhythm left, Bergman herself is assured enough to do much of the role in statuesque repose, and she has a glamour beyond anything she's had before onscreen. With Charles Boyer and Isabella Rossellini. (11/1/76) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 12.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Beekman)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-15.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (3/31/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 17.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Gramercy; through Nov. 16.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (Playboy; through Nov. 16.)

The Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933)—Marvellously grisly chiller, directed by Michael Curtiz and shot in an early Technicolor process, with the color contributing heavily to the general creepiness. Lionel Atwill is the murderous curator who pours hot wax over his manacled, still-living victims and then exhibits them as sculpture. With Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray, Gavin Gordon, Frank McHugh, Edwin Maxwell, and Arthur Edmund Carewe. From a play by Charles S. Belden. (Remade in 1953 in 3-D as "House of Wax," and probably the source of the 1959 "A Bucket of Blood.") (Elgin; Nov. 18.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-15.)

Network—With Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sutton; starting Nov. 14.)

The Next Man—With Sean Connery and Cornelia Sharpe, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 16.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall as her husband and George Brent as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 11-13.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 14-15.)

People of the Wind—The yearly migration from winter to summer pastures by the Bakhtiaris of southern Iran. James Mason is narrator.

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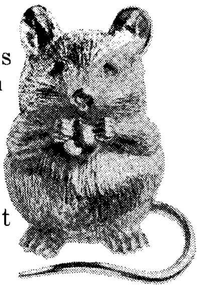

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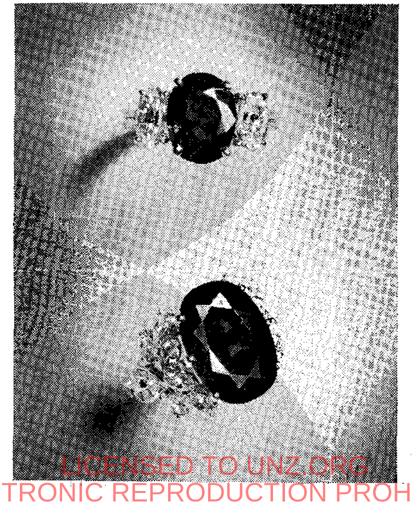

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14	15	16	17	18		

Directed by Anthony Howarth. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 10.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Olympia; through Nov. 16.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," adapted by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the effect is to turn a basically simple story into something portentous, pre-interpreted, and "deep." The film is very famous, though. Shelley Winters plays the girl Clift jilts (a role more memorably played by Sylvia Sidney in the thirties version, by von Sternberg). With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12-13.)

Prime Cut (1972)—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 11.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Olympia; starting Nov. 17.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Quad Cinema; Nov. 14-16.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Waverly; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Nov. 17.)

Rooster Cogburn (1975)—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshall carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Playboy; through Nov. 16.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 17.)

The Sea Gull (1968)—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities, but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sutton; Nov. 12.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Cinema Village; through Nov. 17.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-18.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Abe Burrows adapted and Richard Quine directed the George S. Kaufman-Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; she's wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers: it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams. (Elgin; Nov. 15.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Cinema I; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Story of Sin—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 11.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Gramercy; through Nov. 16.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Nov. 16.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema Village; through Nov. 17.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

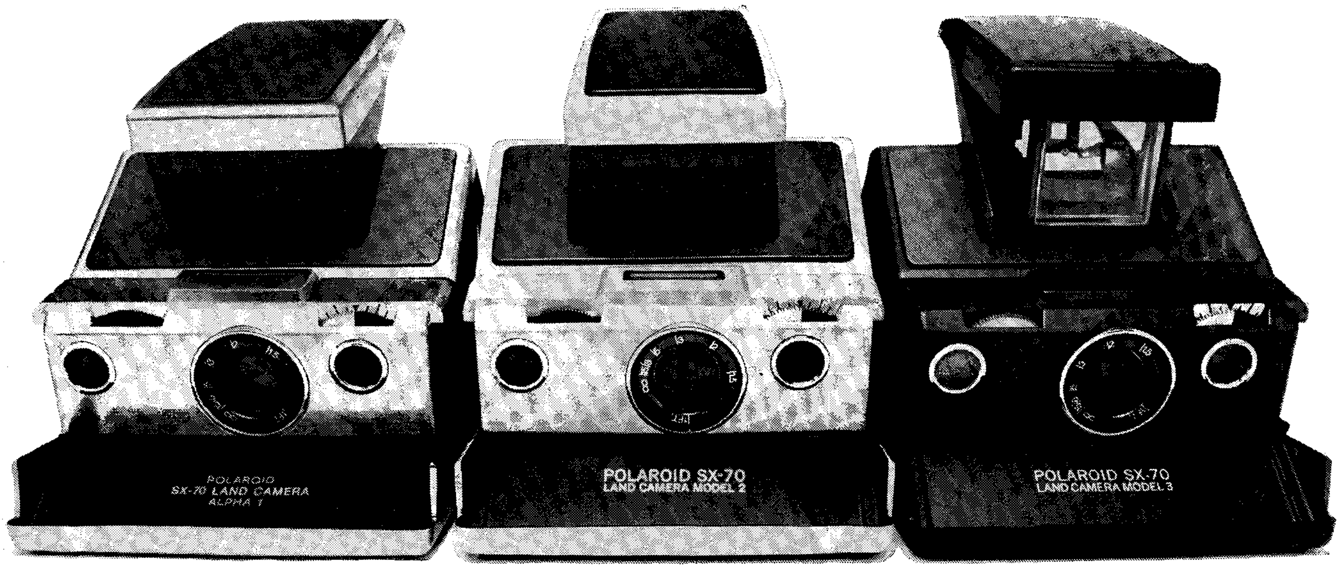
Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her. Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; starting Nov. 12.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (3/15/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 10.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)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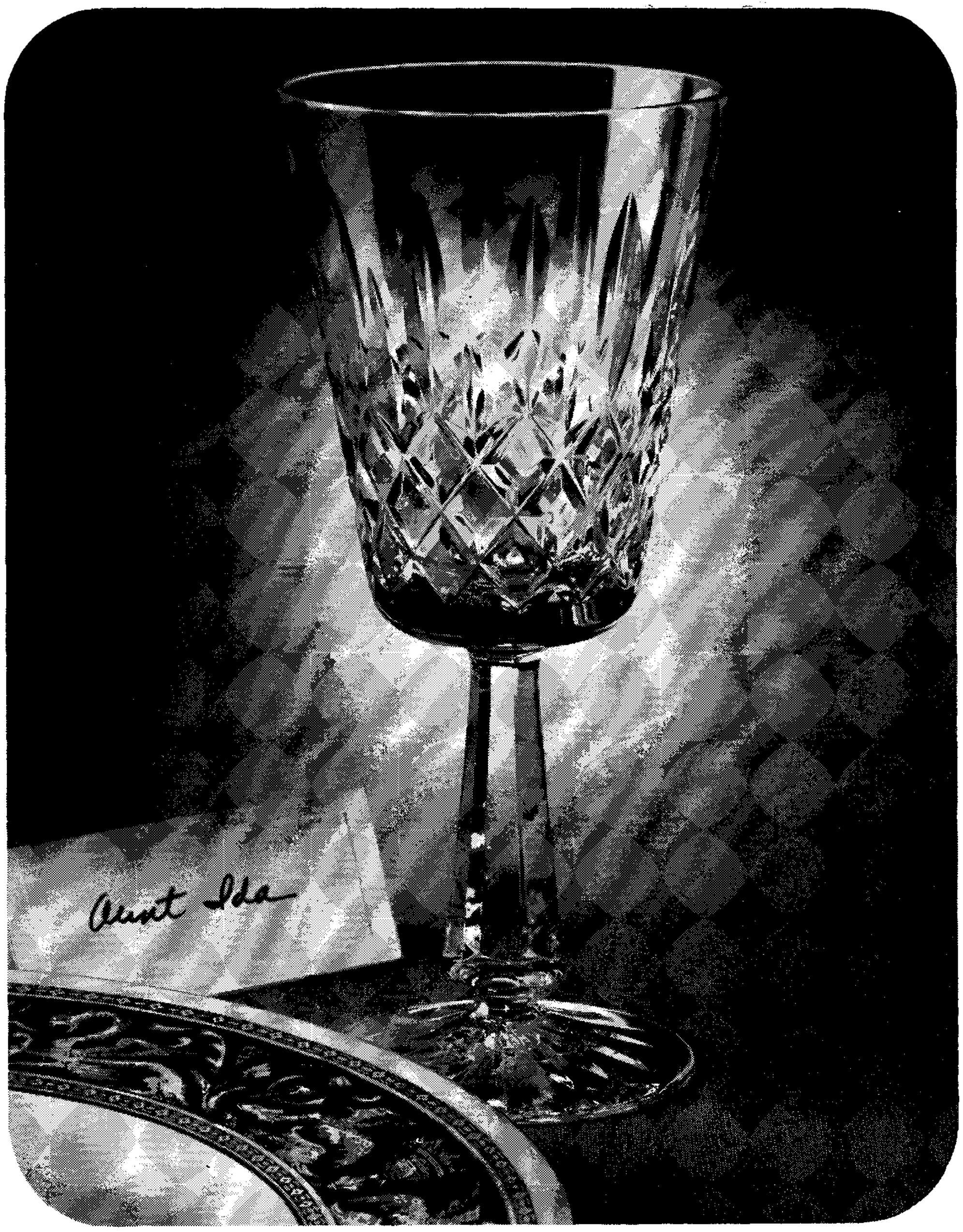

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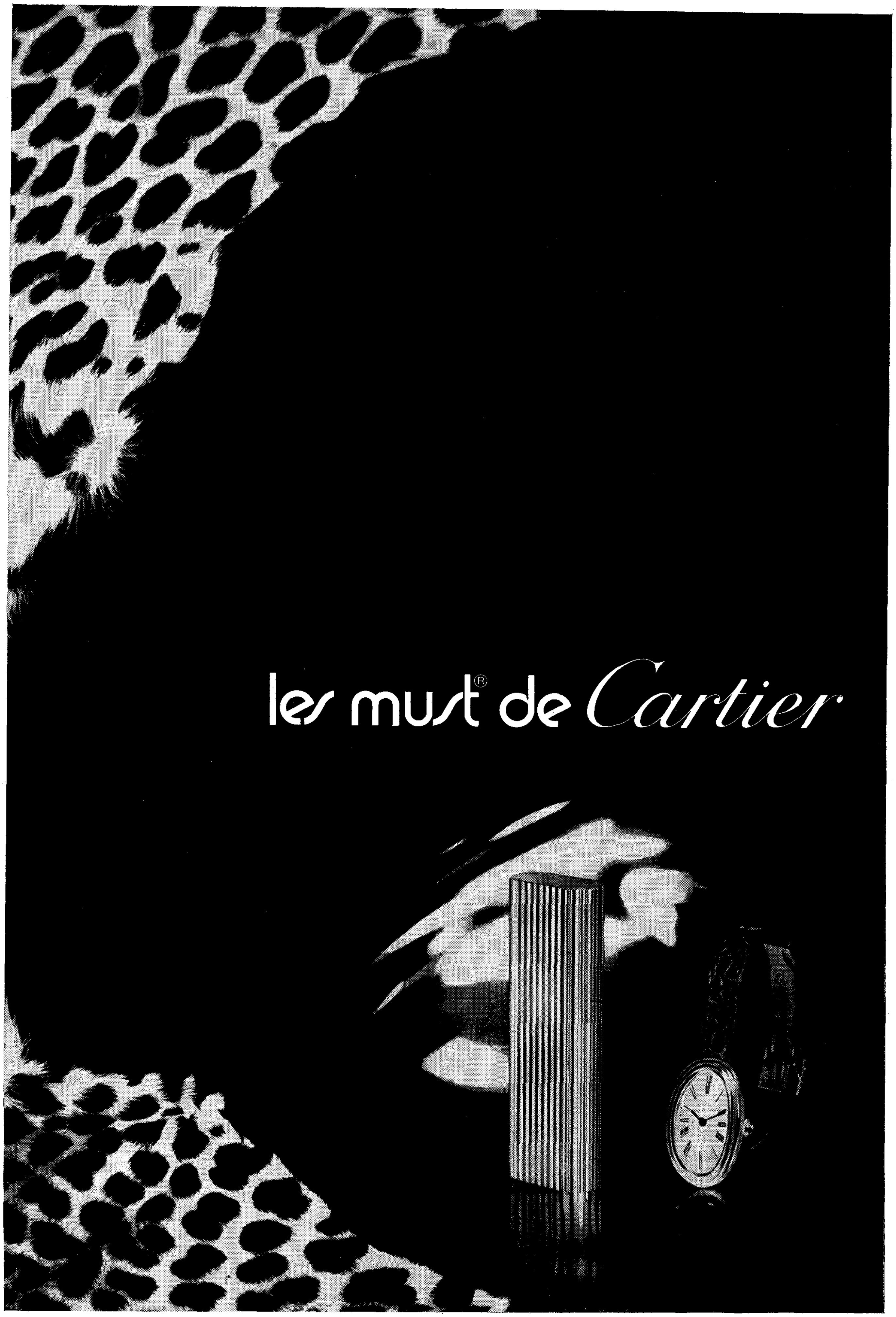
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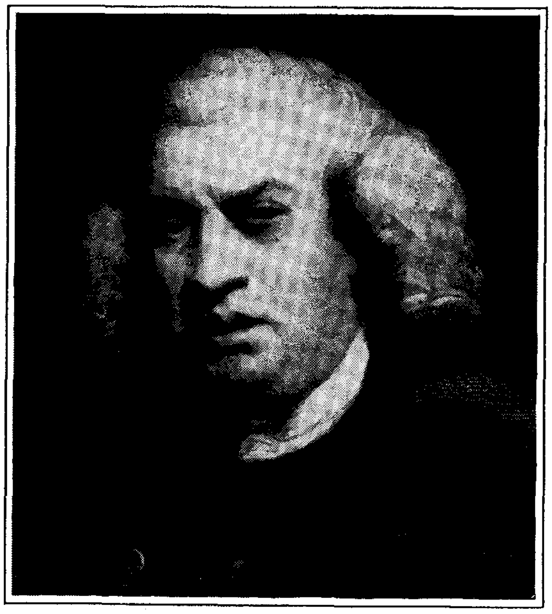
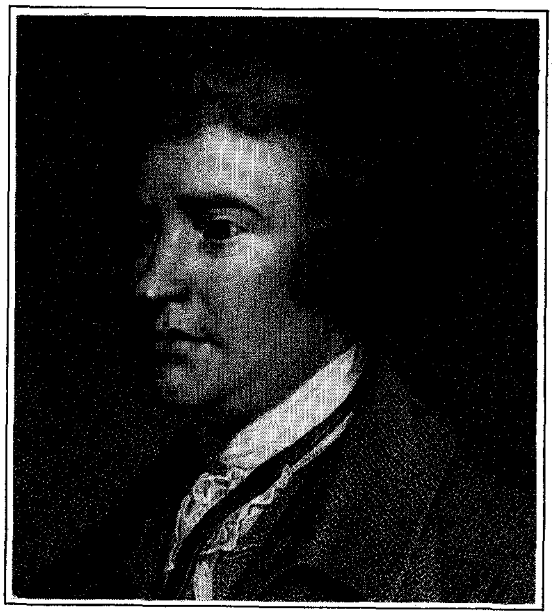
The American Revolution-two of our clients comment:



"They are a race of convicts and ought to be content with anything we may allow them short of hanging."

Dr. Samuel Johnson.



"An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery." Edmund Burke.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NEW YORK CITY went to the polls in force on Election Day, and in doing so it rejoined the country. During our period of acute financial distress a year ago, we found out that a large element outside this region actively disliked us—even revelled in the prospect of our ruin. We were hated, it seemed, for a bizarre mixture of reasons—for shouldering more than our share of the welfare burden, for being the national center of the arts, for having crime in our streets, for being big and glamorous and cosmopolitan. If such things can be said of a city, New York was first hurt and bewildered, then outraged as politicians, most notably President Ford himself, ratified this sentiment with their actions. Far from being treated as a member of the national family, we were reduced to petitioners with less claim to sympathy, it appeared, than foreign states. We were cut off from the nation.

Last Tuesday, however, we reasserted our membership in the family by joining the pilgrimage to the ballot box in enormous numbers. Many of us shared the doubt and indecision of American voters everywhere. To the end, Jimmy Carter seemed a veiled character, and as this disconcerting cloudiness failed to evaporate even under the intense heat and unrelenting exposure of the last weeks of the campaign, people's curiosity—unsatisfied—turned to alarm. Whatever else one might say about Gerald Ford, he was not cloudy. A thoroughly known quantity, he was predictable, and therefore, in a sense that Carter was not, "safe." But when the time came to actually pull the lever and the naked choice stared New Yorkers in the face

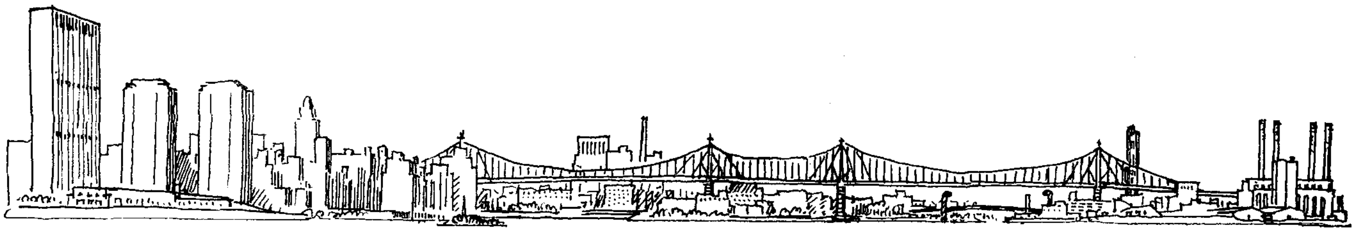
Jimmy Carter, President
Walter F. Mondale, Vice-President

or

Gerald R. Ford, President
Robert Dole, Vice-President

it suddenly became very clear—much clearer than it had been just days before—that the choice was between faith and despair. The majority of New Yorkers chose to act on faith—not trust, or the sort of confidence based on evidence, but faith, which involves a blind leap over skepticism and fear. They pulled the lever for Jimmy Carter. And the numbers in which they voted for him surely mean that they did it not sullenly but in a generous, affirmative spirit.

Now it is up to Mr. Carter to reciprocate this faith. Without us, he would not have been handed New York State's forty-one electoral votes, and without those votes he could not have won. New Yorkers are a part of his constituency in a way they never were of Gerald Ford's. Still, it is likely that he will have to bring an element of faith to his dealings with us, because one of the few things we know for sure about Mr. Carter is that he is not a big-city man. He did not seem at home here—or anywhere in the urban Northeast, for that matter—and his exclusion of what might be called the Eastern intellectual establishment from participation on a high level in his campaign appeared almost pointed. But the spirit in which New Yorkers pulled the lever for Mr. Carter—and the spirit in which we hope he will reciprocate—was not one that was moved merely by the particular outlook and self-interest of an urban people. They were also affirming a basic philosophical premise—one that evidently alienated certain elements in the country from us in the first place. That is, the belief that social problems are the proper responsibility of government, and that with intelligence, persistence, and imagination they can be solved by government. Mr. Ford, by turning away from New York, as by many other actions, demonstrated that he did not believe this, and Mr. Carter, for all his mysteriousness, spoke as though he did. This is what made it possible for New Yorkers to put their faith in him; this is what, as the moment drew near, demanded that they do so. If we are right about Mr. Carter's philosophical bent, then he is in agreement with us on a level far higher than that of the difference between Plains and New York City. That agreement is the ground on which we and Mr. Carter can work together—not just for



Richard Edes Harrison

the benefit of our own town but for the principles involved and for the country to which the town once again belongs.

NOW that the election is over, it's time for us to clarify, as one of our continuing free reader services, the chief remaining competitive business of the season, which is football. On the college-gridiron front, we can safely pass over the Ivy League. That one is easy to keep track of, since the participating teams have different names. For a quick rundown on the rest of the amateur situation, here's how things look at the moment, if we have been following our television screen closely enough. Arizona is by all odds favored over Arizona State, if Arizona State Teachers can get by Colorado, which is bound to suffer a letdown after its traditional grudge match against Colorado State, which in any event has been pointing toward its crucial contest with the Utah State Aggies. If U.S.A. wins out over Southwest Utah State, then at least in certain parts of the nation the big game to watch, now that Plains has upset Michigan Central, will be that between West Virginia Normal and Virginia Abnormal, which is always a threat. Should Ohio State elect, for a change, to skip the Rose Bowl, then Bowling Green has got to be favored there regardless of whether or not Andover beats Exeter. As for the pros, at this stage of their long schedule only one thing is certain, and that is that the Giants and the Jets are a shoo-in for the Super Bowl, provided everybody else drops dead. None of the foregoing, of course, is to be taken as relevant to "Monday Night Football," which is sui generis, and which, as recent statistical studies have so strikingly shown, has turned out to be the greatest single cause of divorce in America since the invention of the business trip.

LETTER from a friend, a young *man from Ohio:*

Contact with large systems has always been a problem for me. Ritualized exchanges with schools, landlords, distant relatives make me want to do my Woody Woodpecker imitation on somebody's head and fly away. At my first communion in Christ Church Episcopal, in Ohio, when I was fourteen, I had a sudden anxiety that the wafer in my mouth was paper (it tasted like paper), and then I felt as if I had suddenly begun eating a diploma or a Sunday-school perfect-attendance card with a picture of a Biblical scene on it, and I started laughing so hard that I couldn't kneel straight at the altar rail. When the minister brought the wine around, I had real trouble swallowing it. When I got back to my pew, I was still laughing. Later that morning, I was kicked out of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew Communion Breakfast, by a member of the Brotherhood who said I had made a mockery of the Lord's Holy Sacrament. I walked out of town crying and sat by the turnpike.

So this year, when I forgot to register to vote in Manhattan, where I have lived for three years, I thought, Nothing new there. I actually had registered last year (I was badgered into it by some friends who wanted me to vote for the Equal Rights Amendment, which I did), but I figured that you had to re-register every year. I figured that the people who decide these things want to enfranchise only thoroughly competent adults—the kind of people who remember where they parked the car and who phone ahead when they're going to be late and who always make reservations months in advance—and I was willing to accept that. Then a friend of mine told me you don't have to re-register every year. He said that I could vote. I was very pleased. I went to St. John's in the Village, where I voted last year, but on my way there it occurred to me that they might give me some trouble because I had moved within the last few months and hadn't told the Board of Elections. My friend hadn't said anything about that, so I decided to lie. I told the lady at St. John's that I still lived at my old address. I then told a second lady the same thing, and she found my card. I was just about to sign it when a third lady said, "Wait a minute. This man has been challenged. The Post Office says you moved." What a down. Mumbling guiltily, I slunk out.

This event, unfortunate as it was, made sense to me. I had known all along that I would be better off sitting on an entrance ramp to Interstate Highway 29 in Elk Point, South Dakota, drinking Fanta grape soda than trying to participate in a democracy. I was not happy. Then my friend called me again. (This friend is a Democrat.) I told him what had happened, and he said that it sounded to him like the Republicans' doing. He said that a change of address should be no reason to lose your vote. He gave me a number to call at the Board of Elections. I told my friend he was a prince. I called the number, and I got a woman who didn't seem too sympathetic. She said that whenever you changed addresses in New York you had to re-register, and that the fact was common knowledge. I said that nothing could be considered common knowledge in this city. She said that I should have gone to the trouble to find out. I said I didn't even know there was anything I had to find out. Then I started really swinging wildly. I said that I had had several good ideas for crimes, like robbing the airport bus, and stealing furs from the Plaza Hotel coatroom during a benefit in the Grand Ballroom, and that what dissuaded me was the thought that if I was caught and convicted, while going to prison would make me seem cooler in the eyes of many people it would also mean that I would lose my vote. I said that just because I had moved fifteen blocks downtown I was being treated like a felon. She said that if I felt that way about it I could go to 80 Varick Street and see a judge of the State Supreme Court and petition for a court order permitting me to vote.

At 80 Varick Street, there were a number of photo-reproduced signs, one of which said "Supreme Court of the State of New York in Session—9th Floor." On the ninth floor, a lot of people were milling around, and I told a lady what had happened, and she sent me to a guy, who filled out a petition and gave it to another guy, in a shiny suit, who made me raise my hand and swear to my name and address. (I swore on my telephone bill with my new address on it, which I had brought along in case they asked for proof.) Then he said that since the purpose of the election law was to enfranchise people, not disenfranchise them, he was going to recommend that my petition be granted, and he took my petition into a side room, where the judge may have been, and then he came back out and gave me a court order stamped with the seal of the State of New York.

I took the court order to my new polling place, the Chelsea Vocational High School, at 131 Sixth Avenue, and I gave it to the Italian ladies behind the desk there. They gave me a paper ballot, and I filled it out and folded it and sealed it. The girls who were in line waiting to vote were beautiful, and, when I came out, the Marlboro sign above 7 Laight Street was beautiful, and the big Hotel Bar Butter sign at the foot of Canal Street was meet and right, and the taillights of the trucks air-braking down into the Holland Tunnel were stately, and I felt great—

as if I contained a tremendous amount of space in my chest.

WE'VE received a letter from another friend of ours, a woman of Russian descent, who writes as follows:

The other evening, before the election, I received the unexpected gift of a ticket for a concert performance, at Carnegie Hall, of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Seiji Ozawa. I sat close to the stage, very far to the right, where it is difficult to see, and I belong to a race that thinks it must see, at a live performance, in order to hear. What I heard before the concert began was Russian, spoken by those around me. Our small group had been given complimentary tickets; we knew each other; we asked about family, friends—rapidly, simply—and then we sat down. Turning to look toward the back of the hall, I could see many heads bowed over the dual-language libretto that had been handed us together with the program. But around me people sat with their heads turned toward the left even before Seiji Ozawa bowed and raised his baton for the prelude.

It was at that moment that I realized I was surrounded by three emigrations—those who fled the Revolution in 1917, the mass emigration of 1946-47, and the present one, known not as Soviet but as Jewish—and also by some of those privileged White Russians who abandoned their first-adopted countries of Europe to come to the States at the onset of the Second World War. They all knew their Pushkin, they knew their Tchaikovsky, they knew the opera Tchaikovsky wrote from Pushkin's novel in verse, and they were there because they had all been brought up with Eugene (Evgeny!) Onegin.

"I am lost in the composition of the opera," Tchaikovsky wrote his brother Modest in 1877. Of course he was. The libretto was mostly his own. He stayed as close to Pushkin as he could, but he strayed with Konstantin Shilovsky, who helped him both expand and shrink the original scenario. Changing it in any way was an all but impossible job, because Pushkin is truly unalterable. Still, Shilovsky wrote M. Triquet's couplets that precede a cotillion at the ball in Act II, and include the famous line

Brillez, brillez toujours, belle Tatiana.

M. Triquet sang so impeccably that we could not help recognizing a Frenchman when we heard one. And so he was: Jean Dupouy, born in Pau.

I stood in the aisle during most of the first act, next to a young photographer who belongs to the Jewish emigration, as distinguished from the Soviet one. He has been in this country for two years. He said, "I *must* see the singers," and moved to the back of the hall.

When I looked at the audience in the semidarkness, I saw our group holding hands, swaying in their seats from side to side, singing softly.

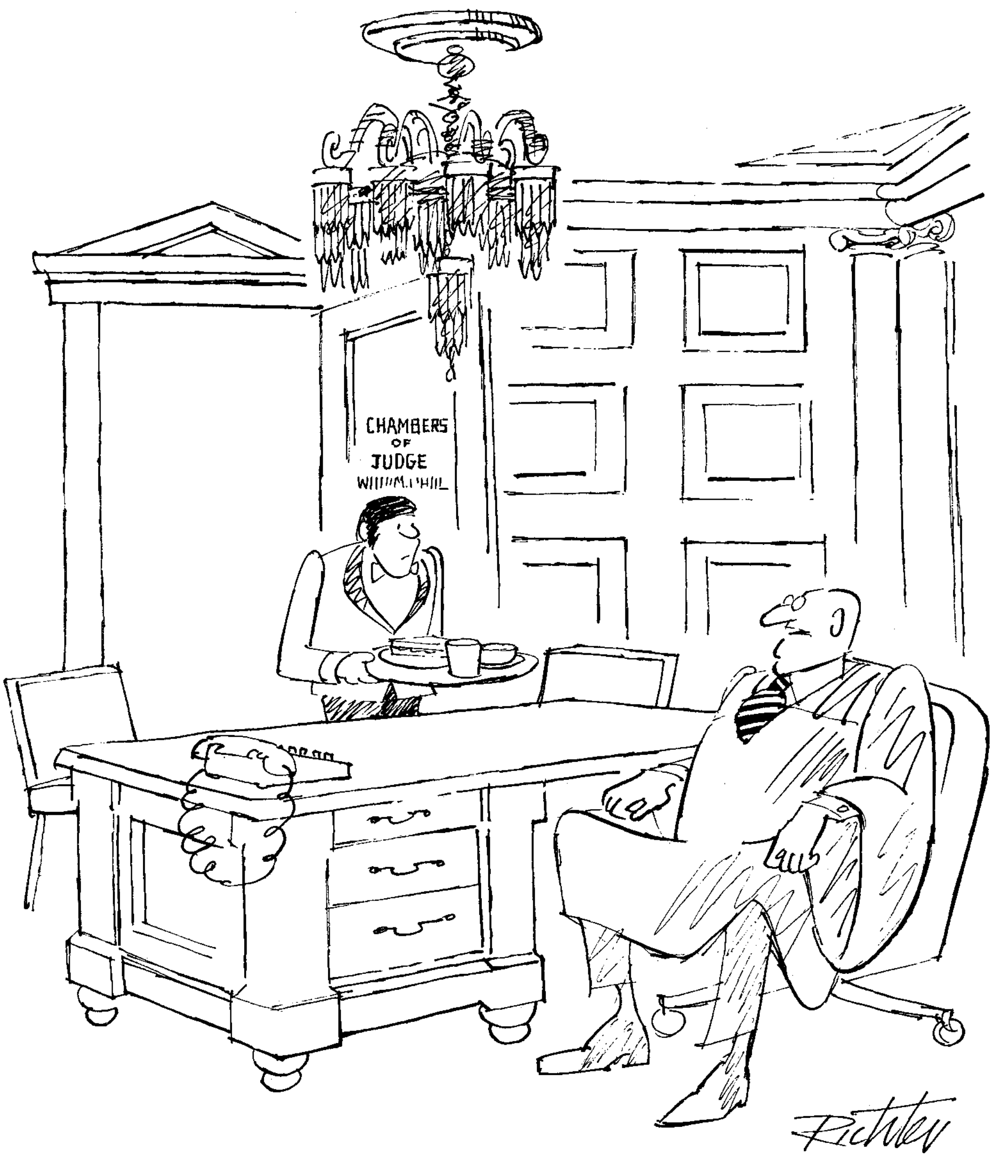
"Look at all the tear-stained faces," said our companion of the evening, a woman we love, as the houselights came up at intermission time. She smiled a delighted smile: the smile of people who relish being moved to tears—particularly tears of memory. And she dabbed her face gently with a damp handkerchief, without looking in a mirror, and went out to smoke as many cigarettes as time would allow.

An old man said, "I heard Sobinov sing Lensky in St. Petersburg when I was eight. He had a voice one does not forget."

"Here comes the Waltz," said the woman in front of me at the beginning of Act II.

"Thank you," said her husband, and they both laughed.

Either I had forgotten or I did not know how beautiful the human voice sounds against a first-rate orchestra. Operatic orchestras so seldom are first-rate. Galina Vishnevskaya sang Tatiana, a role that made her famous as a young girl, and mimed the part as if it were being sung at the time of its setting—the eighteen-twenties. Nicolai Gedda sang Lensky movingly, with perfect enunciation. Benjamin Luxon, the Onegin, was born in Cornwall, England. Imagine learning "Onegin" phonetically. Imagine the



"I see yogurt. I'm impartial toward yogurt."

enormous, overblown Tanglewood Festival Chorus learning all its parts phonetically. Zaretsky, Lensky's second, sung by a very young black bass-baritone, David Arnold, suddenly stepped forward, and we saw, or thought we saw, the Abyssinian Hannibal, Peter the Great's favorite and Pushkin's great-grandfather.

Soon a shot in the wings reminded us that Pushkin killed Lensky, his poet, in a duel at an unbearably tender age, at sunrise, after a night in which Pushkin made him write the eager, the nostalgic, the overhoneyed verses

Kuda, Kuda vé udalilis
Viesnyi moï zlatiye dni?

Which means, more or less, in forever untranslatable Pushkin:

Where, oh, where have you fled,
My springtime's golden days?

And that the shot that killed Pushkin was fired at dusk, in the snow, when he was thirty-seven, by Georges d'Anthès—the fatal Frenchman dressed in white—over a woman: always over a woman; not Tatiana but Natalya, Pushkin's wife.

"It is the end of something," said an old Russian friend when we heard the shot in the wings. "It is the end of an era."

"It is the end of nothing," I said. "I'm tired of always being told it is the end of something."

For I knew that emigrations will continue, that Presidents will, of necessity, come and go, but that a shot in the wings still signifies the end not of something but of someone, and that the eternal themes of love, renunciation, jealousy, death, genius, art, creation, and re-creation are as inescapable today as they were in the past. And that for many people in Carnegie Hall that night America was still the cliché-but-tried-and-true melting pot, the tried-for-and-arrived-at Promised Land, and certainly, without a doubt, the musical capital of the world.

Act II of that night, just as of the opera, began by celebrating—not Tatiana's name-day but the birthday of Galina Vishnevskaya, at the apartment of a friend, Remi Saunder. It was the wrong day, because of Vishnevskaya's impossible concert schedule. The buffet was Russian, endless and delicious. Vishnevskaya stood in the middle of the room and bitterly attacked a rival Russian soprano. Her diction was admirable.

"What temperament!" said an old Russian gentleman.

"A woman appearing with an orchestra should always wear black or white," said an American admirer in a dinner jacket.

Vishnevskaya looked down for a second at her dress, black with a black lace top, and then up again to smile acknowledgment.

"Ozawa is a fantastically romantic conductor," Elena Rostropovich said, between mouthfuls of meatballs. "I think his Onegin is the best one I have ever heard." Elena Rostropovich is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Galina Vishnevskaya and the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. "Mama was wonderful. A pity Papa couldn't be here," she said. Her father must have been on tour.

Ozawa made his entrance on cue, and directed himself immediately to the buffet. He had conducted, it turned out, with a strep throat, antibiotics, and a very probable fever. He heaped a hillock of kasha onto his plate.

"Do you know what that is?" his hostess asked, amused.

"Wild rice," he answered.

"No, it's kasha," she said.

"Then I shall take some more," he said, and he laughed, and shook the heavy blue-black hair out of his eyes.

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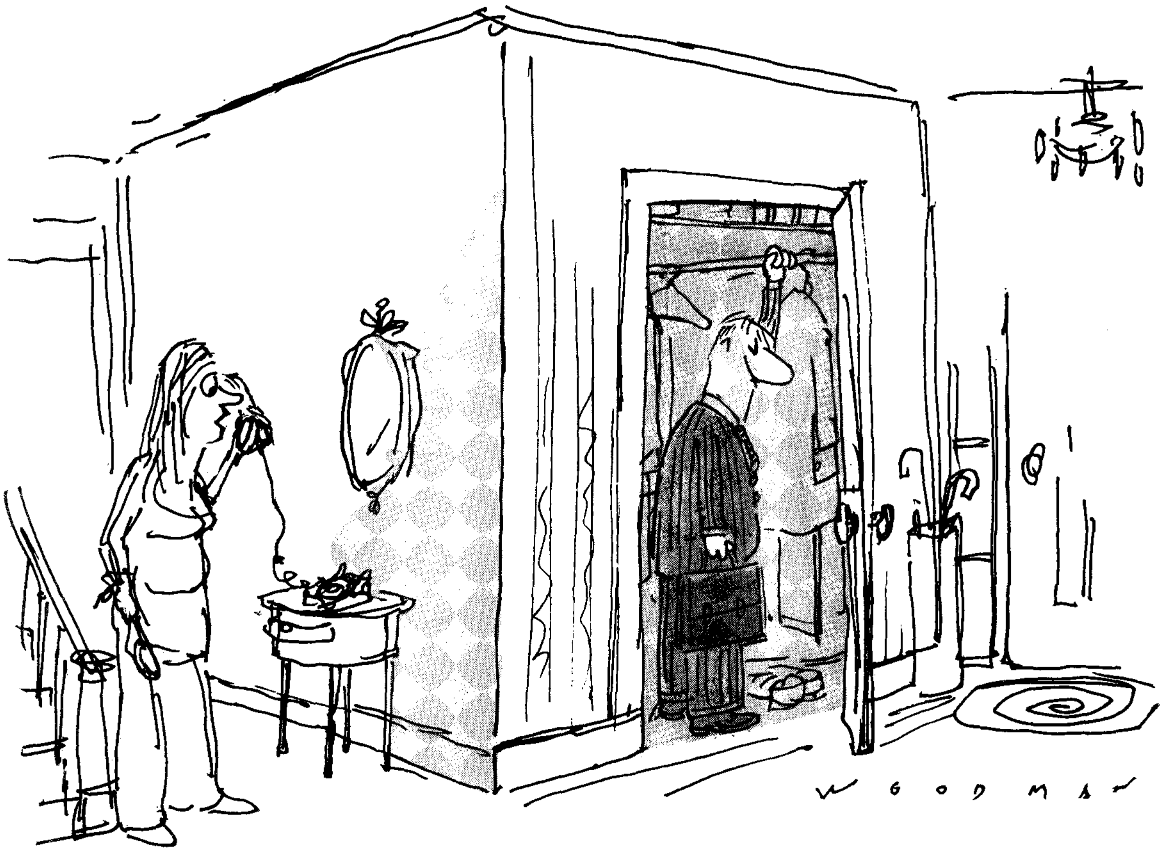
Follow-Up on the Skunk

THE whereabouts of the West Eleventh Street skunk—the skunk that Herman and Nina Schneider, the science-text writers who live at 21 West, inadvertently brought back to New York in the trunk of their Dodge Aspen when they closed up their Martha's Vineyard summer house on September 16th—was unknown when we went to press two weeks ago. The skunk had settled on the block for a few weeks and had then disappeared.

Nina Schneider reports, "The skunk reappeared! It resumed residence in the hole at the top of the Passannante sisters' stoop at 22 West, and the whole street assembled every night, just like the crowd in the scene in 'Carmen' outside the cigarette factory, to watch it saunter down the block to the plastic garbage bags in front of 28 West for dinner. The Passannante sisters thought it was time for the skunk to move on, so Herman got the A.S.P.C.A. to drop off a Havahart trap—the kind of trap that doesn't hurt an animal—on the morning of Monday, October 25th, and I loaded the trap with a scoop of peanut butter, a slice of pot roast (it was quite delicious pot roast, by the way), and some raw zucchini and raw carrots, not knowing exactly what the skunk liked best. Herman put the trap on top of the stoop, under the elegant white doorway, and lashed it to the railing with his bicycle chain. That was the night it rained so heavily, but any number of people gathered, in raincoats and umbrellas, to see if the skunk would come out. Well, it did; it entered the Havahart and settled down and ate everything. But the trap just sat on the stoop, because the A.S.P.C.A. had said it had only one truck for pickups and didn't know when the truck could get down to West Eleventh. I went to bed."

From a tape made the next day by Herman and Nina Schneider's houseguest Mae Churchill, the director of the Urban Policy Research Institute, in Los Angeles, who had spent the night in the Schneiders' front room: "At approximately one-thirty on the morning of October 26th, a skunk in a cage on West Eleventh evoked a turnout of Patrol Cars 1299 and 2473 and Police Truck 5556 and, in all, six policemen. The policemen emerged from their cars and stood around looking at the trapped skunk from a safe distance on the sidewalk. During the next half hour, they engaged in the following activities: they turned their large flashlights on the cage, they walked back and forth at a safe distance, one of them picked up a can of some sort and threw it in the direction of the critter. Then one of the policemen took from the truck a large plastic dropcloth and, after considerable hesitation, cautiously placed it over the cage."

Herman Schneider: "At three, Marie Passannante called up to say that the A.S.P.C.A. man had arrived but didn't want to pick up the trap. I got out of bed, put on my clothes, and found that the man was indeed upset. 'I didn't know it was a wild skunk,' he said. 'I get a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week, and the cops get eighteen thousand dollars a year. Let them pick it up.' I said, 'Well, I make more than that—I'll help you.' I started up the stoop, but then his pride



"That's odd. He should have been there hours ago."

got involved. 'Stand back, Professor,' he said, and he picked up the trap and put it in his truck. He also took my bicycle chain—I think to secure the cage. The Passannante sisters asked me in for a brandy."

John Lucas, who takes care of public relations for the A.S.P.C.A., finishes it off: "When we got the skunk, we immediately called the New York State Department of Conservation, which has jurisdiction over wild animals, but they said they had no one available to take charge of the animal. Fortunately, the skunk was in good shape, and since it had not been milked—that is, descented—it still had its natural defense mechanism, so we decided that it was fit to be released into the wild. The next day, we drove it to the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge, where it would meet its own kind, and set it free."

We still don't know what happened to Herman's bicycle chain.

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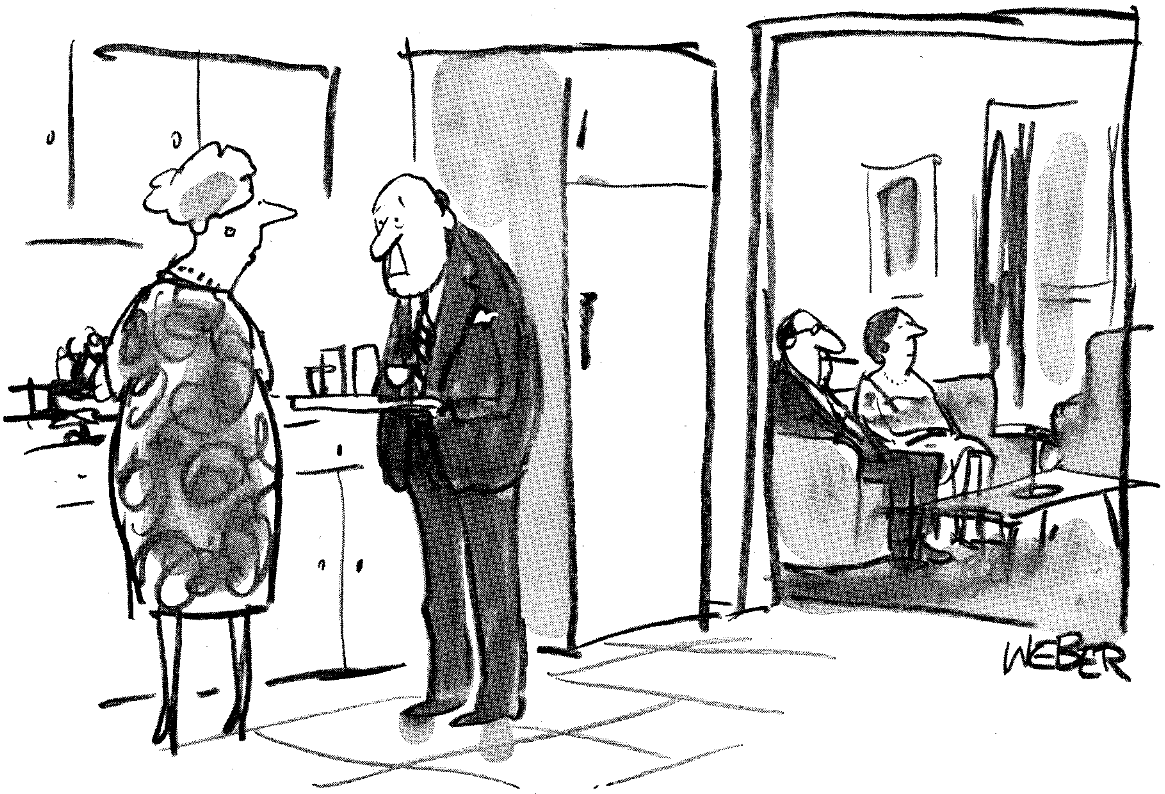
Bella C. Landauer

TIMES have changed. God and Mammon have joined forces. Businesses (Mammon) are increasingly paying for—and in many cases are providing the terrain for—parties, art exhibitions, and other cultural events officially given and arranged by museums, libraries, colleges, hospitals, and medical-research institutions (God). Thanks to this participation, the businesses are, in effect, co-hosts at these affairs. Thus, the current inaugural exhibition of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum has been financed by a publicized grant from Johnson Wax, whose public-relations advisers, Carl Byoir & Associates, sent out the press releases for the show. Such a partnership, smiled upon by the Internal Revenue Service as tax-deductible, is conducive to a favorable "image." (Who can now Johnson-wax his, or her, floors without a nice museumy feeling?) We've recently been asked by Cartier's to a Louis Cartier jewelry retrospective and champagne supper for the benefit of the American Cancer Society. The pleasure of our company has been sought at "Cocktails for the Benefit of Southampton Hospital" by Dunhill Tailors and the New York City Friends of Southampton Hospital, an event held at the tailoring shop, and we've been invited by the Museum of the City of New York and Dr. Aldo Gucci, the chairman and president of Gucci Shops, Inc., to the museum's annual fund-raising dinner, this year called the New York Party—a hundred-dollar-a-head event (sixty-five dollars of which is deductible) that turned out to include a cocktail party in the rotunda, a Donald Bruce White-catered dinner built around breast of chicken with saffron rice, wine donated by a California grower named Sterling Vineyards, and dancing, on two levels, to Michael Carney's and Bob Hardwick's orchestras. (Gucci contributed a door prize, table favors, and a fashion show.) And the other day, on a decorative card printed in four colors, we were invited by the Officers and Trustees of the New-York Historical Society and Mobil Oil Corporation to an evening preview, at the society, of an exhibition called "Selling New York: Advertising from the Bella C. Landauer Collection."

We attended this soirée (no charge; a twenty-thousand-dollar Mobil grant took care of practically everything) gladly, in part because we had long been curious about Mrs. Landauer, a few specimens from whose awesome collection of four hundred thousand American advertising posters and trade cards have been spotted around the corridors of the society's third floor for years. The show consisted of about two thousand exhibits, most of which (they also included bookplates, letterheads, railroad passes, commercial paperweights, and music sheets) were culled, by Mrs. Mary Black, the society's curator of painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts, from over a hundred big black boxes, and unglued from over a hundred and fifty folio-size brown paper scrapbooks marked on their spines with numbers keyed to such categories as Jewelry, Leather Goods, Theatre, Tobacco, Warehouses, and Water Works. Their collector was born in New York in 1875, the daughter of a corset manufacturer (corsetiana dominates one of the scrapbooks) and the wife of a handkerchief tycoon. She began to assemble bookplates (by the thousand) in 1923; three years later, after she had expanded into advertising, an entire floor of her house, in the West Seventies, and part of the basement were filled with her purchases, many of them made at secondhand stores. She began to move them to the



"They didn't laugh because you forgot to look cross-eyed when you delivered the punch line."

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society, which she belonged to. (This presently enabled her and her husband to move themselves to tidier digs, at the Drake Hotel.) The society gave her space in a small unused kitchen on the top floor. "There I struggled for many years," she wrote in the society's quarterly in July, 1959, "while guards patiently carried up buckets of hot water, which is essential to my work in soaking off plates or washing prints. There was no telephone in my scant quarters, and, except for two exhibitions in the society's galleries in the spring of 1929 and summer of 1930, no visitor ever examined my collection or saw my pathetic domain."

In 1939, when additions were made to the building, she was given a big room, to which friends and interested strangers were admitted. The *furor colligendi* persisted, and her title, honorary curator of the Bella C. Landauer Business and Professional Collection, left her unappeased. "There," she wrote of her new perch, "in the unfortunately inadequate space allotted to me on the third floor of the museum, I try to display a vast lot of material on an abundant variety of subjects." But she loved the society (of which her son, James D. Landauer, is a trustee), and she frequented it several days a week, including Sunday. At Thanksgiving, she bestowed Sulka ties on favored members of the staff, and she also handed around coffee candy at staff meetings. She died at eighty-five—still in harness—after suffering a heart attack during a matinée at the old Loews Theatre at Third Avenue and Seventy-second Street.

Mrs. Landauer's memorial is not only her collection, which is unique, but a dazzling book based on the show—"American Advertising Posters of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Black. It has a hundred and twenty pages, ten inches by fourteen, or big enough to do justice to reproductions, many in color, of posters issued between 1842 and 1897 celebrating Barnum's American Museum; Baby Jumper, or Tuttle's Patent Infant Gymnasium; Congress Stove Polish (showing a bunch of children misusing it); H. L. Ettman & Company, Importers of Sponges and Chamois (a wildly imaginative waterscape, which Mrs. Black, in her scholarly "Notes to the Plates," describes as "an androgynous aquatic ballet cavorts in West Indian waters"); Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing; Henry Miller's Tobacco; the Resolute Fire Insurance Company of the City of New York; the Patent Cylinder Lithographic Printing Machine of R. Hoe & Company; the J. B. Brewster & Company's "Colonel Kane's Coach;" D. M. Ferry & Company's Premium Cabbage Seeds; the Pope Mfg. Company's Columbia Bicycle; Chas. L. Davis's Celebrated Alvin Joslin Comedy Company ("180 Laughs in 180 Minutes"); the "Hoffman House" Bouquet Cigar; and Moffat's Vegetable Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters, whose message, addressed to those afflicted with everything from Asthma and Gout to Leprosy and "WORMS of all kinds," reads, in part:

> Purify the blood!... The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

A splendid example of a non-puff is a Currier & Ives lithograph of the Brooklyn Bridge, commissioned by Mulford, Cary & Conklin, Leather and Findings, in 1877, six years before the dedication of the bridge. This shows a great array of side-wheelers and cargo sailing vessels under and near the bridge. The title reads, "The Great East River Suspension Bridge. Connecting the Cities of New York & Brooklyn—from New York Looking South-East. The Bridge Approach on the New York Side is Opposite the City Hall, and Three Minutes Walk from the Store of Mulford, Cary & Conklin, Wholesale Dealers in Leather and Findings, Calf Skins, Sheep Skins, Moroccos, Shoe Manufacturers Goods. 34 Spruce St. New York." Mrs. Black points out that "the pier just south of the Manhattan tower shows bales of calfskins, sheepskins, and moroccos intended for Mulford, Cary & Conklin." Mrs. Black has 20-20 vision. The markings on the bales are nearly indecipherable in her book, but the original shows a few tiny "M.C.C."s. Very soft sell.

The opening night was enhanced by a collation of champagne, wine, biscuits, fruit, and some very fine Brie and Bel Paese, all courtesy of Mammon.

FIRE

ONE of the few things all of the Bashmanians are agreed about is fire, which we love, as we do all things in the fire family: the sun, all reds and yellows, California poppies and sunflowers. No wonder the Armenians fought off the Persians when they came with swords to demand that we join them in fire worship. Why should we spoil a good thing by making it official? We had official Jesus, and that was wonder enough.

When a building was on fire in Fresno and the Fire Department came roaring up in its red fire engines, we would already be there, laughing, and rejoicing in the light, heat, color, and music of the fire eating wood to ash.

The greatest fire I ever witnessed was a comparatively insignificant one. The thing that made it great was that it was my house. I had gone with my family in 1919 to Armona—about forty miles southwest of Fresno and three miles from Hanford—where there was good work in the fresh-fruit packing houses, and we shared a house bought for his family by my uncle Gunyaz Bashmanian after he suffered losses in three consecutive business enterprises. A small grocery store on O Street in Fresno went bankrupt because of the lower prices at the big store that suddenly opened next door. Then an orchard of peach and apricot trees in Biola brought forth two crops so meagre that the place had to be given back to the bank. And finally this unlucky man bought a jewelry store on Mariposa Street in Fresno, next to D. Yezdan's Clothing Store. One night it was emptied of everything by robbers, who were never apprehended.

"Robbers?" Gunyaz said when he heard of the theft. "Not police?"

Gunyaz put all of his remaining money into the buying of the old house in Armona, so that he and his wife and his two sons could work in the packing houses and perhaps save money again, but his wife took ill, one of his sons broke his arm, and Gunyaz himself sprained his back so badly that even with a brace holding him together he could do no more than stand and walk. When he was almost entirely out of money, with a lot of doctor's bills to pay, Gunyaz took all of his business papers to a lawyer named Jivelikian and asked him to study them carefully. The following day the lawyer said, "I have found all of your papers in order. You paid two thousand dollars cash for the house and its furnishings. I know the house well, as the previous owner asked me to help him sell it three years ago. At best, the furnishings, the house, and the lot on which it stands are all together worth one thousand dollars. However, the fire-insurance policy on the house is for six thousand dollars, and has a week to go."

Gunyaz said, "The house is old and rotten. I'm afraid it might catch fire some night when all of us are asleep."

"That is something to avoid at all costs," the lawyer said.

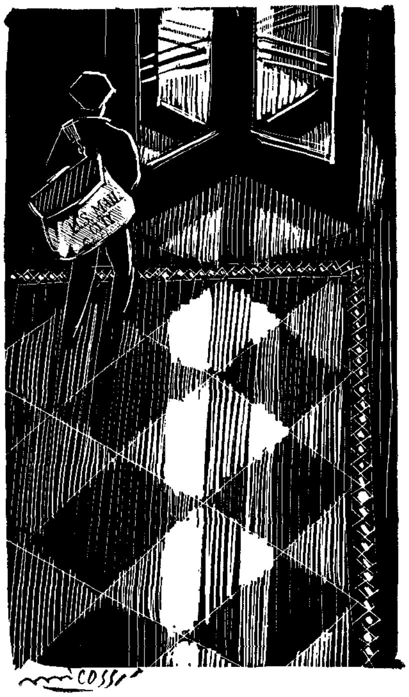
"I can't stand guard every night," Gunyaz said. "I have a bad back and many debts."

"My fee is one dollar," the lawyer said.

Gunyaz paid Jivelikian a silver dollar and went home. As luck would have it, everybody was either at the packing house or at the doctor's, and Gunyaz Bashmanian was home all alone, his head full of sorrow, anger, and fire.

That night, when everybody was home from work or from the doctor's, he said to his wife, "Prepare a feast. We shall enjoy our good health and good fortune in this world, under the fig tree in the back yard."

The feast began a little after ten, by which time I was more sleepy than hungry. Nevertheless, I kept myself awake enough to have a little of everything, and then I began to long for my bed, which I shared with my brother Bakrot Bashmanian, called Buck for short. But Gunyaz said, "No, you must eat now. You are eleven years old; it is not time to go into the house."



He himself went into the house by way of the back door and came out by way of the front door. He returned slowly to the great table under the fig tree, a very solemn and thoughtful man.

Now a nice variety of flashes of light began to come from inside the house, but everybody was having such a good time eating and drinking and talking that I decided that the house was not on fire, and that the flashes of light were only rather large flickerings from three kerosene lamps there. Five minutes later, though, there was a large and *crackling* light coming from inside the house, and I decided that now the house *was* on fire, and glad to be. Still, I was better than half asleep and thought I could be dreaming, so I didn't leap to my feet and holler "Fire!"

When I began to feel hot, however, I took Gunyaz by the arm and pointed to the house.

"Wah," he said. "Our house is on fire."

My brother shouted, "I'll go call the Fire Department," and ran off as fast as he could go, barefoot.

"Hurry," Gunyaz shouted after him. "Perhaps we can save something."

Everybody ran to the empty lot next door, and then across the street, where we stood in a religious group, crossing ourselves, as we watched the house being devoured by a big, busy mouth with a ferocious appetite—after which everything fell into the house, and then the fire died. The light went out, the heat ended, the world grew philosophic.

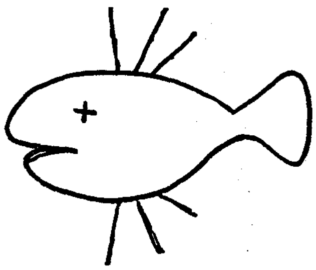
The fire engines came. The happy firemen splattered water on the smoking half-skeleton until all that was left was a lot of wet black cinders where the house had been. A smell of bright living gave way to a smell of dark dying. I wanted to go to sleep. Even so, we were all of us up until long after midnight, and then we found places to sleep on the floors of the houses of various friends who were also in Armona for the summer work.

"How did it start?" somebody asked, and somebody else said, "From the kitchen stove, after cooking."

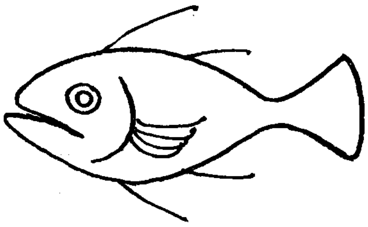
It was the most beautiful, the most intelligent, the most artful, the sweetest, and the most philosophic fire I ever saw. Even so, I felt especially bad about losing the bed I shared with my brother—the whole thing gone up forever in smoke. —WILLIAM SAROYAN

GRAPHOLOGY

IN pre-Biblical times, when one person wished to leave a message for another person he did not write it *in words. These* were *primitive* people. It was as much as they could do to draw a picture, and the effort often left them exhausted:

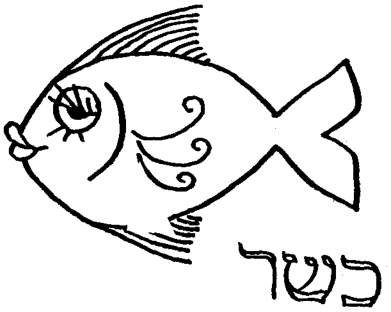


The early Hebrews also wrote in pictures, but they drew rather better than their predecessors, as this specimen shows:

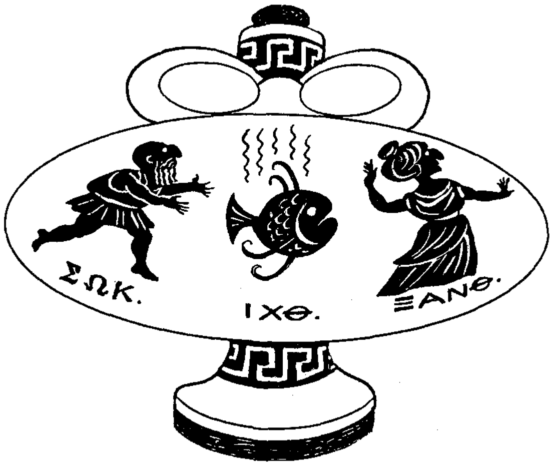


Even so, the problem with this method of communication is that the recipient of the message does not know what to make of it. He knows it has something to do with fish, but what? Are the fish tasty, plentiful, dangerous, or all gone? Or is the message an insult? Has someone been called a fish?

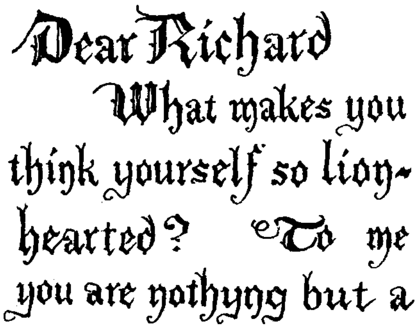
The ambiguous nature of pictographic messages often resulted in unnecessary violence, and it came as a great relief to everyone when writing was invented. This did not happen all at once. Here is a transitional stage:



The message now is clear: it signifies that the fish, whatever else they may be, are clean. It remained for the Greeks, devoted as they were to Western culture, to reverse the direction of writing to from left to right, and they also introduced the abbreviation. The inscription on this amphora, for example, tells us that Socrates is returning a rotten fish to his wife, Xanthippe:



Calligraphy was rigidly standardized for many centuries after this. In the early Middle Ages, in fact, monks who departed from the accepted style were relieved from copying manuscripts and forced to press grapes. Not until the time of the Crusades do we see the emergence of anything that could be called individual penmanship:

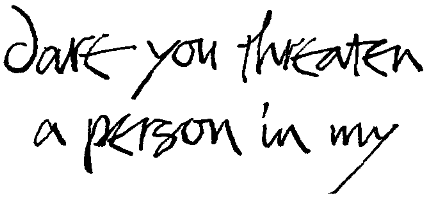


Dear Richard
What makes you
think yourself so lion-
hearted? To me
you are nothyng but a

By the seventeenth century, writing had become much more idiosyncratic—a fact that was lost on most people, who were still unable to read. Only in the last hundred years or so, with the rise of universal semi-literacy, has graphology, or the science of handwriting, come into its own.

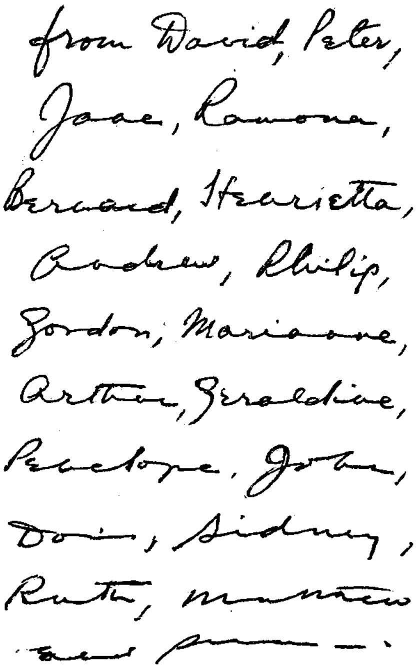
GRAPHOLOGY is a highly demanding discipline, requiring both physical and mental fitness, but the basic principles are easily learned even by the dull or flabby amateur, for whom graphology can make a stimulating hobby. Very little equipment is necessary. A set of a hundred or so magnifying glasses and perhaps a jeweller's loupe for the perusal of unusually tiny script are the basic tools of the trade. You will also need a notebook for your samples and observations—preferably one with an imitation-marble cover. This, together with a green eyeshade of the type once favored by editors and pinochle players, shows that you intend to be taken seriously. Elastic sleeve bands may be worn in summer. And don't forget: ten pushups before breakfast and a crossword puzzle with the toast make an excellent start for a day of handwriting analysis.

Finally, and this is very important, you will need some samples to analyze. These can often be obtained from famous people by writing them a letter that will provoke a reply:



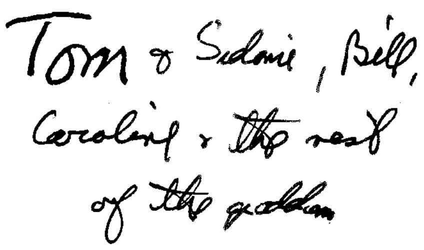
dare you threaten
a person in my

But the easiest way to begin a collection is with Christmas cards. Those from half-remembered acquaintances are best, as they give the novice graphologist an opportunity to confirm his original prejudices and suspicions. Cards received from families present a special problem, because it is sometimes difficult to know which person did the actual writing. The rule of thumb here is that the name of the writer usually appears last, as it does on this card:



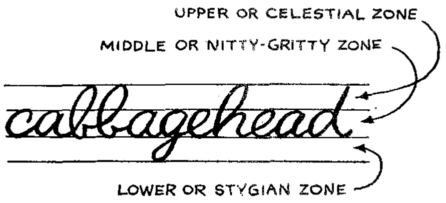
from David, Peter,
Jane, Ramona,
Bernard, Henrietta,
Andrew, Philip,
Gordon, Marianne,
Arthur, Geraldine,
Penelope, John,
[illegible], Sidney,
Ruth, [illegible]
and [illegible].

But the careful graphologist is always on the alert for egotistical greeters, like Tom here:

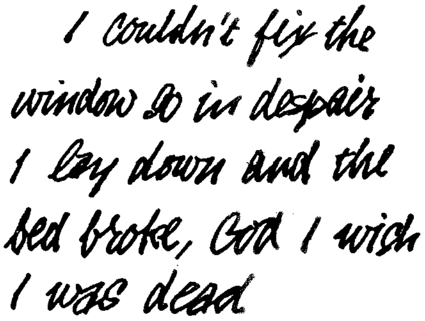


Tom & Sidonie, Bill,
Caroline & the rest
of the [illegible]

The first step in analyzing any piece of handwriting is to conduct a zonal examination. Graphologists believe that all letters fall into one or more of three different zones:

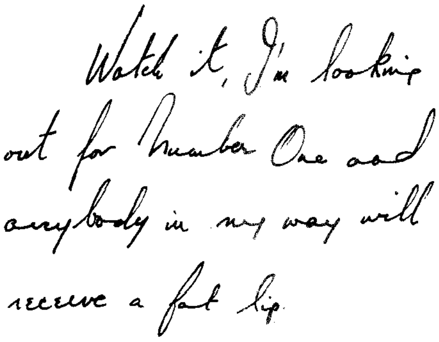


A person whose handwriting is strongest in the middle zone is almost invariably willful, energetic, and practical, like this writer:



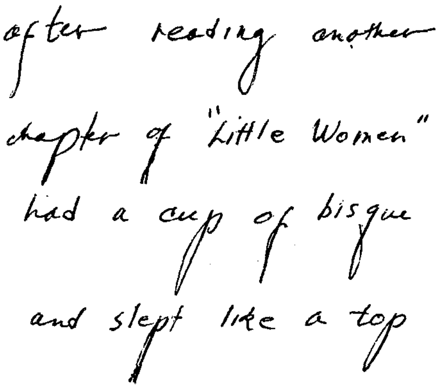
I couldn't fix the
window so in despair
I lay down and the
bed broke, God I wish
I was dead

The upper zone belongs to the superego, and so when the upward strokes soar into the wild blue we expect to find idealism, spiritual aspirations, a desire for transcendence. Here, for example, is the writing of a person who dreams the impossible dream:



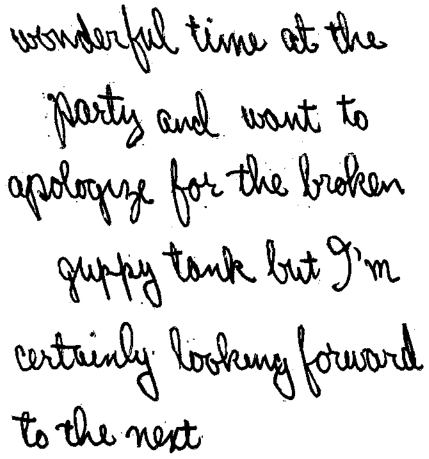
Watch it, I'm looking
out for Number One and
anybody in my way will
receive a fat lip

The descending strokes, on the other hand, probe the dangerous, subterranean country of the id. Here we find sexuality, hidden aggressions, and dirty secrets. The person whose descenders are abnormally deep is likely to be the type who breathes heavily into telephones. Here is a particularly disturbing sample:



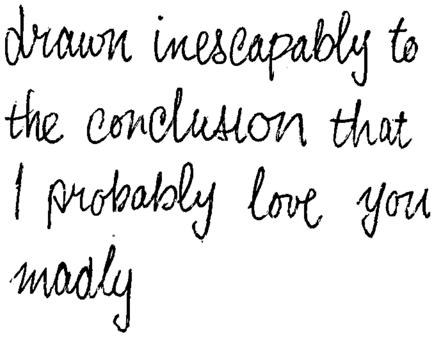
after reading another
chapter of "Little Women"
had a cup of bisque
and slept like a top

As important as the zone in which a person feels most at home is the direction in which his writing slants. A leftward slant, as in the specimen below, indicates a shy, withdrawn nature and a tendency to live in the past:



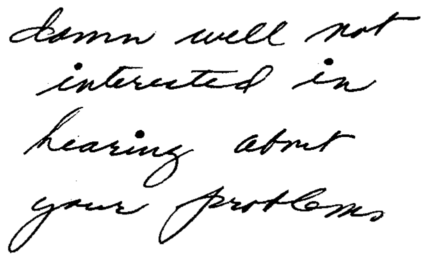
wonderful time at the
party and want to
apologize for the broken
guppy tank but I'm
certainly looking forward
to the next

Upright writing with no slant, as in this specimen, is usually a sign of coldness and reserve, a reluctance to commit oneself:



drawn inescapably to
the conclusion that
I probably love you
madly

Really, there is only one good way to slant, and that is rightward; it is only among rightward slanters that we can expect to find the warmth and generosity of this specimen:



damn well not
interested in
hearing about
your problems

Of course, there are many other things to look for in analyzing handwriting—the width of the margins, the presence of tearstains, drool spots, and so on. Whatever you notice is important, and you should record all your observations in your graphologist's notebook. In the beginning, your reports will probably be superficial and full of non-graphological data—like this one, done by a man who had been practicing graphology for only three days:

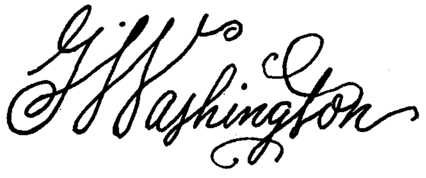
Mr. Alfred Brown. Writes large. Dots his "i"s with little "happy faces." What is that phrase in the fourth line—"You are imperious and vain" or "You are impervious to rain"? Wait a minute . . . Alfred Brown—isn't he the screwball we met on Nantucket two summers ago? The one who wore a navy-blue sailor outfit just like his wife's?

With experience, though, you will become more daring and confident, and in time your reports will read something like this:

Mrs. Mabel Smith. Age 52, approx. Short. Dark. One Irish grandparent. Suggestion of military influence in those ramrod "f"s—probably opposed to gun control. An overeater—just look at those bloated "b"s. Rapid descenders indicate a fatal weakness for cannelloni.

This report may not be correct in every detail, but if it is not Mrs. Mabel Smith it is almost sure to be a description of *somebody*.

Now, what do you make of this one:



G Washington

Recently a committee of leading graphologists, after studying the sample for several weeks, opined: "This is the writing of a prosperous planter with a military background, plenty of slaves, and bad teeth."

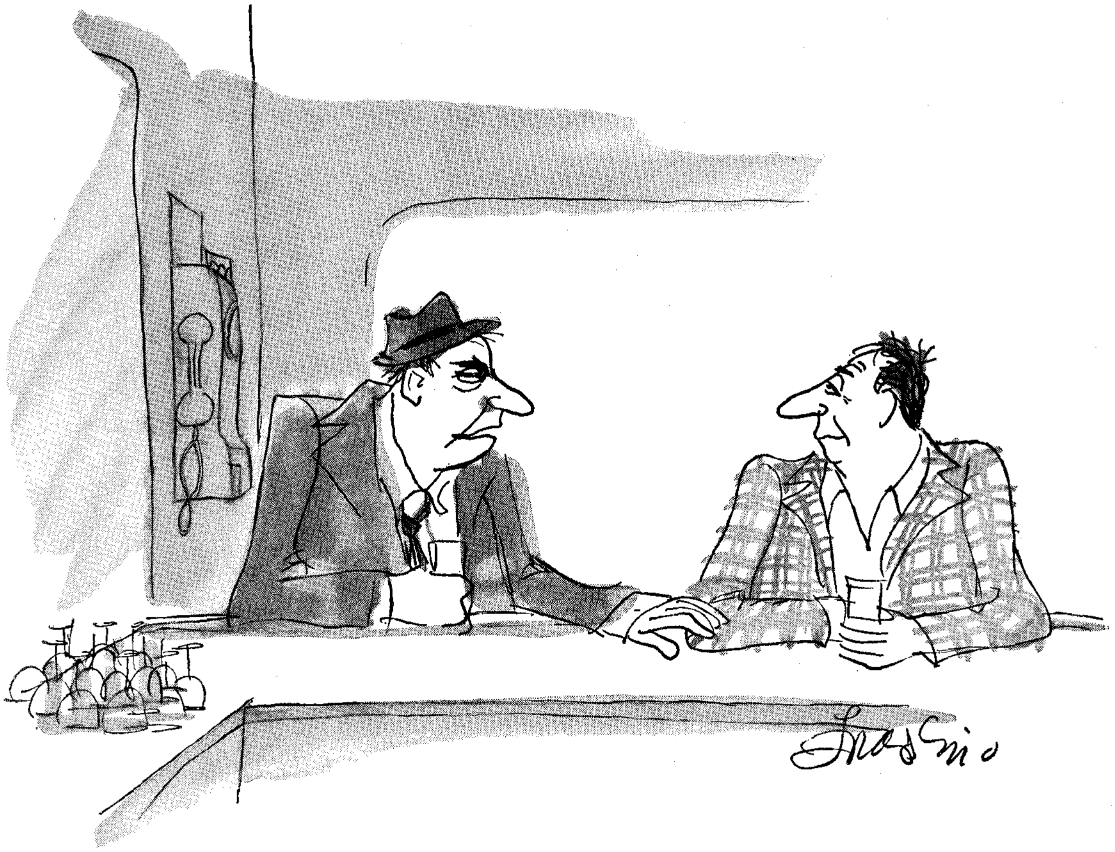
—J. B. HANDELSMAN

WEEKEND

ON Saturday morning, Lenore is up before the others. She carries her baby into the living room and puts him in George's favorite chair, which tilts because its back legs are missing, and covers him with a blanket. Then she lights a fire in the fireplace, putting fresh logs on a few embers that are still glowing from the night before. She sits down on the floor beside the chair and checks the baby, who has already gone back to sleep—a good thing, because there are guests in the house. George, the man she lives with, is very hospitable and impetuous; he extends invitations whenever old friends call, urging them to come spend the weekend. Most of the callers are his former students—he used to be an English professor—and when they come it seems to make things much worse. It makes *him* much worse, because he falls into smoking too much and drinking and not eating, and then his ulcer bothers him. When the guests leave, when the weekend is over, she has to cook bland food: applesauce, oatmeal, puddings. And his drinking does not taper off easily anymore; in the past he would stop cold when the guests left, but lately he only tapers down from Scotch to wine, and drinks wine well into the week—a lot of wine, perhaps a whole bottle with his meal—until his stomach is much worse. He is hard to live with. Once when a former student, a woman named Ruth, visited them—a lover, she suspected—she overheard George talking to her in his study, where he had taken her to see a photograph of their house before he began repairing it. George had told Ruth that she, Lenore, stayed with him because she was simple. It hurt her badly, made her actually dizzy with surprise and shame, and since then, no matter who the guests are, she never feels quite at ease on the weekends. In the past, she enjoyed some of the things she and George did with their guests, but since overhearing what he said to Ruth she feels that all their visitors have been secretly told the same thing about her. To her, though, George is usually kind. But she is sure that is the reason he has not married her, and when he recently remarked on their daughter's intelligence (she is five years old, a girl named Maria) she found that she could no longer respond with simple pride; now she feels spite as well, feels that Maria exists as proof of her own good genes. She has begun to expect perfection of the child. She knows this is wrong, and she has tried hard not to communicate her anxiety to Maria, who is already, as her kindergarten teacher says, "untypical."

At first Lenore loved George because he was untypical, although after she had moved in with him and lived with him for a while she began to see that he was not exceptional but a variation on a type. She is proud of observing that, and she harbors the discovery—her silent response to his low opinion of her. She does not know why he found her attractive—in the beginning he did—because she does not resemble the pretty, articulate young women he likes to invite, with their lovers or girlfriends, to their house for the weekend. None of these young women have husbands; when they bring a man with them at all they bring a lover, and they seem happy not to be married. Lenore, too, is happy to be single—not out of conviction that marriage is wrong but because she knows that it would be wrong to be married to George if he thinks she is simple. She thought at first to confront him with what she had overheard, to demand an explanation. But he can weasel out of any corner. At best, she can mildly fluster him, and later he will only blame it on Scotch. Of course she might ask why he has all these women come to visit, why he devotes so little time to her or the children. To that, he would say that it was the quality of the time they spent together that mattered, not the quantity. He has already said that, in fact, without being asked. He says things over and over, so that she will accept them as truths. And, eventually, she does. She does not like to think long and hard, and when there is an answer—even his answer—it is usually easier to accept it and go on with things.

"I'm Melanie Burdick. I understand you're the extra man."



"Not so fast, pal. How do I know Benjamin Franklin really said everything you say he did?"

She goes on with what she has always done: tending the house and the children and George, when he needs her. She likes to bake and she collects art postcards. She is proud of their house, which was bought cheaply and improved by George when he was still interested in that kind of work, and she is happy to have visitors come there, even if she does not admire them or even like them.

Except for teaching a night course in photography at a junior college once a week, George has not worked since he left the university two years ago, after he was denied tenure. She cannot really tell if he is unhappy working so little, because he keeps busy in other ways. He listens to classical music in the morning, slowly sipping herbal teas, and on fair afternoons he lies outdoors in the sun, no matter how cold the day. He takes photographs, and walks alone in the woods. He does errands for her if they need to be done. Sometimes at night he goes to the library or goes to visit friends; he tells her that these people often ask her to come, too, but he says she would not like them. This is true—she would not like them. Recently, he has done some late-night cooking. He has always kept a journal, and he is a great letter writer. An aunt left him most of her estate, ten thousand dollars, and said in her will that he was the only one who really cared, who took the time, again and again, to write. He had not seen his aunt for five years before she died, but he wrote regularly. Sometimes Lenore finds notes that he has left for her. Once, on the refrigerator, there was a long note, suggesting clever Christmas presents for her family that he had thought of while she was out. Last week, he Scotch Taped a slip of paper to a casserole dish that contained leftover veal stew, saying, "This was delicious." He does not compliment her verbally, but he likes to let her know that he is pleased.

A few nights ago—the same night they got a call from Julie and Sarah, saying they were coming for a visit—she told him that she wished he would talk more, that he would confide in her.

"Confide what?" he said.

"You always take that attitude," she said. "You pretend that you have no thoughts. Why does there have to be so much silence?"

"I'm not a professor anymore," he said. "I don't have to spend every minute *thinking*."

But he loves to talk to the young women. He will talk to them on the phone for as much as an hour; he walks with them through the woods for most of the day when they visit. The lovers the young women bring with them always seem to fall behind; they give up and return to the house to sit and talk to her, or to help with the preparation of the meal, or to play with the children. The young woman and George come back refreshed, ready for another round of conversation at dinner.

A few weeks ago, one of the young men said to her, "Why do you let it go on?" They had been talking lightly before that—about the weather, the children—and then, in the kitchen, where he was sitting shelling peas, he had put his head on the table and said, barely audibly, "Why do you let it go on?" He did not raise his head, and she stared at him, thinking that she must have imagined his speaking. She was surprised—surprised to have heard it, and surprised that he said nothing after that, which made her doubt that he had spoken.

"Why do I let what go on?" she said.

There was a long silence. "Whatever this sick game is, I don't want to get involved in it," he said at last. "It was none of my business to ask. I understand that you don't want to talk about it."

"But it's really cold out there," she said. "What could happen when it's freezing out?"

He shook his head, the way George did, to indicate that she was beyond understanding. But she wasn't stupid, and she knew what might be going on. She had said the right thing, had been on the right track, but she had to say what she felt, which was that nothing very serious could be happening at that moment because they were walking in the woods. There wasn't even a barn on the property. She knew perfectly well that they were talking.

When George and the young woman had come back, he fixed hot apple juice, into which he trickled rum. Lenore was pleasant, because she was sure of what had not happened; the young man was not, because he did not think

"His Excellency the Lord High Muckity-Muck."

• •

as she did. Still at the kitchen table, he ran his thumb across a pea pod as though it were a knife.

THIS weekend Sarah and Julie are visiting. They came on Friday evening. Sarah was one of George's students—the one who led the fight to have him rehired. She does not look like a troublemaker; she is pale and pretty, with freckles on her cheeks. She talks too much about the past, and this upsets him, disrupts the peace he has made with himself. She tells him that they fired him because he was "in touch" with everything, that they were afraid of him because he was so in touch. The more she tells him the more he remembers, and then it is necessary for Sarah to say the same things again and again; once she reminds him, he seems to need reassurance—needs to have her voice, to hear her bitterness against the members of the tenure committee. By evening, they will both be drunk. Sarah will seem both agitating and consoling, Lenore and Julie and the children will be upstairs, in bed. Lenore suspects that she will not be the only one awake listening to them. She thinks that in spite of Julie's glazed look she is really very attentive. The night before, when they were all sitting around the fireplace talking, Sarah made a gesture and almost upset her wineglass, but Julie reached for it and stopped it from toppling over. George and Sarah were talking so energetically that they did not notice. Lenore's eyes met Julie's as Julie's hand shot out. Lenore feels that she is like Julie: Julie's face doesn't betray emotion, even when she is interested, even when she cares deeply. Being the same kind of person, Lenore can recognize this.

Before Sarah and Julie arrived Friday evening Lenore asked George if Sarah was his lover.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "You think every student is my lover? Is Julie my lover?"

She said, "That wasn't what I said."

"Well, if you're going to be preposterous, go ahead and say that," he said. "If you think about it long enough, it would make a lot of sense, wouldn't it?"

He would not answer her question about Sarah. He kept throwing Julie's name into it. Some other woman might then think that he was protesting too strongly—that Julie really was his lover. She thought no such thing. She also stopped suspecting Sarah, because he wanted that, and it was her habit to oblige him.

He is twenty-one years older than Lenore. On his last birthday, he was fifty-five. His daughter from his first marriage (his *only* marriage; she keeps reminding herself that they are not married, because it often seems that they might as well be) sent him an Irish country hat. The present made him irritable. He kept putting it on and pulling it down hard on his head. "She wants to make me a laughable old man," he said. "She wants me to put this on and go around like a fool." He wore the hat all morning, complaining about it, frightening the children. Eventually, to calm him, she said, "She intended *nothing*." She said it with finality, her tone so insistent that he listened to her. But having lost his reason for bitterness, he said, "Just because you don't think doesn't mean others don't think." Is he getting old? She does not want to think of him getting old. In spite of his ulcer, his body is hard. He is tall and handsome, with a thick mustache and a thin black goatee, and there is very little gray in his kinky black hair. He dresses in tight-fitting bluejeans and black turtleneck sweaters in the winter and old white shirts with the sleeves rolled up in the summer. He pretends not to care about his looks, but he does. He shaves carefully, scraping slowly down each side of his goatee. He orders his soft leather shoes from a store in California. After taking one of his long walks—even if he does it twice a day—he invariably takes a shower. He always looks refreshed, and very rarely admits any insecurity. A few times, at night in bed, he has asked, "Am I still the man of your dreams?" And when she says yes he always laughs, turning it into a joke, as if he didn't care. She knows he does. He pretends to have no feeling for clothing, but actually he cares so strongly about his turtlenecks and shirts (a few are Italian silk) and shoes that he will have no others. She has noticed that the young women who visit are always vain. When Sarah arrived, she was wearing a beautiful silk scarf, pale as conch shells.

SITTING on the floor on Saturday morning, Lenore watches the fire she has just lit. The baby, tucked in George's chair, smiles in his sleep, and Lenore thinks what a good companion he would be if only he were an adult. She gets up and goes into the kitchen and tears open a package of yeast and dissolves it, with sugar and salt, in hot water, slushing her fingers through it and shivering because it is so cold in the kitchen. She will bake bread for dinner—there is always a big meal in the early evening when they have guests. But what will she do for the rest of the day? George told the girls the night before that on Saturday they would walk in the woods, but she does not really enjoy hiking, and George will be irritated because of the discussion the night before, and she does not want to aggravate him. "You are unwilling to challenge anyone," her brother wrote her in a letter that came a few days ago. He has written her for years—all the years she has been with George—asking when she is going to end the relationship. She rarely writes back because she knows that her answers sound too simple. She has a comfortable house. She cooks. She keeps busy and she loves her two children. "It seems unkind to say *but*," her brother writes, "but . . ." It is true; she likes simple things. Her brother, who is a lawyer in Cambridge, cannot understand that.

Lenore rubs her hand down the side of her face and says good morning to Julie and Sarah, who have come downstairs. Sarah does not want orange juice; she already looks refreshed and ready for the day. Lenore pours a glass for Julie. George calls from the hallway, "Ready to roll?" Lenore is surprised that he wants to leave so early. She goes into the living room. George is wearing a denim jacket, his hands in the pockets.

"Morning," he says to Lenore. "You're not up for a hike, are you?"

Lenore looks at him, but does not answer. As she stands there, Sarah walks around her and joins George in the hallway and he holds the door open for her. "Let's walk to the store and get Hershey bars to give us energy for a long hike," George says to Sarah. They are gone. Lenore finds Julie still in the kitchen, waiting for the water to boil. Julie says that she had a bad night and she is happy not to be going with George and Sarah. Lenore fixes tea for them. Maria sits next to her on the sofa, sipping orange juice. The baby likes company, but Maria is a very private child; she would rather that she and her mother were always alone. She has given up being possessive about her father. Now she gets out a cardboard box and takes out her mother's collection of postcards, which she arranges on the floor in careful groups. Whenever she looks up, Julie smiles nervously at her; Maria does not smile, and Lenore doesn't prod her. Lenore goes into the kitchen to punch down the bread, and Maria follows. Maria has recently gotten over chicken pox, and there is a small new scar in the center of her forehead. Instead of looking at Maria's blue eyes, Lenore lately has found herself focussing on the imperfection.

As Lenore is stretching the loaves onto the cornmeal-covered baking sheet, she hears the rain start. It hits hard on the garage roof.

After a few minutes, Julie comes into the kitchen. "They're caught in this downpour," Julie says. "If Sarah had left the car keys I could go get them."

"Take my car and pick them up," Lenore says, pointing with her elbow to the keys hanging on a nail near the door.

"But I don't know where the store is."

"You must have passed it driving to our house last night. Just go out of the driveway and turn right. It's along the main road."

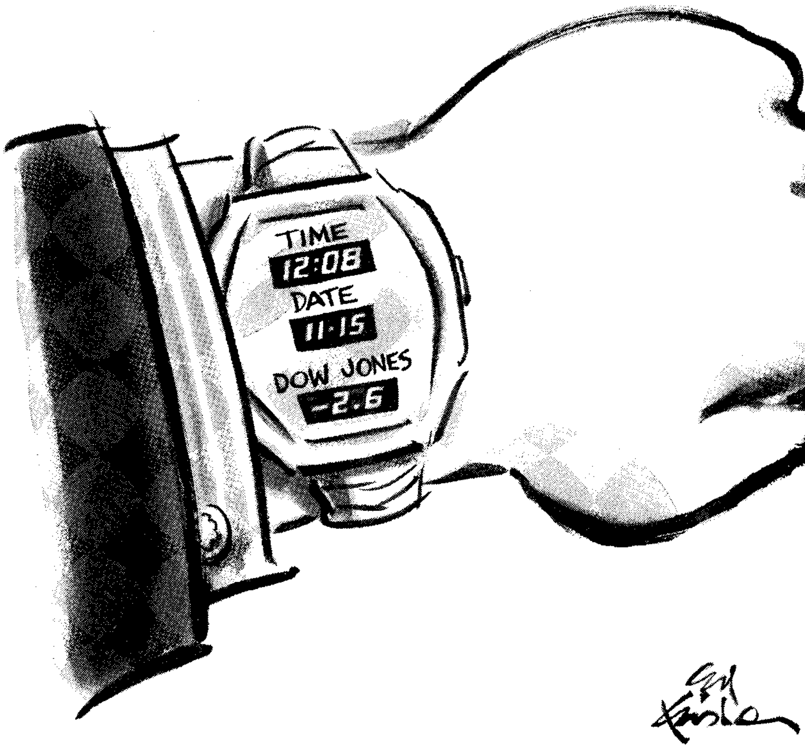
Julie gets her purple sweater and takes the car keys. "I'll be right back," she says.

Lenore can sense that she is glad to escape from the house, that she is happy the rain began.

In the living room, Lenore turns the pages of a magazine, and Maria mutters a refrain of "Blue, blue, dark blue, green blue," noticing the color every time it appears. Lenore sips her tea. She puts a Michael Hurley record on George's stereo. Michael Hurley is good rainy-day music. George has hundreds of records. His students used to love to paw through them. Cleverly, he has never made any attempt to keep up with what is currently popular. Everything is jazz or eclectic: Michael Hurley, Keith Jarrett, Ry Cooder.

Julie comes back. "I couldn't find them," she says. She looks as if she expects to be punished.

Lenore is surprised. She is about to say something like "You certainly didn't look very hard, did you?" but



she catches Julie's eye. She looks young and afraid, and perhaps even a little crazy.

"Well, we tried," Lenore says.

Julie stands in front of the fire, with her back to Lenore. Lenore knows she is thinking that she is dense—that she does not recognize the implications.

"They might have walked through the woods instead of along the road," Lenore says. "That's possible."

"But they would have gone out to the road to thumb when the rain began, wouldn't they?"

Perhaps she misunderstood what Julie was thinking. Perhaps it has never occurred to Julie until now what might be going on.

"Maybe they got lost," Julie says. "Maybe something happened to them."

"Nothing happened to them," Lenore says. Julie turns around and Lenore catches that small point of light in her eye again. "Maybe they took shelter under a tree," she says. "Maybe they're screwing. How should I know?"

It is not a word Lenore often uses. She usually tries not to think about that at all, but she can sense that Julie is very upset.

"Really?" Julie says. "Don't you care, Mrs. Anderson?"

Lenore is amused. There's a switch. All the students call her husband George and her Lenore; now one of them wants to think there's a real adult here to explain all this to her.

"What am I going to do?" Lenore says. She shrugs.

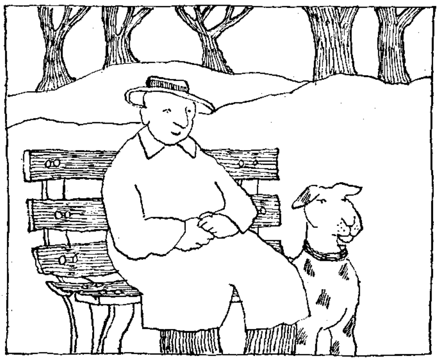
Julie does not answer.

"Would you like me to pour you tea?" Lenore asks.

"Yes," Julie says. "Please."

George and Sarah return in the middle of the afternoon. George says that they decided to go on a spree to the big city—it is really a small town he is talking about, but calling it the big city gives him an opportunity to speak ironically. They sat in a restaurant bar, waiting for the rain to stop, George says, and then they thumbed a ride home. "But I'm completely sober," George says, turning for the first time to Sarah. "What about you?" He is all smiles. Sarah lets him down. She looks embarrassed. Her eyes meet Lenore's quickly, and jump to Julie. The two girls stare at each other, and Lenore, left with only George to look at, looks at the fire and then gets up to pile on another log.

Gradually it becomes clear that they are trapped together by the rain. Maria undresses her paper doll and deliberately rips a feather off its hat. Then she takes the pieces to Lenore, almost in tears. The baby cries, and Lenore takes him off the sofa, where he has been sleeping under his yellow blanket, and props him in the space between her legs as she leans back on her elbows to watch the fire. It's her fire, and she has the excuse of presiding over it.



"How's my boy?" George says. The baby looks, and looks away.

It gets dark early, because of the rain. At four-thirty George uncorks a bottle of Beaujolais and brings it into the living room, with four glasses pressed against his chest with his free arm. Julie rises nervously to extract the glasses, thanking him too profusely for the wine. She gives a glass to Sarah without looking at her.

They sit in a semicircle in front of the fire, and drink the wine. Julie leafs through magazines—*New Times*, *National Geographic*—and Sarah holds a small white dish painted with gray-green leaves that she has taken from the coffee table; the dish contains a few shells and some acorn caps, a polished stone or two, and Sarah lets these objects run through her fingers. There are several such dishes in the house, assembled by George. He and Lenore gathered the shells long ago, the first time they went away together, at a beach in North Carolina. But the acorn

MY FATHER, DYING

At summer's succulent end,
the house is green-stained.
I reach for my father's hand

and study his ancient nails.
Feeble-bodied, yet at intervals
a sweetness appears and prevails.

The heavy-scented night
seems to get at his throat.
It is as if the dark coughed.

In the other rooms of the house,
the furniture stands mumchance.
Age has engraved his face.

Cradling his wagged-out chin,
I shave him, feeling bone
stretching the waxed skin.

By his bed, the newspaper lies furled.
He has grown too old
to unfold the world

which has dwindled to the size of a sheet.
His room has a stillness to it.
I do not call it waiting, but I wait,

anxious in the dark, to see if
the butterfly of his breath
has fluttered clear of death.

There is so much might be said,
dear old man, before I find you dead;
but we have become too separate

now in human time
to unravel all the interim
as your memory goes numb.

But there is no need for you to tell—
no words, no wise counsel,
no talk of dying well.

We have become mostly hands
and voices in your understanding.
The whole household is pending.

I am not ready
to be without your frail and wasted body,
your miscellaneous mind-way,

the faltering vein of your life.
Each evening, I am loath
to leave you to your death.

Nor will I dwell on
the endless, cumulative question
I ask, being your son.

But on any one
of these nights soon,
for you, the dark will not crack with dawn,

and then I will begin
with you that hesitant conversation
going on and on and on.

—Alastair Reid

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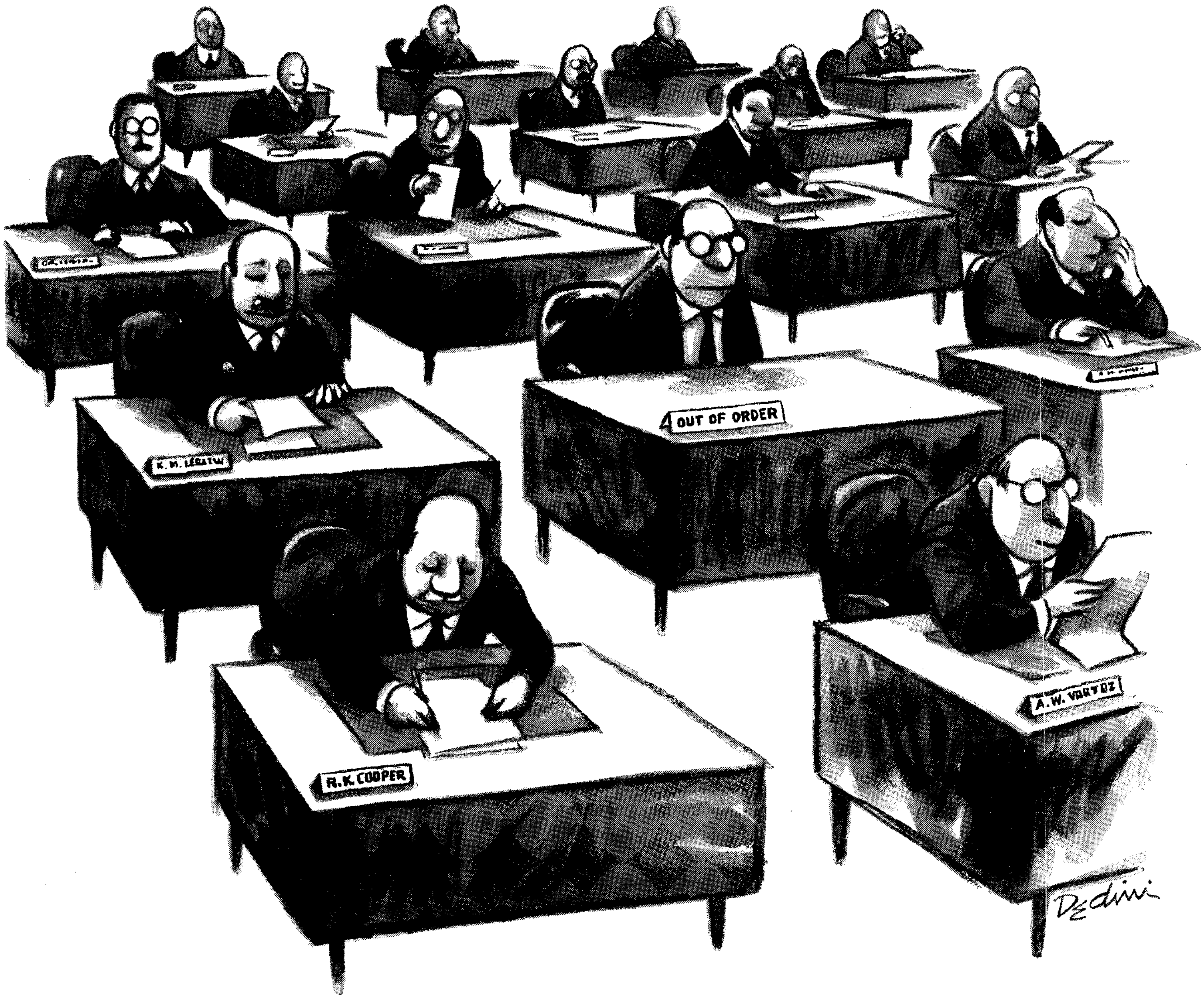


caps, the shiny turquoise and amethyst stones—those are there, she knows, because George likes the effect they have on visitors; it is an expected unconventionality, really. He has also acquired a few small framed pictures, which he points out to guests who are more important than worshipful students—tiny oil paintings of fruit, prints with small details from the Unicorn tapestries. He pretends to like small, elegant things. Actually, when they visit museums in New York he goes first to El Grecos and big Mark Rothko canvases. She could never get him to admit that what he said or did was sometimes false. Once, long ago, when he asked if he was still the man of her dreams, she said, "We don't get along well anymore." "Don't talk about it," he said—no denial, no protest. At best, she could say things and get away with them; she could never get him to continue such a conversation.

AT the dinner table, lit with white candles burning in empty wine bottles, they eat off his grandmother's small, flowery plates. Lenore looks out a window and sees, very faintly in the dark, their huge oak tree. The rain has stopped. A few stars have come out, and there are glints on the wet branches. The oak tree grows very close to the window. George loved it when her brother once suggested that some of the bushes and trees should be pruned away from the house so it would not always be so dark inside; it gave him a chance to rave about the beauty of nature, to say that he would never tamper with it. "It's like a tomb in here all day," her brother had said. Since moving here, George has learned the names of almost all the things that are growing on the land: he can point out abelia bushes, spirea, laurels. He subscribes to *National Geographic* (although she rarely sees him looking at it). He is at last in touch, he says, being in the country puts him in touch. He is saying it now to Sarah, who has put down her ivory-handled fork to listen to him. He gets up to change the record. Side two of the Telemann record begins softly.

Sarah is still very much on guard with Lenore; she makes polite conversation with her quickly when George is out of the room. "You people are so wonderful," she says. "I wish my parents could be like you."

"George would be pleased to hear that," Lenore says, lifting a small piece of pasta to her lips.

When George is seated again, Sarah, anxious to please, tells him, "If only my father could be like you."

"Your father," George says. "I won't have that analogy." He says it pleasantly, but barely disguises his dismay at the comparison.

"I mean, he cares about nothing but business," the girl stumbles on.

The music, in contrast, grows lovelier.

Lenore goes into the kitchen to get the salad and hears George say, "I simply won't let you girls leave. Nobody leaves on a Saturday."

There are polite protests, there are compliments to Lenore on the meal—there is too much talk. Lenore has trouble caring about what's going on. The food is warm and delicious. She pours more wine and lets them talk.

"Godard, yes, I know . . . panning that row of honking cars *so* slowly, that long line of cars stretching on and on."

She has picked up the end of George's conversation. His arm slowly waves out over the table, indicating the line of motionless cars in the movie.

"That's a lovely plant," Julie says to Lenore.

"It's Peruvian ivy," Lenore says. She smiles. She is supposed to smile. She will not offer to hack shoots off her plant for these girls.

Sarah asks for a Dylan record when the Telemann finishes playing. White wax drips onto the wood table. George waits for it to solidify slightly, then scrapes up the little circles and with thumb and index finger flicks them gently toward Sarah. He explains (although she asked for no particular Dylan record) that he has only Dylan before he went electric. And "Planet Waves"—"because it's so romantic. That's silly of me, but true." Sarah smiles at him. Julie smiles at Lenore. Julie is being polite, taking her cues from Sarah, really not understanding what's going on. Lenore does not smile back. She has done enough to put them at ease. She is tired now, brought down by the music, a full stomach, and again the sounds of rain outside. For dessert, there is homemade vanilla ice cream, made by George, with small black vanilla-bean flecks in it. He is still drinking wine, though; another bottle has been opened. He sips wine and then taps his spoon on his ice cream, looking at Sarah. Sarah smiles, letting them all see the smile, then sucks the ice cream off her spoon. Julie is missing more and more of what's going on. Lenore watches as Julie strokes her hand absently on her napkin. She is wearing a thin silver choker and—Lenore notices for the first time—a thin silver ring on the fourth finger of her right hand.

"It's just terrible about Anna," George says, finishing his wine, his ice cream melting, looking at no one in particular, although Sarah was the one who brought up Anna the night before, when they had been in the house only a short time—Anna dead, hit by a car, hardly an accident at all. Anna was also a student of his. The driver of the car was drunk, but for some reason charges were not pressed. (Sarah and George have talked about this before, but Lenore blocks it out. What can she do about it? She met Anna once: a beautiful girl, with tiny, childlike hands, her hair thin and curly—wary, as beautiful people are wary.) Now the driver has been flipping out, Julie says, and calling Anna's parents, wanting to talk to them to find out why it has happened.

The baby begins to cry. Lenore goes upstairs, pulls up more covers, talks to him for a minute. He settles for this. She goes downstairs. The wine must have affected her more than she realizes; otherwise, why is she counting the number of steps?

In the candlelit dining room, Julie sits alone at the table. The girl has been left alone again; George and Sarah took the umbrellas, decided to go for a walk in the rain.

IT is eight o'clock. Since helping Lenore load the dishes into the dishwasher, when she said what a beautiful house Lenore had, Julie has said very little. Lenore is tired, and does not want to make conversation. They sit in the living room and drink wine.

"Sarah is my best friend," Julie says. She seems apologetic about it. "I was so out of it when I came back to college. I was in Italy, with my husband, and suddenly I was back in the States. I couldn't make friends. But Sarah wasn't like the other people. She cared enough to be nice to me."

"How long have you been friends?"

"For two years. She's really the best friend I've ever had. We understand things—we don't always have to talk about them."

"Like her relationship with George," Lenore says.

Too direct. Too unexpected. Julie has no answer.

"You act as if you're to blame," Lenore says.

"I feel strange because you're such a nice lady."

A nice lady! What an odd way to speak. Has she been reading Henry James? Lenore has never known what to think of herself, but she certainly thinks of herself as being more complicated than a "lady."

"Why do you look that way?" Julie asks. "You *are* nice. I think you've been very nice to us. You've given up your whole weekend."

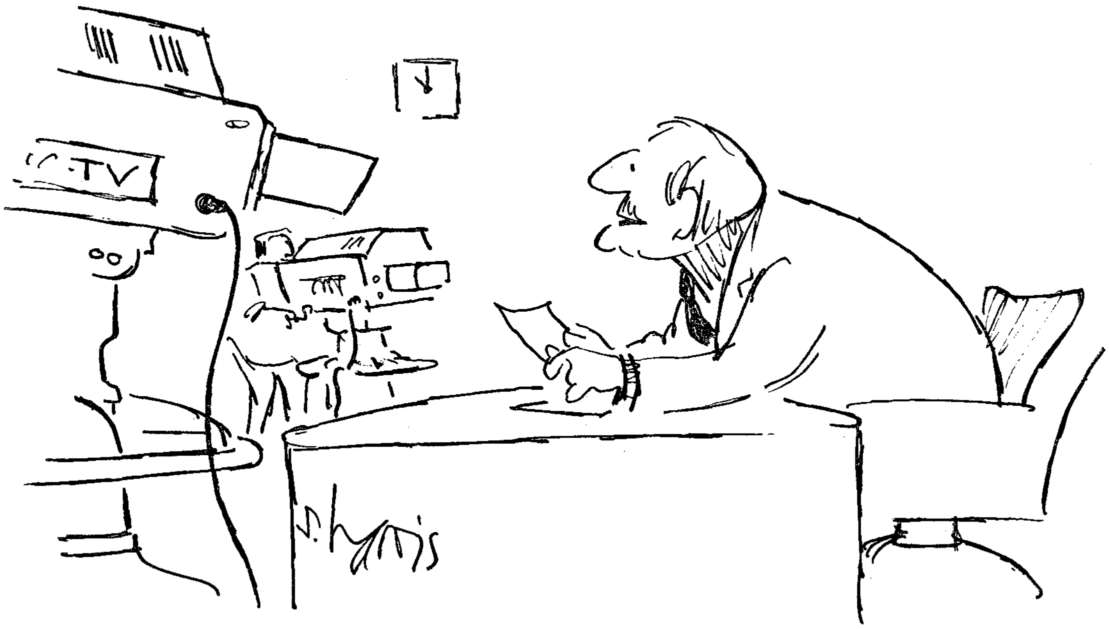
"I always give up

Dusk

my weekends. Weekends are the only time we socialize, really. In a way, it's good to have something to do."

"But to have it turn out like this . . ." Julie says. "I think I feel so strange because when my own marriage broke up I didn't even suspect. I mean, I couldn't act the way you do anyway, but I . . ."

"For all I know, nothing's going on," Lenore says. "For all I know, your friend is flattering herself, and George is trying to make me jealous." She puts two more logs on the fire. When these are gone, she will either have to walk to the woodshed or give up and go to bed. "Is there something . . . *major* going on?" she asks.



"We have some good news and some bad news, some mad news and some glad news, some sad news and some chase-away-the-blues news."

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Julie is sitting on the rug, by the fire, twirling her hair with her finger. "I didn't know it when I came out here," she says. "Sarah's put me in a very awkward position."

"But do you know how far it has gone?" Lenore asks, genuinely curious now.

"No," Julie says.

No way to know if she's telling the truth. Would Julie speak the truth to a lady? Probably not.

"Anyway," Lenore says with a shrug, "I don't want to think about it all the time."

"I'd never have the courage to live with a man and not marry," Julie says. "I mean, I wish I had, that we hadn't gotten married, but I just don't have that kind of . . . I'm not secure enough."

"You have to live somewhere," Lenore says.

Julie is looking at her as if she does not believe that she is sincere. Am I, Lenore wonders. She has lived with George for six years, and sometimes she thinks she has caught his way of playing games, along with his colds, his bad moods.

"I'll show you something," Lenore says. She gets up, and Julie follows. Lenore puts on the light in George's study, and they walk through it to a bathroom he has converted to a darkroom. Under a table, in a box behind another box, there is a stack of pictures. Lenore takes them out and hands them to Julie. They are pictures that Lenore found in his darkroom last summer; they were left out by mistake, no doubt, and she found them when she went in with some contact prints he had left in their bedroom. They are high-contrast photographs of George's face. In all of them, he looks very serious and very sad; in some of them, his eyes seem to be narrowed in pain. In one, his mouth is open. It is an excellent photograph of a man in agony, a man about to scream.

"What are they?" Julie whispers.

"Pictures he took of himself," Lenore says. She shrugs. "So I stay," she says.

Julie nods. Lenore nods, taking the pictures back. Lenore has not thought until this minute that this may be why she stays. In fact, it is not the only reason. It is just a very demonstrable, impressive reason. When she first saw the pictures, her own face had become as distorted as George's. She had simply not known what to do. She had been frightened and ashamed. Finally she put them in an empty box, and put the box behind another box. She did not even want him to see the horrible pictures again. She does not know if he has ever found them, pushed back against the wall in that other box. As George says, there can be too much communication between people.

LATER, Sarah and George come back to the house. It is still raining. It turns out that they took a bottle of brandy with them, and they are both drenched and drunk. He holds Sarah's finger with one of his. Sarah, seeing Lenore, lets his finger go. But then he turns—they have not even said hello yet—and grabs her up, spins her around, stumbling into the living room, and says, "I am in love."

Julie and Lenore watch them in silence.

"See no evil," George says, gesturing with the empty brandy bottle to Julie. "Hear no evil," George says, pointing to Lenore. He hugs Sarah closer. "I speak no evil. I speak the truth. I am in love!"

Sarah squirms away from him, runs from the room and up the stairs in the dark.

George looks blankly after her, then sinks to the floor and smiles. He is going to pass it off as a joke. Julie looks at him in horror, and from upstairs Sarah can be heard sobbing. Her crying awakens the baby.

"Excuse me," Lenore says. She climbs the stairs and goes into her son's room, and picks him up. She talks gently to him, soothing him with lies. He is too sleepy to be alarmed for long. In a few minutes he is asleep again, and she puts him back in his crib. In the next room, Sarah is crying more quietly now. Her crying is so awful that Lenore almost joins in, but instead she pats her son. She stands in the dark by the crib and then at last goes out and down the hallway to her bedroom. She takes off her clothes and gets into the cold bed. She concentrates on breathing normally. With the door closed and Sarah's door closed, she can hardly hear her. Someone taps lightly on her door.

"Mrs. Anderson," Julie whispers. "Is this your room?"

"Yes," Lenore says. She does not ask her in.

"We're going to leave. I'm going to get Sarah and leave. I didn't want to just walk out without saying anything."

Lenore just cannot think how to respond. It was really very kind of Julie to say something. She is very close to tears, so she says nothing.

"O.K.," Julie says, to reassure herself. "Good night. We're going."

There is no more crying. Footsteps. Miraculously, the baby does not wake up again, and Maria has slept through all of it. She has always slept well. Lenore herself sleeps worse and worse, and she knows that George walks much of the night, most nights. She hasn't said anything about it. If he thinks she's simple, what good would her simple wisdom do him?

The oak tree scrapes against the window in the wind and rain. Here on the second floor, under the roof, the tinny tapping is very loud. If Sarah and Julie say anything to George before they leave, she doesn't hear them. She hears the car start, then die out. It starts again—she is praying for the car to go—and after conking out once more it rolls slowly away, crunching gravel. The bed is no warmer; she shivers. She tries hard to fall asleep. The effort keeps her awake. She squints her eyes in concentration instead of closing them. The only sound in the house is the electric clock, humming by her bed. It is not even midnight.

She gets up and, without turning on the light, walks downstairs. George is still in the living room. The fire is nothing but ashes and glowing bits of wood. It is as cold there as it was in the bed.

"That damned bitch," George says. "I should have known she was a stupid little girl."

"You went too far," Lenore says. "I'm the only one you can go too far with."

"Damn it," he says, and pokes the fire. A few sparks shoot up. "Damn it," he repeats under his breath.

His sweater is still wet. His shoes are muddy and ruined. Sitting on the floor by the fire, his hair matted down on his head, he looks ugly, older, unfamiliar.

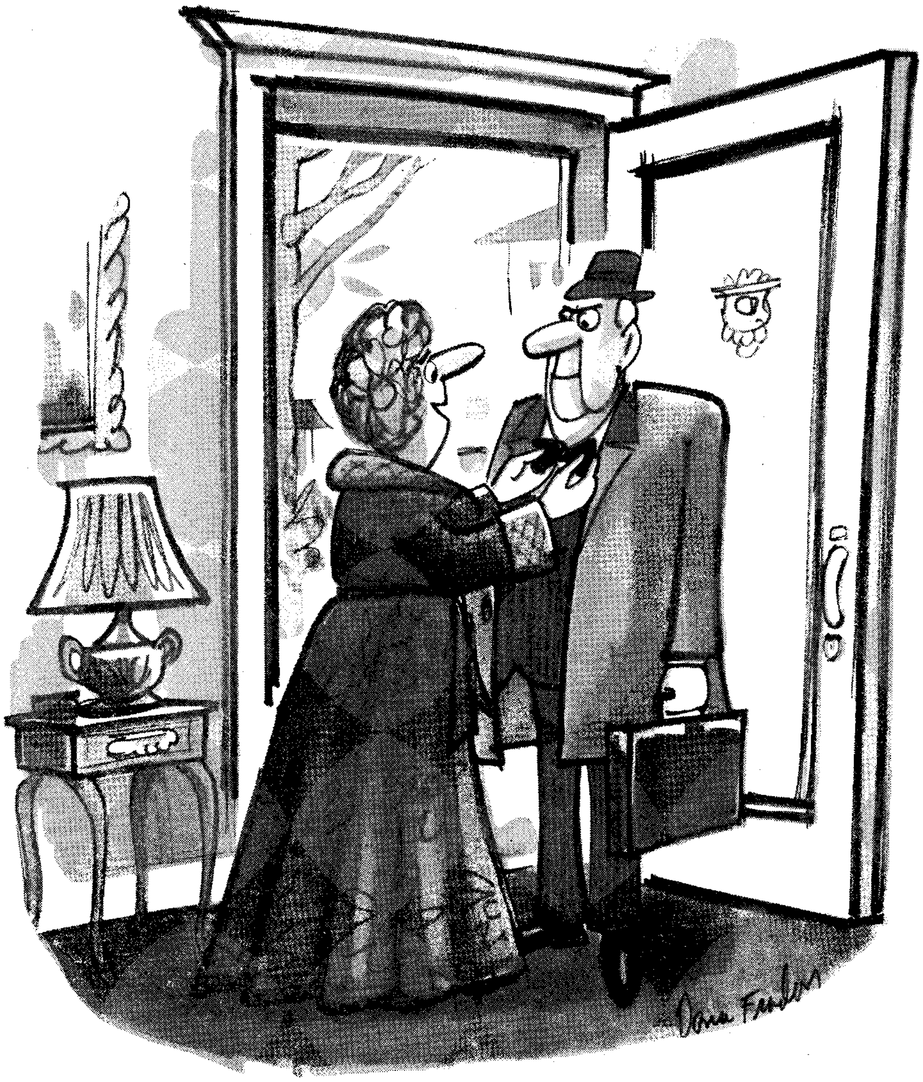
She thinks of another time, when it was warm. They were walking on the beach together, shortly after they met, gathering shells. Little waves were rolling in. The sun went behind the clouds and there was a momentary illusion that the clouds were still and the sun was racing ahead of them. "Catch me," he said, breaking away from her. They had been talking quietly, gathering shells. She was so surprised at him for breaking away that she ran with all her energy and did catch him, putting her hand out and taking hold of the band of his swimming trunks as he veered into the water. If she hadn't stopped him, would he really have run far out into the water, until she couldn't follow anymore? He turned on her, just as abruptly as he had run away, and grabbed her and hugged her hard, lifted her high. She had clung to him, held him close. He had tried the same thing when he came back from the walk with Sarah, and it hadn't worked.

"I wouldn't care if their car went off the road," he says bitterly.

"Don't say that," she says.

They sit in silence, listening to the rain. She slides over closer to him, puts her hand on his shoulder and leans her head there, as if he could protect her from the awful things he has wished into being.

—ANN BEATTIE



"Now, don't accept any bribes or kickbacks, don't engage in false or misleading advertising, don't practice unethical accounting methods . . ."

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NOVEMBER NIGHT

Sky's face so old,
one eyeball loose,

fallen to the side,
the walleyed moon,

among the mouse-gray
waves, its squints

of mercury roll.
An aging face slips

its symmetry; lip
lags, lid droops.

Behind the horizon
the slide begins,

of a blind,
thick-furred tide:

rat-swells rip
and top each other,

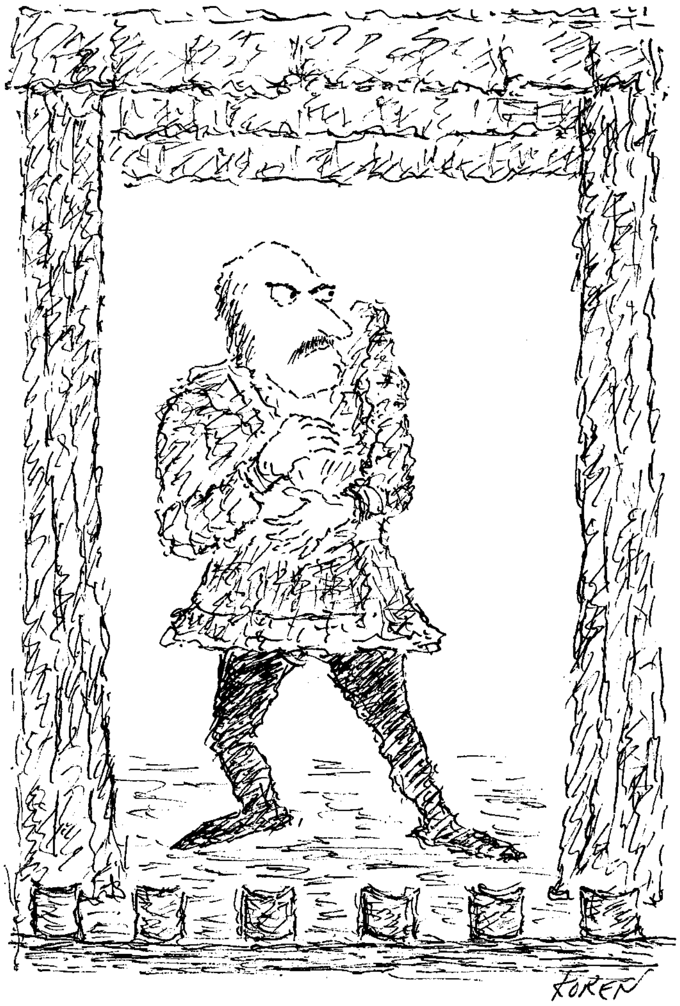
gulp each other,
bloat, and scoot

pale vomit out
on a moonless shore.

—MAY SWENSON

PROFILES

RIDICULOUS



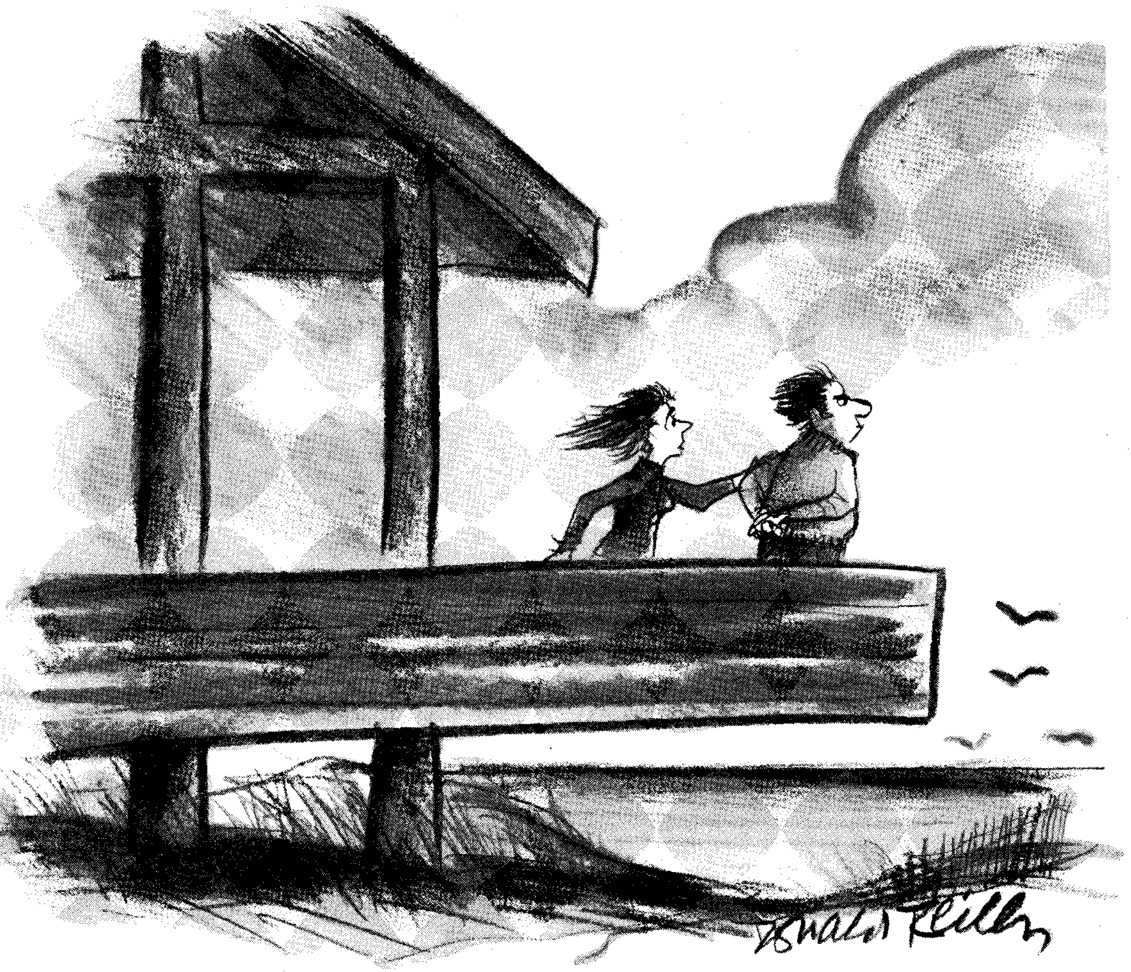
Charles Ludlam

DURING the last few years, a number of acting companies have taken root in the outer purlieus of Off Off Broadway, each of which could be described as a "theatre" in the ideological sense of that term. Richard Foreman's Ontological-Hysteric Theatre, Robert Wilson's Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds, Richard Schechner's Performance Group, Andre Gregory's Manhattan Project are all companies dedicated to the communication of a unique theatrical sensibility or vision, in plays that are either written by the director or adapted by him from other sources, including improvisation by the group. These theatres take themselves fairly seriously, and their work has occasioned daunting critical essays here and abroad. So far, however, hardly anyone has given a serious thought to Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company, which has been performing more or less continuously in New York for nine years. This sometimes irks Ludlam. He has written, produced, and directed eleven plays to date, and though the critics have treated him by no means unkindly, he sometimes feels that they have consistently overlooked the dramatic values and the serious ideas at the heart of his comic œuvre. "Compared with the great ages of the theatre, my plays are really mediocre," he said not long ago, in his forthright way, "but they're better than anything my contemporaries are doing."

Ludlam's most recent play, "Caprice," which ran for a total of ten weeks at two Off Off Broadway houses earlier this year, is on one level a satire of the fashion industry, but, according to its author, it is also "a broad metaphysical parable about the nature of creativity, the nature of the man with a mission, the division between the self and society, and the sacrifice of the self for others." "Caprice" opens with a scene from the literature of Zen Buddhism: an elderly hermit cuts his beloved miniature pine tree, his only possession in the world, to make a fire for a freezing wayfarer; the wayfarer is then revealed as a bodhisattva, who elevates the hermit to his next incarnation—as Claude Caprice, master couturier. The play ends with Caprice (played by Ludlam) having freed himself at last of compassion, his last link with mere mortality, and thus become, presumably, a bodhisattva himself. A great deal of action goes on between these two events, however, and most of it is in the vein of anarchic humor, non sequiturs, broad farce, good and bad jokes, bawdiness both verbal and visual, and breakneck pacing that one generally associates with the theatre of the ridiculous. The conflict between Caprice, whose life is modelled roughly on that of the French fashion designer Paul Poiret, and Twyfford Adamant, his rival (whose name was vouchsafed to Ludlam when he saw it printed on a Brussels urinal in 1974), condenses the history of high fashion into several climactic events: the invention of the brassiere, the discarding of the brassiere, the first live model, the sackcloth-and-ashes look, etc. There is a sufficiency of transvestism and sexual ambiguity onstage, and any number of bits and pieces of dialogue borrowed, as is Ludlam's wont, from previous theatrical history. When Adamant and an accomplice plot to dispatch Caprice through the agency of a poisoned glove, for example, they slip quite naturally into the lines of the poisoned-glove scene from "The Massacre at Paris," by Christopher Marlowe, who may well be Ludlam's favorite playwright. Other lenders include the Marquis de Sade, Joris Karl Huysmans, Oscar Wilde, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, and a score of old movies—always a rich lode for Ludlam. "My originality lies in another realm from discursive writing," Ludlam has observed. "It's an art of arrangement and allusion. For me, using quotes from other sources gives a verbal richness that I couldn't get otherwise."

A small, wiry, nervously energetic man of thirty-three, with thinning hair, melodramatic blue eyes, and a large nose and mouth, Ludlam has a compelling stage presence. Since he writes most of his own plays, there is usually a sizable part in them for himself, and over the last nine years these roles have covered a wide range—from Marguerite Gautier in his "freely adapted" "Camille" to Buck Armstrong, the hardened detective in the gangster melodrama "Hot Ice." As Claude Caprice, he is epicene and world-weary. As Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard, in the company's much admired production of "Bluebeard," he is lascivious, magnetic, and splendidly wicked. ("When I am good I am very, very good," Bluebeard remarks to his virgin victim, "but when I'm bad, I'm not bad. I'm good at being bad. . . . I do it well.")

Ludlam believes in casting against type, as a means of stretching the actor's range, and by now most of the



"Maybe it's O.K. for an hour or two, but, holy smoke, a whole weekend on the edge of awareness?"

• •

other members of his company are nearly as versatile as he is. Bill Vehr, who wrote "Whores of Babylon" for Ludlam's theatre and collaborated with Ludlam on the writing of "Turds in Hell," plays handsome romantic leads, such as Armand Duval in "Camille," but he has also been cast as Bajazeth, the conquered King of Mars, in "When Queens Collide," and in "Caprice" he plays the scheming rival couturier, Twyfford Adamant. Lola Pashalinski, the amply fleshed, only slightly reluctant Miss Flora Cubbidge, who is so spectacularly ravished by Ludlam in "Bluebeard's" most hilarious scene, has also appeared as Chocha Caliente, the Mexican bombshell, in "Big Hotel;" as the Dowager Co-Regent in "Eunuchs of the Forbidden City;" as a country-and-Western singing star in "Corn;" as Irmtraut "Moms" Mortimer in "Hot Ice;" and in "Caprice" as Baron Harry Feinschmecker, a self-made millionaire who is suddenly converted to homoeroticism in the second act and just as miraculously cured of it in the third. Susan Carlson, who goes by the stage name of Black-Eyed Susan, has played ingenue roles, such as the Ophelia character in "Stage Blood" (a play about a road-company production of "Hamlet"), but she has also done the death-dealing Empress Tsu Hsi in "Eunuchs," and as the mute Rachel McCoy in "Corn" she managed with facial expressions alone to steal most of her scenes. In "Caprice," she is the beautiful and overbearing Baroness Feinschmecker, who is brought low and banished from the Caprice atelier for insulting the world's first live model. John D. Brockmeyer, six feet five and thin as a stork, has been, among other things, the Magician in "The Grand Tarot;" Sheemish, the lovelorn hunchbacked slave in "Bluebeard;" the shotgun-wielding Maw McCoy in "Corn;" the gangster-cryologist Max Mortimer in "Hot Ice;" and Adrian, Claude Caprice's languid consort, in "Caprice." Jack Mallory has filled a variety of supporting roles, his most famous being that of Nanine, the faithful nurse, in "Camille;" Ethyl Eichelberger, who joined the troupe last year, seems equipped for any part, male or female; Georg Osterman excels as a beautiful young person of either sex. Mario Montez, the star female impersonator of stage and screen, is forever Mario Montez, which constitutes versatility enough. These players form the present nucleus of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, with others hired as needed for each new play.

The marvel is that Ludlam has kept his company relatively intact, through some thick and a lot of thin, ever since he formed it, in 1967. For the first four years of their association, its members performed under the most primitive conditions—on a rough plank platform in a Greenwich Village bar, after midnight in a decrepit movie theatre—and none of them have ever made from the company what could be called a living wage. Their audiences have been small, and often dominated by the gay crowd, whose admiration is somewhat narrower than Ludlam would prefer. In spite of such obstacles, the troupe has survived, stayed together, and won recognition on its own terms. The Ridiculous Theatrical Company received a 1969-70 Obie award for distinguished achievement in the Off Broadway theatre, and Ludlam and Lola Pashalinski both won Obies for acting in 1973. As a character in "Stage Blood" remarks at one point, "We may be small, but we're pretentious."

Fuelled by moderate grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts, the company took a lease in 1973 on the Evergreen Theatre, on East Eleventh Street. This gave it a home, a stage, a space to rehearse in, and even a slight sense of permanency; but last fall, while the company was rehearsing "Caprice," the building housing the theatre was sold to the Bahai religious organization, and the Ridiculous was forced to vacate on short notice. Vacate it did, after putting on a fund-raising one-night gala performance for its own benefit, called "Tabu Tableaux" and made up of a scene from each of its eleven produced plays plus one from "Caprice." The house was sold

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out at twenty-five dollars a ticket, and the proceeds were enough to pay several weeks of back salaries and thus to make seven company members eligible for unemployment compensation—something that had never happened to them before. But they were without a theatre again, and the company's future now seems as chancy as ever.

This doesn't seem to bother anybody very much. The company members support themselves with various odd jobs, but none of them appear interested in stage work with non-Ludlam productions. They talk about doing films—Black-Eyed Susan, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Lola Pashalinski actually did make an independent film last winter with a friend of theirs—but the Ridiculous, homeless as it may be, is their home. "Once, I met a Broadway actor who looked sort of like Dick Cavett," Black-Eyed Susan said not long ago. "You know, his face had that look of having been polished? He talked mostly about his agent. I finally asked him why he wanted to be an actor, and he said, 'I want to be a big star.' It's an attitude I can't relate to. I can't imagine people better than the ones I'm working with."

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THE origins of the theatre of the ridiculous vary according to who is describing them. The director John Vaccaro, who staged the first ridiculous productions, in the Coda Gallery, on East Tenth Street, and in a rented loft on West Seventeenth Street, has been known to say that "Maria Montez was the particular idol of our theatre." Vaccaro and Jack Smith, the underground filmmaker, shared a quenchless passion for "Siren of Atlantis," "White Savage," "Cobra Woman," and other nineteen-forties epics starring Miss Montez, who made eighteen films for Universal Pictures in the forties and was known in those years as Hollywood's Queen of Technicolor. She was also known as the worst actress ever to become a major star—a considerable feat in the forties. "She was perfectly awful," Vaccaro recalls fondly. "Jack Smith used to say she was the only fit object for worship, and she was. When I was growing up in Steubenville, Ohio, she transported me into a world I wanted to be in." (Ludlam, on the other hand, feels that Montez was a "great" actress, in the sense that she could illuminate inferior material.) The thing about Maria Montez was that no matter how absurd the plot or how ridiculous the cinematic situation in which she found herself—as jungle princess, gypsy spitfire, or harem belle—her belief in the role was total. Robert Siodmak, who directed her in "Cobra Woman," said once, "If she was to play a princess, you had to treat her like one all through lunch, but if she was a slave girl you could kick her around and she wouldn't object." Ronald Tavel, the first playwright of the ridiculous, points out that the Montez films are remembered solely for their star. "Even when the director was well known, like Walter Wanger, they're always Maria Montez films," Tavel has said. "It was her imagination that made them come to life—otherwise they would have been insufferable trash." For Vaccaro and Tavel, Montez's quality of belief-bordering-on-obsession was particularly relevant to the spaced-out nineteen-sixties. A lot of would-be actors, filmmakers, poets, and other wounded spirits were on obsessive trips of their own then, some drug-induced and others not. People wanted to let it all hang out, as the children said, but how, and where? Andy Warhol's Factory became one prime outlet; the types who gravitated to it could act out their most freakish fantasies while Andy let the camera run on and on, and the result was often instant notoriety (for fifteen minutes or so). The theatre of the ridiculous—at the beginning, anyway—offered a somewhat similar license. "The aesthetic belief behind the ridiculous," according to Tavel, "was that we were presenting the real actor, not some character. The true mentality of the actor. All those unbelievable underground stars were there, just waiting to be born."

Tavel had written screenplays for Warhol, including two sequences for "The Chelsea Girls." His first ridiculous play, "Shower," had actually started out as a Warhol script, but Edie Sedgwick, the current Warhol superstar, had refused to have anything to do with what she called "Tavel's perversities," so Tavel eventually took the script to John Vaccaro, who had acted with the American Poets' Theatre and in Jack Smith films, and Vaccaro agreed to stage this one—a parody of a Hollywood spy movie. "Shower" opened at the Coda Gallery in July of 1965, accompanied by a one-acter called "The Life of Juanita

Castro," which Tavel had written earlier that year as a Warhol movie. Both plays had most of the stigmata of the early ridiculous style—incomprehensible plot, dialogue rich in non sequiturs, and an all-out bawdiness that came across at times, perhaps because it held nothing back, as childish exuberance. Vaccaro's brother, a basketball coach back home in Ohio, came once to watch Vaccaro rehearse another play, and could not quite believe what he was seeing until Vaccaro's friend Joe Peroni, who also comes from Ohio, explained to him that it was "just like a man-to-man full-court press." "He understood immediately," Vaccaro recalls. During rehearsals of "Shower," Vaccaro's friend Yvette Hawkins, who was performing then in an Off Broadway production of Jean Genet's "The Blacks," came to the loft to help out, and she kept saying, "But this is just ridiculous." By the time they opened, Tavel had named the enterprise The Play-House of the Ridiculous.

"Shower" ran for two months and drew appreciative audiences. Nerved by this initial plunge, Vaccaro, Tavel, Tavel's brother Harvey, and Bill Walters, who had done the stage lighting for "Shower," pooled their modest resources, solicited eight hundred dollars from a woman who lived uptown at the Dakota and was believed to be a Hungarian countess, and rented a loft on Seventeenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, where in the spring of 1966 they presented Tavel's new, full-length play, "The Life of Lady Godiva." Tavel issued a manifesto: "We have passed beyond the absurd. Our position is absolutely preposterous." An intellectual with an encyclopedic knowledge of world theatre, Tavel felt that they were simply taking the next step beyond the theatre of the absurd.

Enter Charles Ludlam, brashly. A recent graduate of Hofstra University, where he had majored in drama, Ludlam so impressed Vaccaro on their first meeting that Vaccaro immediately cast him as Peeping Tom in "Lady Godiva." The *Village Voice* critic Michael Smith described his performance as "spectacularly active." Ludlam's acting was chaotic, unpredictable, and very broad. Although he, too, had been marked as a child by the magical spectre of Maria Montez, her films were not the basis of anything for him. "I really wanted to work in the theatre," he said recently. "It wasn't that I couldn't get into movies and therefore was doing theatre, which is what that Maria Montez stuff sounds like to me. God,

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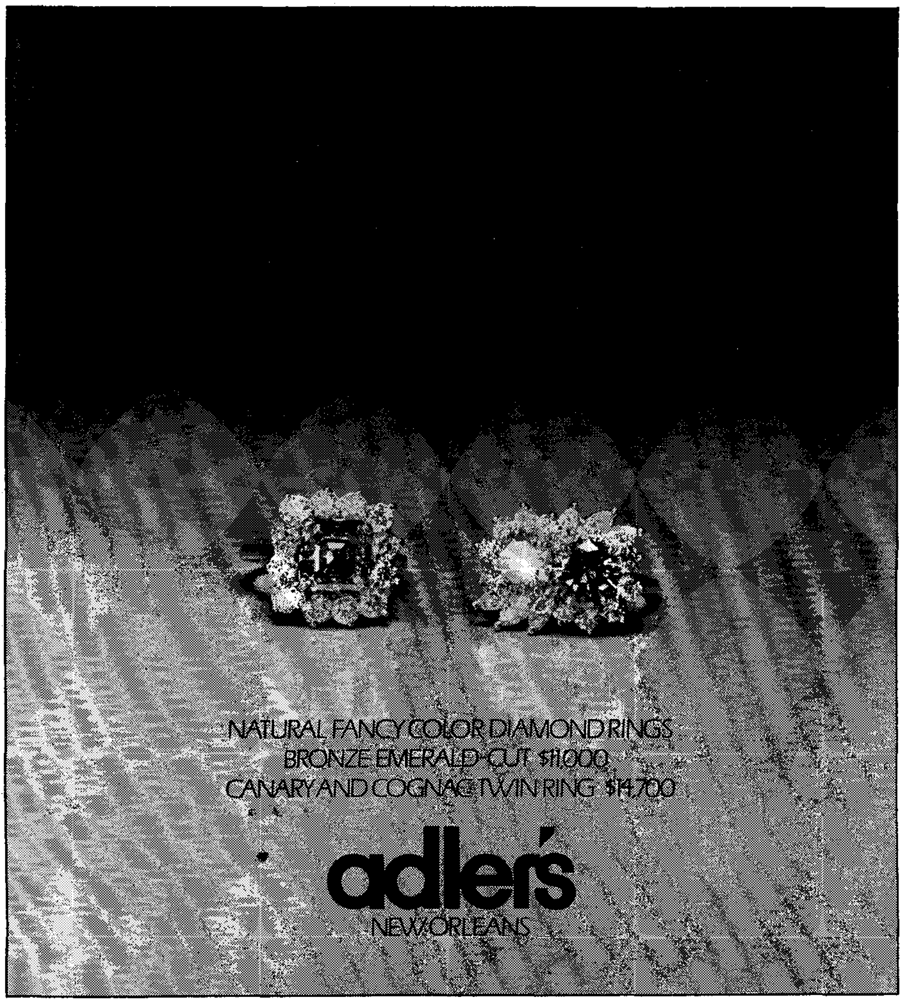

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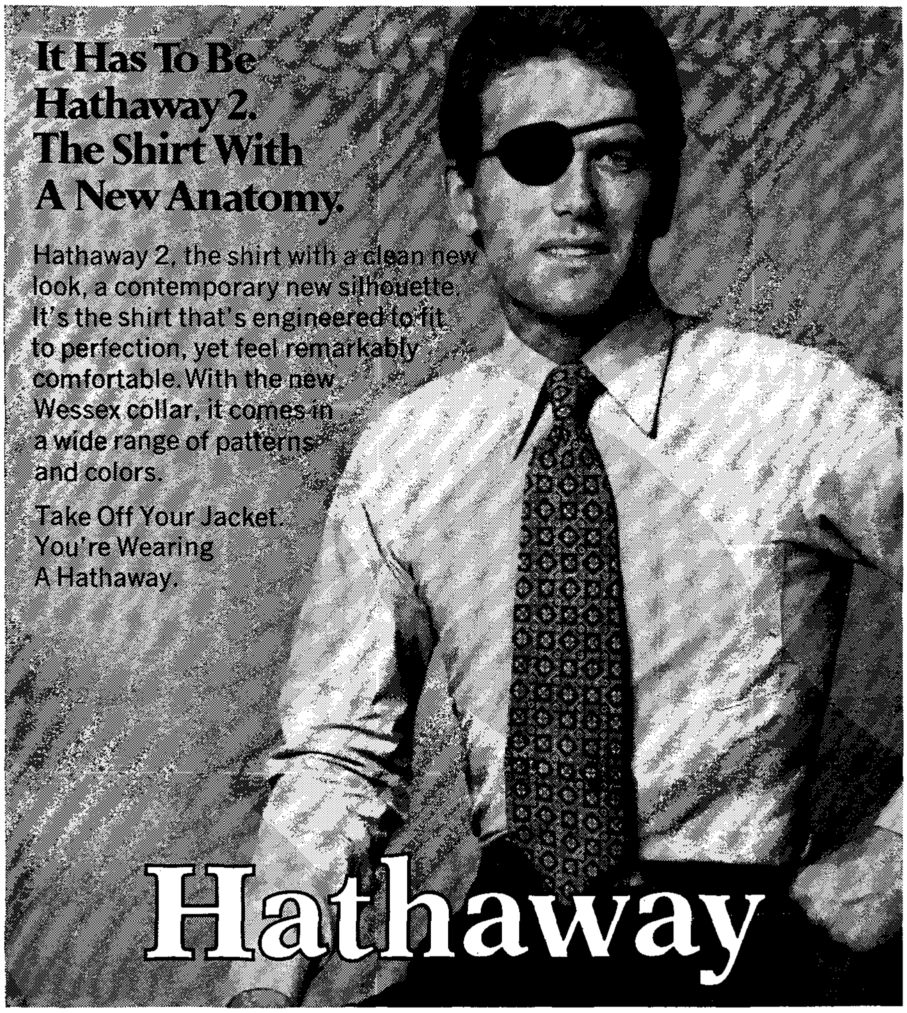
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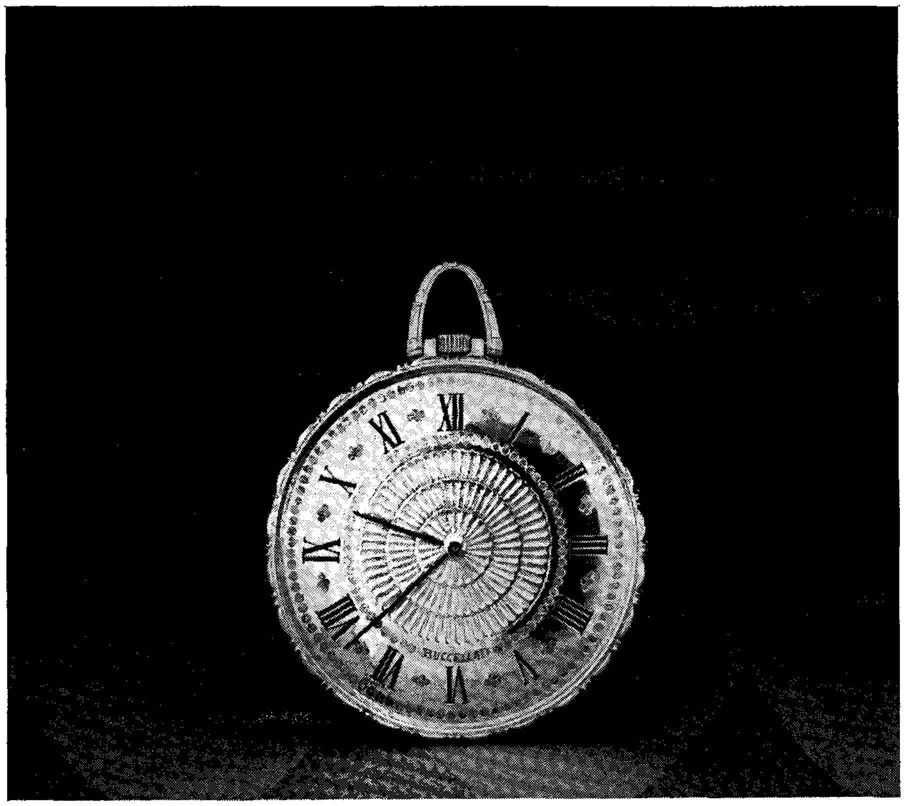
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if I hadn't discovered theatre early on, I would almost certainly have become a juvenile delinquent."

Growing up in New Hyde Park and, later, in Greenlawn, Long Island, Ludlam was the local eccentric, the outcast, the boy who shone only once a year, when he starred in the class play at school. The rest of the time, he came late or not at all to class, was selectively disrespectful to his teachers, and had very few friends. His home life, one gathers, was stormy. He got along poorly with his father, a plasterer. What he really liked, when he was very young, was to watch puppet shows on television. He adored "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," and "Howdy Doody," and also a puppet act called "Foodini and Pinhead," which hardly anybody remembers now. The great event of his childhood came when he was six and he went with his mother to the Mineola Fair. His mother wouldn't take him into the sideshows, but she gave him a dollar, and he somehow managed to elude her notice long enough to buy his way into the sideshow area, where he saw some freaks and also, wonder of wonders, a Punch-and-Judy show. He remembers being absolutely carried away. "The puppeteer was good, and he had all the tricks—he even spoke through a swazzle," Ludlam says. "I met him years later. His name was Al Flosso, and he taught me a lot; he even gave me a swazzle, just before he died. Anyway, I came out of that puppet show sort of dazed, and before I even realized that I was lost my mother was there with the police. I hadn't had a moment's insecurity. Soon after this, I set up my own puppet theatre in the basement of our house. My younger brother Donald was the audience. Sometimes my mother came down, too; she's always been very supportive." Ludlam's interest in puppetry has never waned. He has read everything he could find on the subject, and is today a skillful puppeteer, whose "Professor Bedlam's Educational Punch and Judy Show," a children's act on Saturday afternoons at the Evergreen, won him an Obie award last year.

In high school, Ludlam found several students who shared his theatrical interests, and with them he established an independent Students' Repertory Theatre, in the Odd Fellows Hall over a liquor store in Northport. Ludlam chose the plays: "The Madman on the Roof," a sort of modern Japanese *no* drama by Kikuchi Kan; Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown;" Nikolai Evreinov's "The

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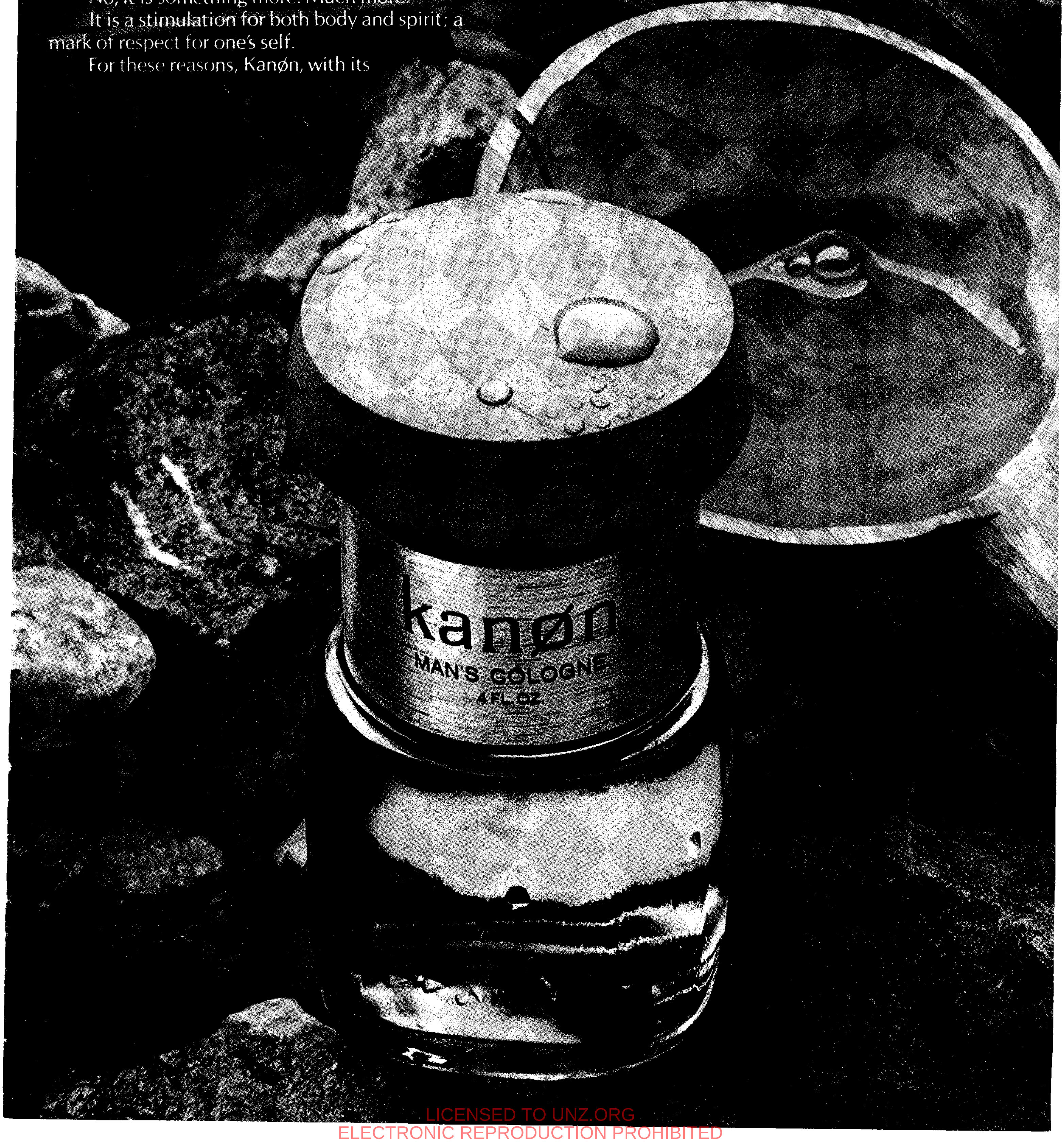

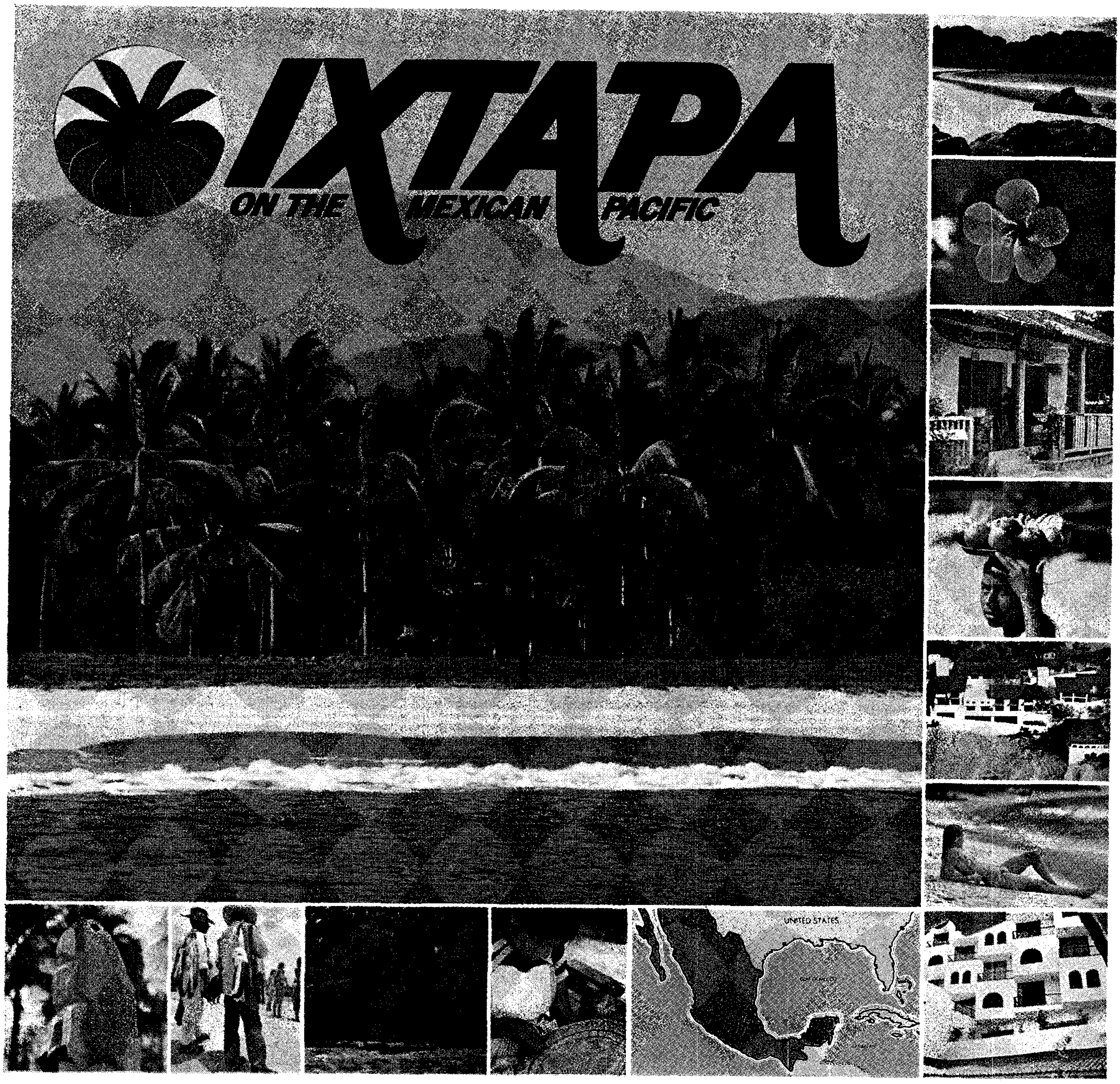

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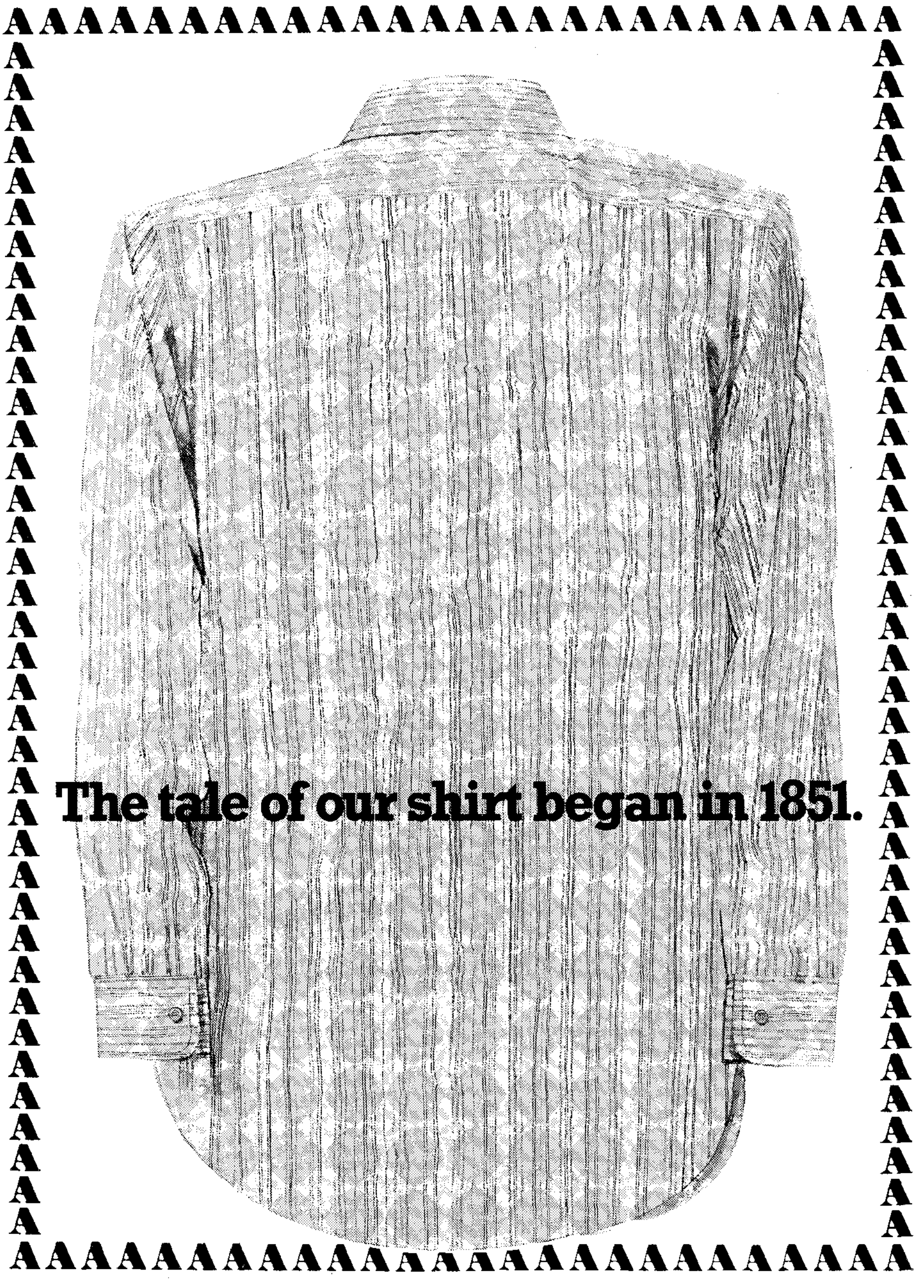
Theatre of the Soul,” an exercise in Russian symbolist drama; and August Strindberg’s “The Dream Play.” “I searched out literary oddities like a pig sniffing truffles,” says Ludlam. Their audiences were minimal, and generally perplexed. But the high-school drama teacher, Walter Baden, recognized Ludlam’s talent as an actor and arranged for him to apprentice one summer with William Hunt, who was directing the Red Barn Theatre, in Northport. “Hunt told me I had effeminate mannerisms that would destroy my career,” Ludlam recalls. “But I did see professional actors, and was involved in eight productions, and met people who had a different concept of sexual morality from anything I’d been exposed to before.” Walter Baden continued to encourage Ludlam’s theatrical ambitions; he also talked to the admissions director at Hofstra University, in Hempstead, and arranged an audition, as a result of which Ludlam was able to enter Hofstra in 1961 with a scholarship in acting.

Susan Carlson—the future Black-Eyed Susan—who was in Ludlam’s class at Hofstra, remembers that the teachers were a little afraid of him. “The rest of us couldn’t wait to see what Charles was going to do next,” she recalls. “I was in a play he directed called ‘The Solid House’—it was a Mexican play he’d found somewhere, about people after death. It was set in a tomb. The play was twenty minutes long, and we rehearsed it for three months. When we performed it, Charles wouldn’t let us take curtain calls—he locked us in the dressing room. It was partly a joke and partly the fact that we were all supposed to be dead. Oh, Charles was the bright spot in that school for me.”

Ludlam’s goal at that point was to be an actor. “I thought acting was the priesthood of the theatre,” he says. “But the teachers at Hofstra started telling me I should write and direct, rather than act. I had written plays before, but I took terrible offense at this. Now I realize I was just being silly. At the time, I felt that my acting was being rejected. Those four years at Hofstra were a very turbulent period for me. We studied the classics, mostly. I was rebellious against my teachers, so many of whose ideas I found offensive. I had an idea of the theatre that I wanted to create—really I’d made a rough start on it with the Students’ Repertory Theatre in high school. Somehow, I felt I had to create a new theatre, but I didn’t completely realize what that meant. Even in high



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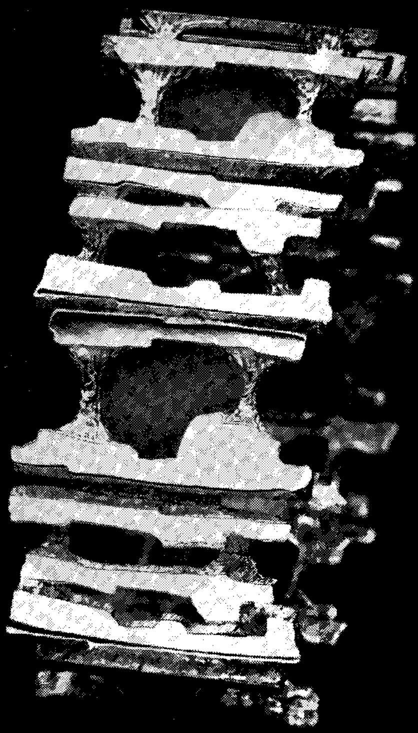

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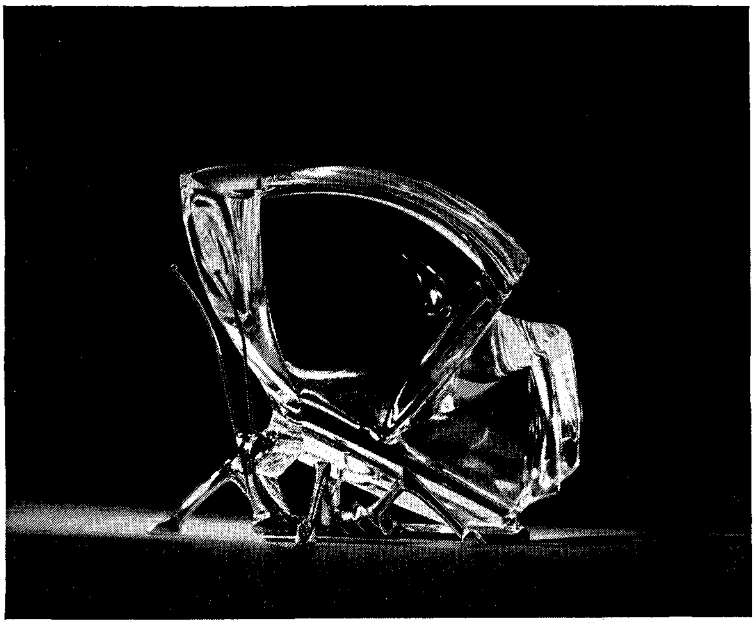

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school, I had rejected Beckett and Genet. I was looking for more arcane, more exotic material. Beckett and Genet were so minimal! There wasn't that richness of possibilities. Also, they were already a generation past—they were twenty years ago. To me, doing them was just admitting defeat. Even today, when I admire them as artists, I feel the same way.

"By my senior year in college, I'd written a full-length play, which I then destroyed. It was a sort of expressionistic, semi-autobiographical play that was seventy-eight pages long. I wanted to form a company of students to do it, but the school year was ending. The play was called 'Edna Brown,' and I can see now that it contained the seeds of many things I've done since. There was a character named Exotica A La Carte, who lived on the proceeds of a string of pay toilets. Another character spoke entirely in song titles. I destroyed every copy."

The Play-House of the Ridiculous seemed ready-made for Ludlam's talents and needs—a theatre in which he could develop his own all-out assault on the acting profession. At the start, he even got along well with the mercurial Vaccaro, although their inclinations sometimes diverged. For Vaccaro, the key element in ridiculous theatre was *ridicule*—everything was being mocked, especially the audience. Vaccaro encouraged this attitude, but Ludlam threatened to go too far with it. "I felt John was too conservative," Ludlam has said. "He didn't want homosexuality and he didn't want nudity onstage, because he was afraid of being arrested." (This was in 1965—the year after Jonas Mekas and three others were arrested for screening Jack Smith's "Flaming Creatures.") Ludlam would just as soon have been arrested as not. "I wanted to commit an outrage," he said. "For me, nothing was too far out."

In September of 1966, the Play-House of the Ridiculous mounted its third production, a double bill consisting of "Indira Gandhi's Daring Device," by Ronald Tavel, and a Tavel curtain-raiser called "Screen Test." The latter had originated, like "Shower," as a movie script for Andy Warhol; the tenuous plot concerned a female impersonator taking a screen test and being subjected to the cruellest sort of ridicule by the director. Vaccaro played the director. The female impersonator was played by Mario Montez, a young man born in Ponce, Puerto Rico, and brought up in East Harlem, who owed his stage name and his reputation as an underground film

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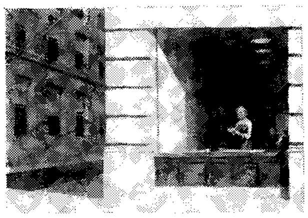
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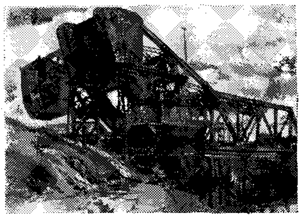
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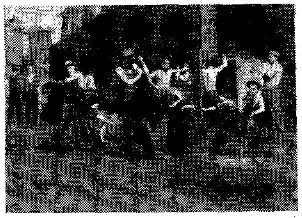
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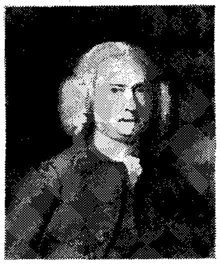
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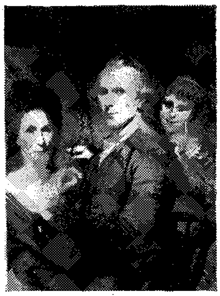
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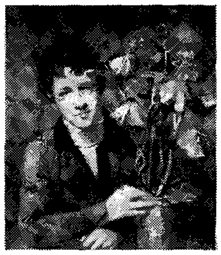
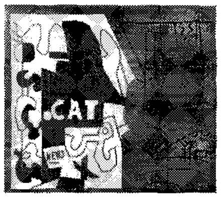

Rembrandt Peale,
Rubens Peale with Geranium Plant



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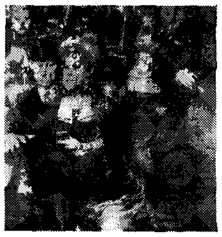

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star to Jack Smith. (He had appeared in "Flaming Creatures" as Dolores Flores, the Spanish dancer; soon afterward, with Smith's approval, he became Mario Montez, living avatar of the Queen of Technicolor.) According to Ludlam, the idea was to torture the actor taking the screen test, "really to humiliate him in front of the audience." There were no set lines; Vaccaro sat on the stage and threw out questions. "But Mario knew what was up and he wouldn't go along," Ludlam recalls. "Instead, he asked me to go on in drag to liven things up. I'd been in drag once before, in a little film, but I'd never done it onstage and I was nervous. Other actors warned me I'd be ruining my career. Then suddenly the role of Norma Desmond came to me"—Norma Desmond, the fading actress in "Sunset Boulevard," the part played in the film by Gloria Swanson. "It just suddenly sprang into being for me, and that same night I went on as Norma Desmond, with absolutely no preparation. The disguise, the costume, freed me, made me do things I could never have done myself."

ANTIQUES
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Norma Desmond quickly took over the play, and "Screen Test" expanded from thirty minutes of playing time to two hours. Ludlam played the character to the hilt, in a black wig that had once belonged to Salvador Dali and a brown silk beaded dress, his voice an amalgam of Swanson, Bette Davis, and Tallulah Bankhead on a wet day. Ludlam improvises brilliantly, and each night he would do something different with the role. He also played the part of Kamaraj, the Prime Minister, in "Indira Gandhi's Daring Device." It was clear to everyone that Ludlam had become the star of the company, and it was becoming clear to Ronald and Harvey Tavel, at least, that he wanted to take over the Play-House of the Ridiculous.

The resultant tensions mounted with rehearsals for the company's next scheduled production, "Gorilla Queen." Ronald Tavel had spent three months writing "Gorilla Queen," which in those days was a long time. "I really liked the company, and I wanted to give them something of real substance," he has said. "Vaccaro couldn't handle the play. It was beyond him. But what Ludlam saw was a chance to have me deposed as resident playwright. We had an insane meeting—there were twenty-three people in the company—that was like the scene from 'Julius Caesar,' with me as Brutus and Vaccaro as Mark Antony. Only three people voted for me; the rest moved for panic and hysteria."

Ludlam has a somewhat different recollection of the affair, as does Vaccaro. "We'd all heard that title, 'Gorilla Queen,'" Ludlam recalls, "which suggested many things—jungle movies, Montez films, the camp idea of a monster gorilla that's gay, that's a queen. Everybody was expecting something lighthearted and campy, and then it turned out to be heavy, very word-heavy. John is not confident with dialogue, and he hated the play." Vaccaro says he thought that the play was too blatantly homosexual and too long. "I'd never done a play longer than twelve pages," he explains. "I ripped out twelve or thirteen pages and told Ronnie I'd do those. But meanwhile Regina Hirsch"—the future Lola Pashalinski—"told me that Charles was working on a script, and I urged him to finish it, which he did, on a school composition pad."

Rehearsals started on "Gorilla Queen," but the Tavel brothers were incensed by Vaccaro's cuts, and when the Judson Poets' Theatre offered them a chance to do the play there, uncut, they jumped at it. ("Gorilla Queen" ran for one month that spring at the Judson, after which it played for three more months at the Martinique; it was later included in Michael Smith's 1969 collection, "The Best of Off-Off Broadway.")

The play that Ludlam had been writing was called "Big Hotel," and it was based (very loosely based) on a movie called "International House," with W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, and other masters of the ridiculous. There were, in addition, elements of the films "Grand Hotel," "Cobra Woman," "Salome," "The Cocoanuts," "Sunset Boulevard," "The Red Shoes," "Trilby," and "Niagara," plus bits and pieces from Béla Bartók's "The Miraculous Mandarin," Ben Jonson's "Epicene," Joyce's "Ulysses," an ad in *Women's Wear Daily*, "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," a Spanish-language comic book, "The Taming of the Shrew," a first-year French grammar, Strindberg's "Swanwhite," Plautus's "The Haunted House," Rimbaud, Oscar Wilde, a "Wonder Woman" comic, an introductory book on yoga, a statement by Marshall McLuhan, a cartoon from *Playboy*, and a few television commercials. "I was doing sort of aleatoric writing then, cutting up other plays,

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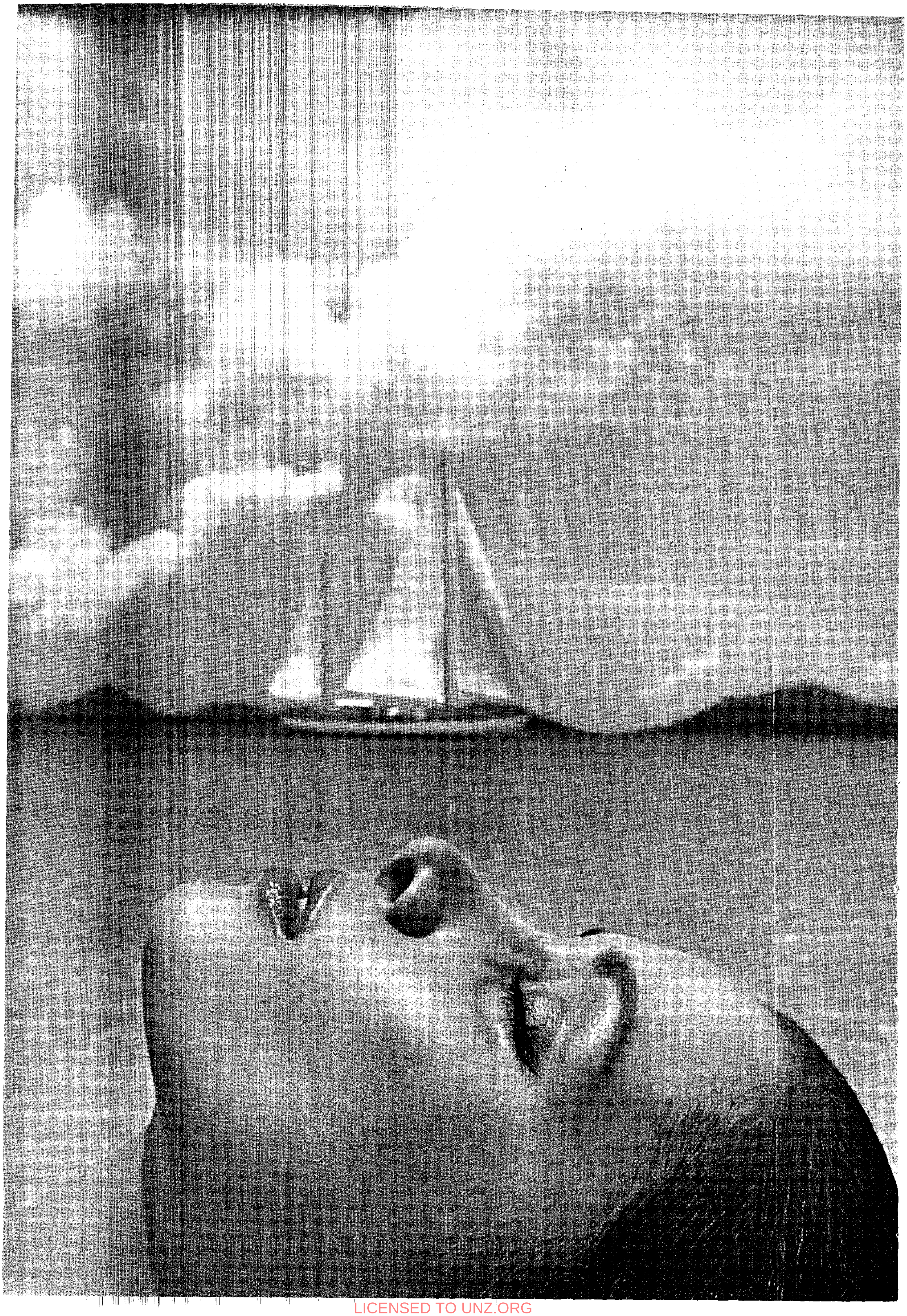

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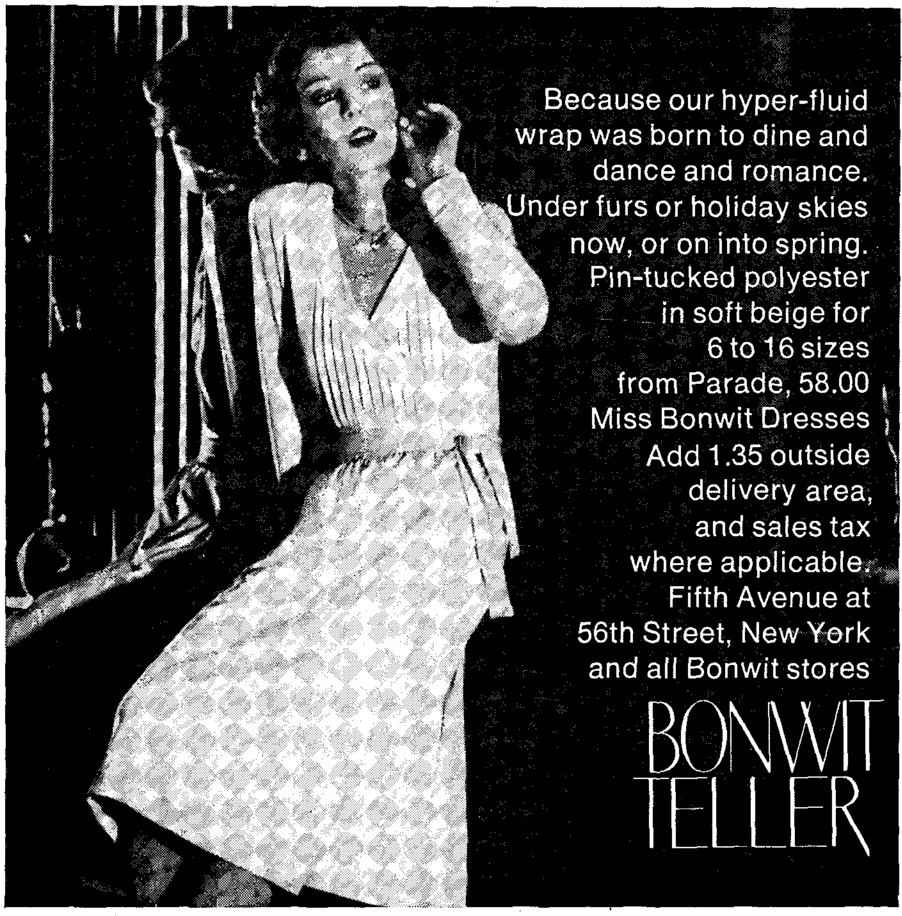

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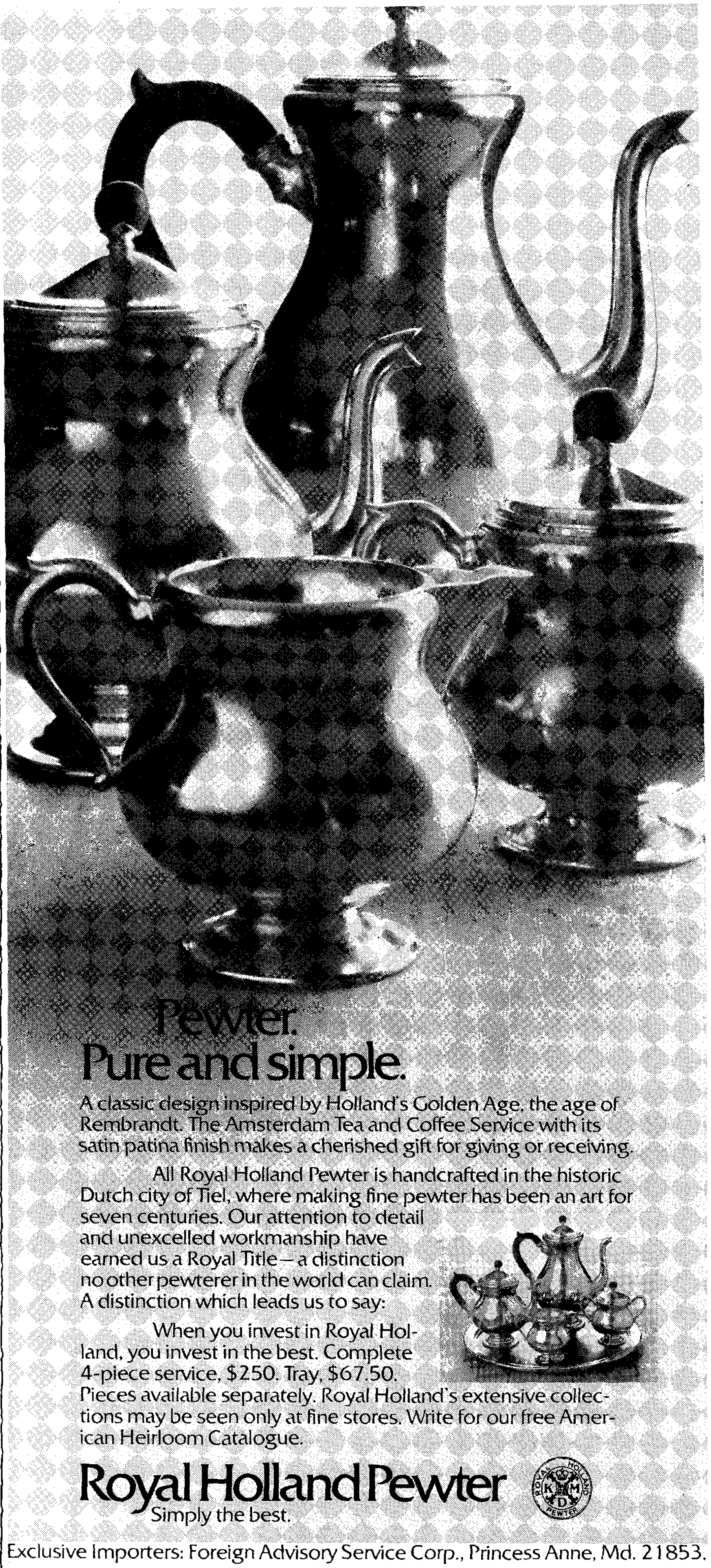
scenes, things I'd hear on the radio or TV," Ludlam says. "The basic structure was that it took place in a hotel—all kinds of crazy things going on in this hotel." Ludlam wrote in a part for Norma Desmond, with lots of room for improvisation. Lola Pashalinski, a Brooklyn girl whose childhood ambition had been to become an opera singer, played the Mexican bombshell Chocha Caliente, and Susan Carlson, whom Ludlam had run into again at an all-night supermarket, was Birdshitskaya, an unhappy Russian ballerina who periodically flings herself (in effigy) from the roof. (Desk clerk: "Is she hurt?" Bellhop: "No, but she will never dance again.") Christopher Scott, whom Ludlam had known in high school, designed scenery. The cast also included Jeanne Phillips, a young black actress whose energy and ideas were a great source of inspiration to Vaccaro, and Mario Montez, who, like the rest, played a number of different roles.

"Big Hotel" opened at the Seventeenth Street loft in February of 1967, and closed almost immediately. The Play-House of the Ridiculous was in legal trouble. "Indira Gandhi's Daring Device," the previous production, which featured an untouchable with a three-foot erection and a plan by Mrs. Gandhi to save her country's millions from starvation by freezing them cryogenically until the twenty-first century, had so offended some Indian students when it was performed at Rutgers and at Columbia that they complained to the Indian consul-general, who brought a legal action against the producers. (The scandal hit the front pages of the New Delhi press, and Vaccaro was informed by a State Department aide that further performances would endanger United States relations with India.) Vaccaro anticipated a heavy fine, which did not materialize; however, city authorities moved in and closed down the production on a technicality—a building-code violation.

Ludlam, meanwhile, was drafting another epic, modestly entitled "Conquest of the Universe." Conceived originally as the first rock opera, "Conquest" drew its major inspiration from Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great" and H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds," and it was made up, like "Big Hotel," largely of disconnected scraps from classical drama, old movies, and popular culture in general. It was a lot bawdier than "Big Hotel." Sexual intercourse on the planet Mars turned out to be a metaphor for "affairs of state;" sodomy, on the other hand, was a frightful evil—the conqueror's horrid vengeance upon the conquered. Disagreements between Vaccaro and Ludlam, which had been building up for several months, escalated rapidly during early rehearsals, and the personal animosity eventually reached such a pitch that Ludlam was fired from the cast of his own play. Seven others in the cast immediately quit in protest and, meeting the next day at Mario Montez's apartment, decided to stay together and form their own company. The group included Ludlam, Montez, Bill Vehr, John D. Brockmeyer, Black-Eyed Susan, Lola Pashalinski, Jeanne Phillips, and a young man who called himself Eleven, for reasons no longer remembered. Jack Smith, who came to the meeting but did not join the new company until later, suggested that they call themselves the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. "We felt that Vaccaro could be the playhouse but we were the company," Ludlam explains. "We decided to do my play the way we wanted to do it."

Unfortunately, Ludlam had signed away the rights to "Conquest" to the Play-House of the Ridiculous board, which in turn made a contract with Wyn Chamberlain, a painter, who was putting up the production money, and Vaccaro was going ahead with his own production of the play, using actors recruited mainly from Andy Warhol's floating entourage. Vaccaro's version of "Conquest of the Universe" opened in the fall of 1967 at the Bouwerie Lane Theatre, on the Bowery. It was reviewed, and found an audience. Ludlam's version, which he had decided to call "When Queens Collide," opened a month later at the Gate Theatre, together with "Big Hotel." The two plays were done on alternate nights, Friday and Saturday only, immediately following the showing of the last movie (the Gate was then a film house)—which meant sometime after midnight. "Queens" did not get reviewed. Its audiences were skimpy, and entirely male. Nevertheless, the company kept "Queens" running for six months, though it soon dropped "Big Hotel" in favor of Bill Vehr's new play, "Whores of Babylon." Ludlam had a deal with Aldo Tambellini, the Gate's operator, that the Ridiculous would pay him not less than thirty-five dollars a night rental or the plays would close. The take at the box office rarely exceeded seventy dollars.

It bothered Ludlam that women did not come to the plays. Although the audience was not exclusively homo-



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sexual, the gay element was conspicuously present on most nights, and this element interpreted the work in its own, rather specialized way. Having men play women (and vice versa) is a very old theatrical tradition, of course, and when it is done skillfully it can become a fascinating comment on the sexes. The sexual revolution of the sixties was gathering momentum, however, and some audiences tended to see everything on Ludlam's stage—the ridiculing of all sexual attitudes and tastes—as another blow in the cause of gay liberation.

Not that Ludlam favored any other specific interpretation of his work. At this point in his development, he was inclined to let pure havoc and disorder reign onstage. "Charles had the idea then that the whole world was a stage and everyone was an actor," John D. Brockmeyer has said. "He'd take people off the street—saxophonists, Hell's Angels, Al Jolson imitators—and put them into the play." One night, an elderly woman came backstage at the Gate selling makeup. She turned out to be a former vaudevillian, so Ludlam found her a costume and had her come out and sing four music-hall numbers. Others came on unannounced. Every transvestite in New York, it seemed, made an appearance in the scene in "When Queens Collide" in which the Fire Women dance to save Mars. Each one would show up backstage in elaborate costume, join the dance long enough for some friend out front to take his picture, and then disappear. "Our goal in those days was that the audience would become part of the theatre, that the theatre would expand to encompass the world," Ludlam reflected recently. "It was almost a religious idea, like what Robert Wilson tries to do. I didn't really care what happened in those plays so long as I could put over my own scenes. Also, I was very influenced then by the ideas of John Cage. I wanted to find ways of getting beyond my own personal taste and avoiding aesthetic decisions. I wanted to get rid of that no, and to say yes to everything."

THE plays that followed were, if anything, more random and chaotic than "Conquest of the Universe/When Queens Collide." Scripts exist for "Whores of Babylon," "Turds in Hell," and "The Grand Tarot," but they only dimly suggest the myriad happenings onstage. Sprawling, fantastic epics couched in a kaleidoscope of styles ranging from Jacobean tragedy through Grand Guignol to Marx

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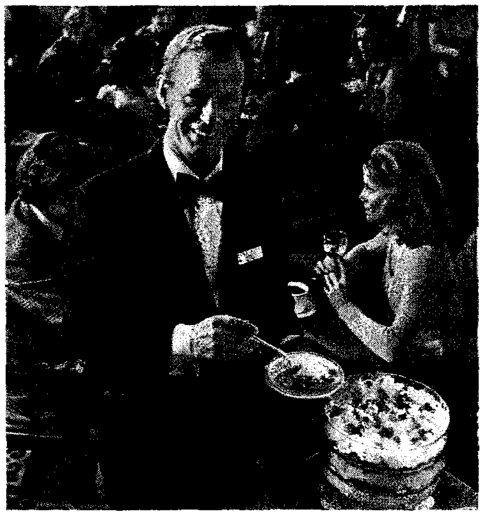
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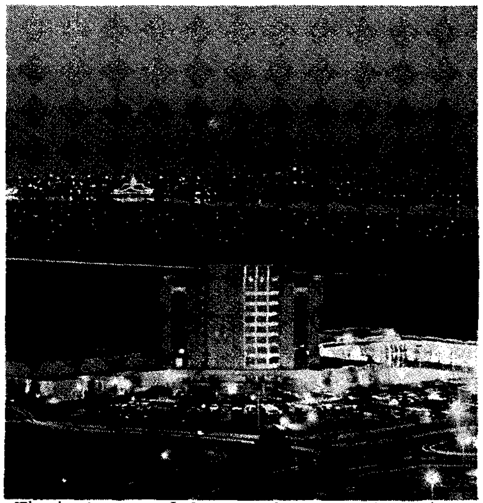
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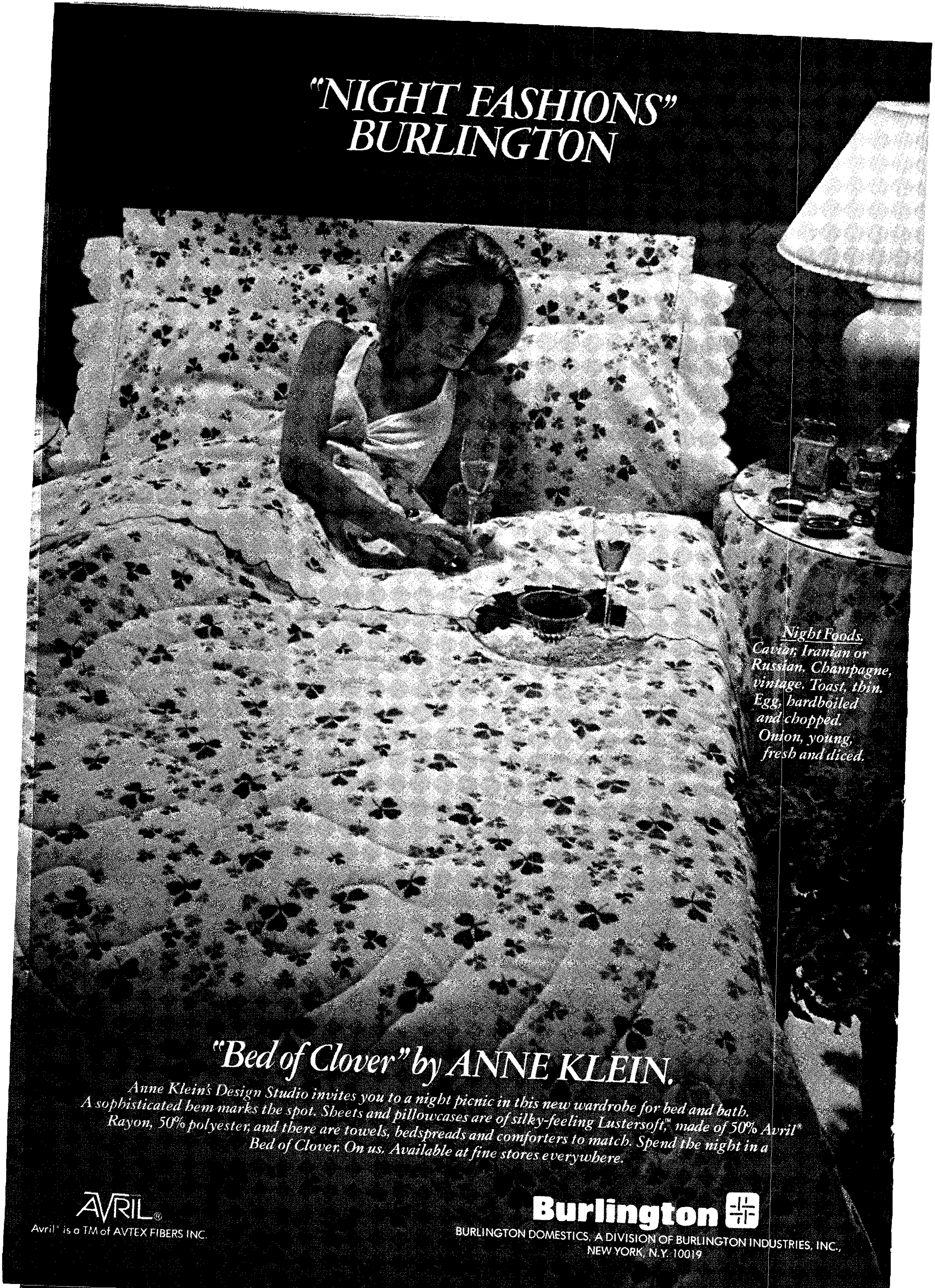"NIGHT FASHIONS"
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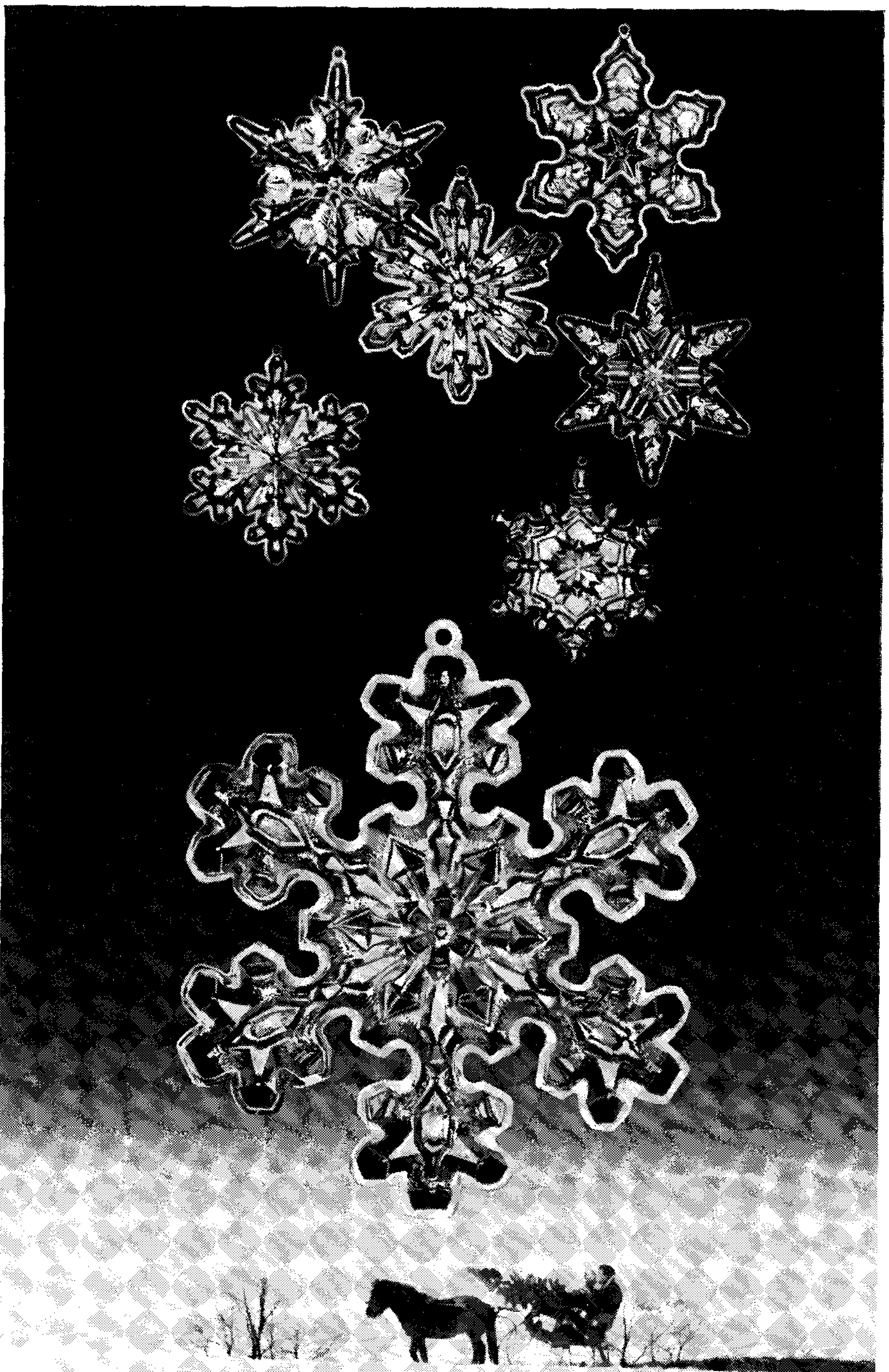
Brothers knockabout farce, the performances often resembled a three-ring circus staged in a closet. The costumes were phenomenal, thanks in large part to Mario Montez's gift for scavenging lower East Side and SoHo trash heaps. "Once, Mario came in with a bale of sequin material," Ludlam recalls. "It was the stuff out of which sequins had been punched—he'd found it discarded outside a sequin factory—and we used it to make a headdress, which fell apart during a dance, scattering the stage with glitter. It created a set of incredible splendor. We started the whole glitter fad. A lot of this came from Jack Smith, who was a genius at doing things for no money. Jack could take people and objects that everyone else considered worthless and transform them into the most exotic creations. Unfortunately, he's impossible to work with. He performed with us for a while in 'Big Hotel,' but one day he got sore at Chris Scott and punched him in the eye, and then he quit."

When the Gate Theatre shifted from films to live theatre and started charging higher rentals, Ludlam's troupe moved—first to the Masque Theatre, on West Forty-second Street (Ludlam's nearest approach to Broadway), and then to the Millennium, on Great Jones Street. Both were film theatres, where they had to take down the screen, move in their set, and move it out again when they left. Their performances were on weekends only, after midnight. For a while in 1969, Ludlam called his troupe the Trockadero Gloxinia Magic Midnight Mind Theatre of Thrills and Spills, partly to dissociate it from Vaccaro's Play-House of the Ridiculous, which was then staging an extravaganza by Jackie Curtis called "Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit" at the Gotham Art Theatre. The name Trockadero Gloxinia was later appropriated by a drag ballet company formed at Ludlam's suggestion by two dancers who had appeared regularly in Ridiculous productions; by that time, Ludlam had reverted to the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. If his troupe had been appearing in a bigger theatre or at a normal hour, it would almost certainly have had difficulties with the police, who were then arresting performers in plays such as "Che!" for lesser atrocities than Ludlam regularly perpetrated on his stage. And yet, as Lola Pashalinski once observed, the nudity and the sex in Ludlam's plays were neither prurient nor truly obscene. "We're really clean minds in clean bodies," Miss Pashalinski says. "It's nothing like 'Let My People



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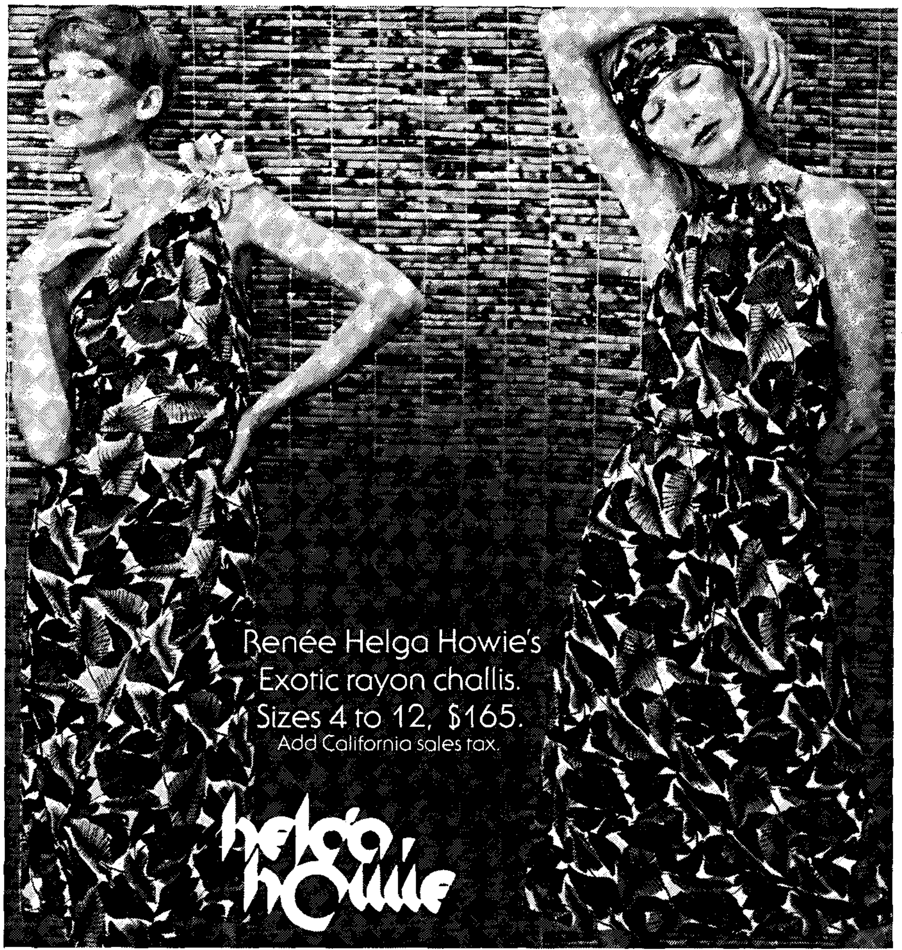
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No performance was ever quite the same as any other. " 'Turds in Hell' ran for ten months, and there were nights when it got up over four and a half hours," Ludlam recalls. "We never made a dime out of it, either. All the receipts went for the theatre rental and the weekly ad in the *Times*. Bill Vehr was working days then as a clerk in a bank near the theatre; he'd rush the weekend box-office receipts in on Monday morning to cover our weekend overdraft. Eventually, I began to feel I was pouring everything into an abyss. I felt drained, and yet we went on and did 'The Grand Tarot,' which was even more complex. It was sort of a medieval mystery play that took in the whole world. That play never did get put together—it's still in fragments. It was great, but not aesthetically satisfying. That was the period when I began to see everything falling apart. That's when I decided to abandon the epic form and write a well-made play."

Not every theatre scholar, perhaps, would describe "Bluebeard" as a well-made play, but it is certainly better made than any play that Ludlam had written before, and it was the first to win a measure of popular success. It opened at La Mama, on East Fourth Street, in the winter of 1970, for a limited run, after which it moved to a Village bar called Christopher's End (at the western end of Christopher Street), where it played for several weeks on a plank platform laid on top of the bar. That summer, it reopened at the Performing Garage, on Wooster Street, at the suggestion of Richard Schechner, the Performance Group's director, who had seen and admired Ludlam's troupe at Christopher's End; the following fall, it turned up again, at the Masque. The play was revived at the Evergreen Theatre in the spring of 1975, and it has had, all in all, more than two hundred and fifty performances. "Bluebeard" is based on a 1932 Hollywood movie called "The Island of Lost Souls," which, in turn, was based on H. G. Wells' novel "The Island of Doctor Moreau." The original Wells plot concerned a mad scientist who turns animals into humanoid slaves. In Ludlam's version, the mad scientist operates on human beings in an effort to create a third genital, "some new and gentle genital," which turns out, in the play's final scene, to look distressingly like a chicken claw. "Nobody would believe this," Ludlam said recently, "but in writing 'Bluebeard' I was influenced very much by 'The Sea-

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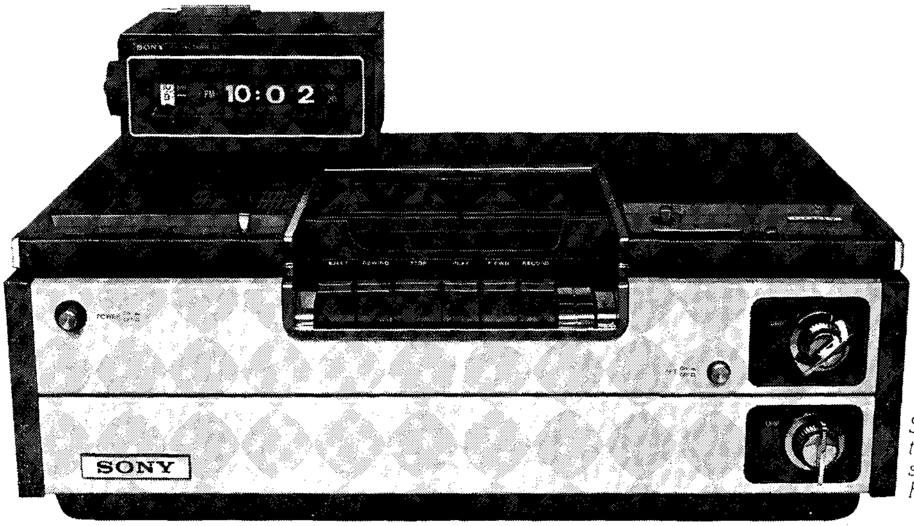

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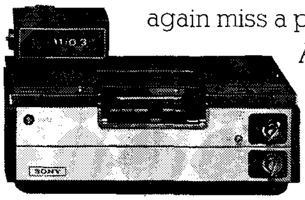

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gull.' In 'The Seagull,' every character is perversely attracted to someone who doesn't like him. To me, the third genital means the synthesis of the sexes. I like that speech that Aristophanes makes in Plato's 'Symposium,' where he says that people were once shaped like spheres, but that the gods got angry and split them into male and female, and that each person goes through life now looking for his or her other half." The play is rather tightly constructed, on the whole, with such well-made devices as strong curtain lines, rising and falling action, and reasonably close adherence to a plot. It also contains a number of Ludlam's customary borrowings ("cultural recyclings," as he calls them)—of scenes from "Frankenstein," "Dr. Faustus," and Trollope's novel "Can You Forgive Her?," among others. In the best well-made tradition, it also provides several marvellously juicy roles, the juiciest being those of Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard, played by Ludlam in Turkish pantaloons and fez, and Miss Flora Cubbidge, played by Lola Pashalinski. In the prolonged and operatic seduction scene midway through the second act, in which Bluebeard hypnotically woos and then graphically beds the splendidly proportioned Miss Cubbidge—who utters one sibilant malapropism after another while her lover quotes from the correspondence between D'Annunzio and Eleonora Duse—Miss Pashalinski emerged as a comic performer of extraordinary skill and truly extraordinary aplomb.

"Bluebeard" was the first Ludlam play to be widely reviewed. The *Times* called it "both a loving paean and a lunatic parody." Nerved by such praise, the company decided to make a European tour. It had been invited to appear in September of 1971 at the BITEF Festival, in Belgrade, and it was the members' somewhat naïve understanding that other bookings would develop once they got over there. Instead, after performing "Bluebeard" in Belgrade, they found themselves stranded in Vienna, dead broke and without bookings. John D. Brockmeyer remembers subsisting for several days on cookies and Grand Marnier filched from a supermarket. Eventually, they were able to get engagements in Berlin, where "The Grand Tarot" and Ludlam's new work, called "Eunuchs of the Forbidden City," had their world premières. They drew capacity audiences and were given rave notices. From Berlin they went to Copenhagen and then to London, where they again went broke. Ninon Karlweis, the European booking agent who had ar-

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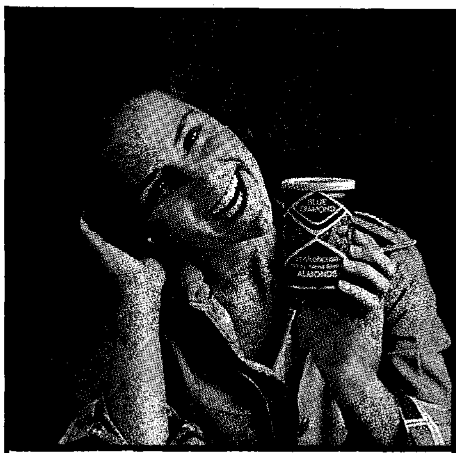

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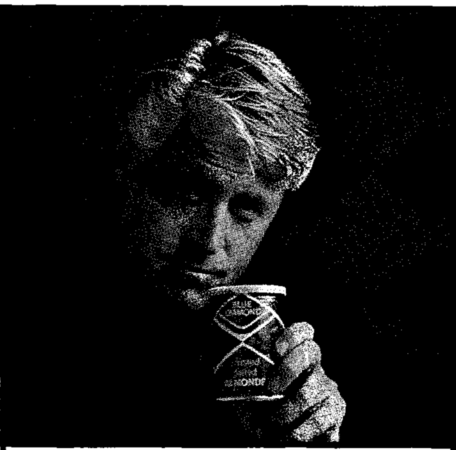

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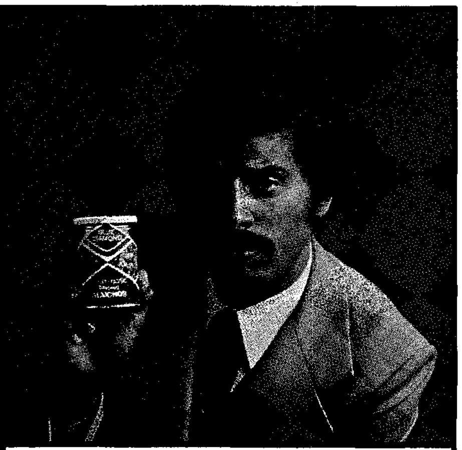

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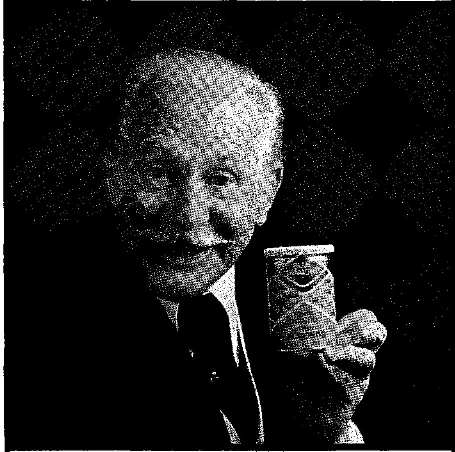

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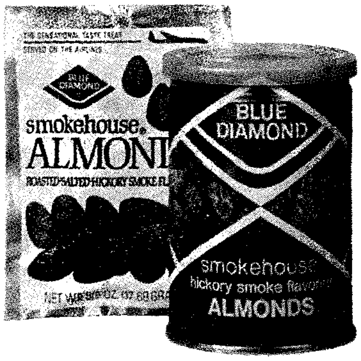

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ranged the Belgrade and London appearances, paid for their return flight. The company got back to find that Catherine Smith, Ludlam's recently hired American business manager, had obtained modest grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts—a heartening development, although the costs of producing "Eunuchs" in New York that fall quickly absorbed the total amount of both grants.

THE Ridiculous Theatrical Company now entered a new and somewhat more disciplined period. The core group had shaken down to six players: Ludlam, Bill Vehr, Black-Eyed Susan, Lola Pashalinski, John D. Brockmeyer, and Jack Mallory. (Mario Montez had left them in 1970, because, according to Ludlam, "he was tired of being a star and not making any money.") The company began to perform, for the most part, in better theatres, before larger audiences, in plays that required a considerable degree of directorial control. Though the guiding aesthetic was still ridiculous, the company had become a thoroughly professional ensemble.

Ludlam took himself in hand personally as well as professionally. He went on a meatless, macrobiotic diet. He spent a lot more time alone, reading, and working on new plays. Before writing "Bluebeard," he had reread the works of Ibsen and Scribe. "I was afraid of plot," he explains. "I'd felt it was something I couldn't do." But in "Bluebeard" he had come up with a highly serviceable plot, and audiences had been captured by it. Ludlam's theatrical goals changed as a result. Instead of loose, unstructured epics that presented the "real actor" giving free rein to his fantasies, Ludlam embraced the older dramatic verities. "Drama is a playing out of combat and conflict," he says, "and I realized I didn't want to give that up." He also came to the conclusion that art was finite, after all—no more wandering in the Cagean fields of random non-decision. "Art means finding your way through a tangle of possibilities," he said last winter. "It's a closed world, a microcosm."

Assuming more personal control over his material did not greatly alter Ludlam's method of working with actors. His plays continued to be rewritten (and sometimes written) in rehearsal, with members of the company suggesting dialogue or plot changes and fleshing out the characters they played. "I like to exploit all the happy

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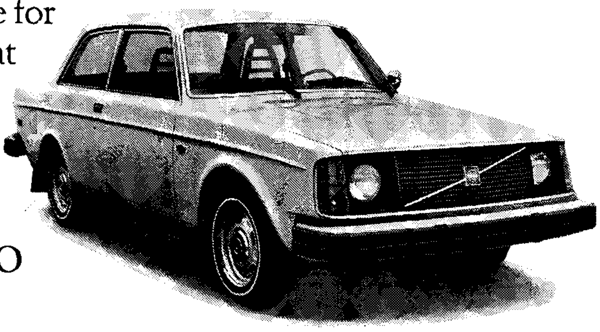

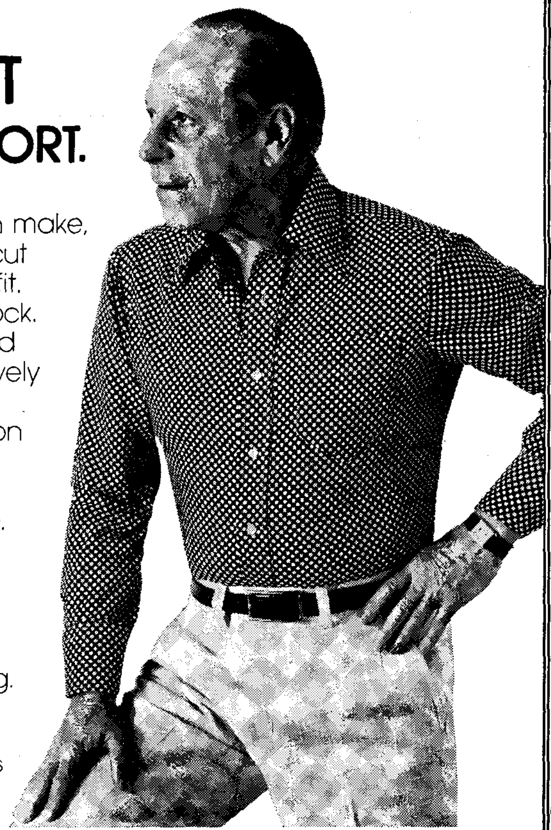

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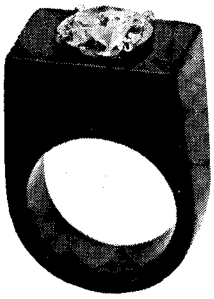

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accidents that come up in rehearsal," Ludlam said once. "Often the actors see things in the script that I haven't seen. During our first readings, they begin to invest the characters with all sorts of information, and then I work from that." This can be a fairly nerve-racking process at times, when changes and new material are given to the cast up until moments before an opening. The last act of "Bluebeard" was not written down until the night before the first performance. But the company is used to this sort of thing, and Ludlam often says that he likes a performance to have a certain roughness to it; the key to acting, in his view, is that the actor should appear, and if possible *be*, surprised by what happens onstage. Ludlam is constantly urging his actors to react to one another rather than to the lines or to the audience, and he is critical of other repertory groups, including some of the most renowned, when he feels that they do not do this. "If Clive Barnes thinks the Royal Shakespeare Company's acting is exemplary, where does that leave me?" he said the other day. "Out in the cold, because that stuff is dead as a doornail. They direct all their lines to the audience. Some people say our style is so broad, but I think of what we do as extremely realistic acting."

In "Eunuchs of the Forbidden City," Ludlam tried to combine the well-made play with the epic form. It had started in his mind as a play about tong warfare in Chinatown, but during his preliminary research he came across Pearl Buck's "Imperial Woman," about the life of the last empress of China, and the character of the empress so fascinated him that he decided to write about her instead. He did a great deal more research—Ludlam has the ability to absorb vast amounts of information very quickly—and the play that emerged was a hybrid, a sort of Brechtian epic in which every scene reflects actual historical events during the last days of the Manchus. It is not without its ridiculous elements ("I don't think of myself as castrated," a eunuch remarks. "I think of myself as extremely well circumcised"), but many of its scenes were played straight, and the empress, in Black-Eyed Susan's interpretation, received full dramatic treatment. "Eunuchs," which opened in March of 1972 at the Theatre for the New City and then, in May, moved to the Performing Garage, was followed the next season by "Corn," starring Lola Pashalinski as a country-and-Western singer who comes back to find her roots in Hicksville and in the

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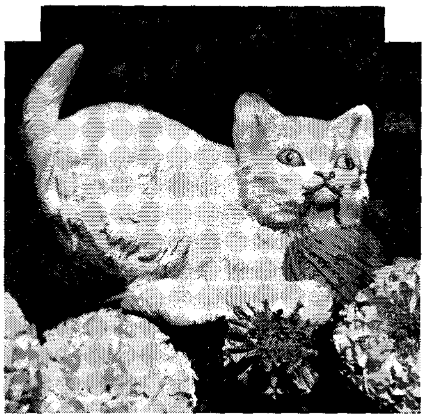
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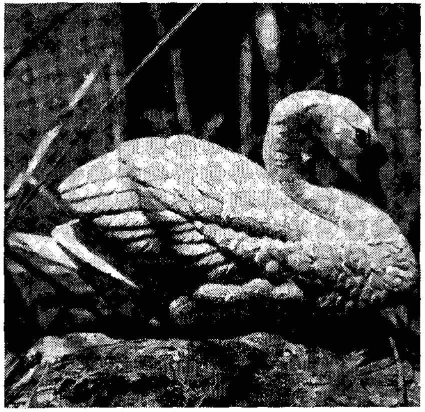
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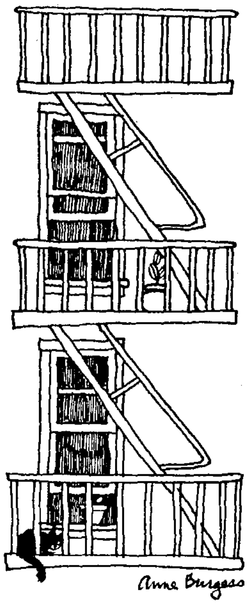
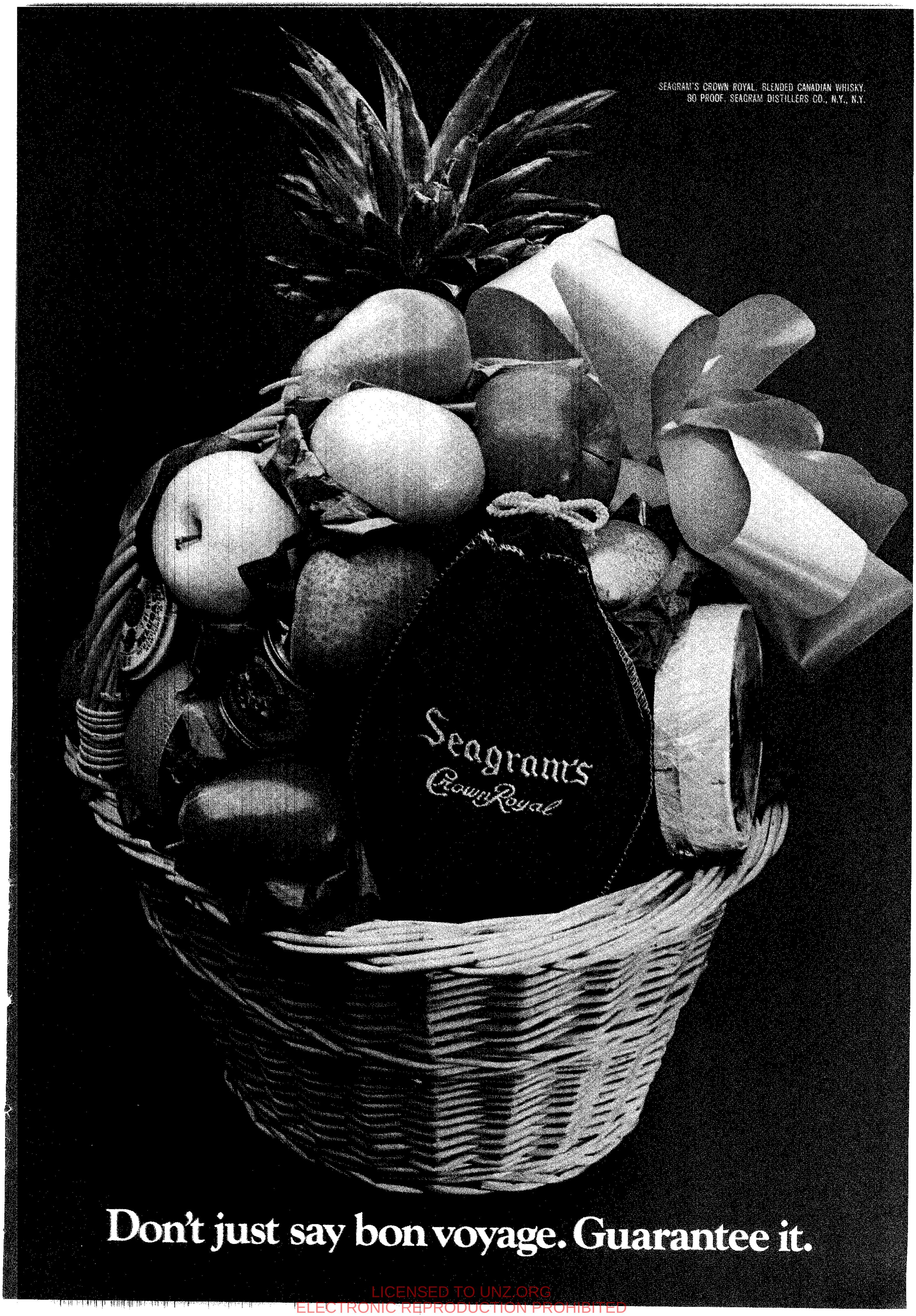
process resolves the ancient feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys. "Corn" is constructed like a Roman comedy, with the conflict between the warring clans as the basic plot line. Running through it like a subplot, however, is a satirical assault on medical quackery: both Maw McCoy and Paw Hatfield continually dose themselves with home remedies for ailments that could easily be cured, the play implies, by eating right—i.e., macrobiotically. Ludlam the didact was intruding upon Ludlam the playwright, but nobody noticed.

"Camille," the company's 1973 opus, was the biggest hit it has had so far. Ludlam had been thinking about this theatrical chestnut for years. "I saw the Garbo film when I was in college, and was destroyed by it," he said recently. "It moved me to tears. I developed such an identity with the role I began to think I *looked* like Garbo. Anyway, I kept thinking about doing 'Camille,' and then, in 1973, I sat down and wrote the script in a month." For his version, Ludlam drew from three sources—the Verdi opera, the Dumas novel and play, and the Garbo film—hewing fairly close to the opera plot line but rewriting almost all the creaky dialogue. Ludlam's "Camille" opened that April, at the 13th Street Theatre, to virtually unanimous praise from the critics, most of whom concentrated on Ludlam's remarkable performance in the title role.



Sumptuously gowned and wearing a long black wig, Ludlam as Marguerite Gautier was every inch the courtesan in the play's first scene, but he also made a point of letting the audience see, through the décolletage, his hairy chest. "I didn't want to engage in the kind of trickery that would make people think I was a real woman, and then suddenly unmask at the end," he has explained. "I wanted to lure them gradually into forgetting, to make it more amazing later on." At this he proved astonishingly successful. The first act of "Camille" was played for laughs, but in the second act matters grew increasingly serious, and the third-act death scene almost invariably reduced some in the audience to tears. The hackneyed, sentimental plot, the often ludicrous lines succumbed in the end to a virtuoso performance in an almost forgotten style—the style of Bernhardt or Duse. Ludlam's timing, his gestures, his vocal range, his ability to throw away lines without losing a shred of meaning, and his sheer emotional, Maria Montez-like belief in the role brought about a real suspension of disbelief. Ludlam himself would get so carried away some nights that he would have to conceal his own deathbed sobs from the audience. The *Times'* Mel Gussow called his acting "no facile female impersonation, but a real performance;" Clive Barnes, in a later review, found him a "completely convincing" Camille.

There were nights, of course, when the audience came prepared to howl at every line, and did so. This was painful to Ludlam and to the others in the company. "The audience is my enemy at a certain level," Ludlam once remarked. "What they want it to be is not necessarily what I'm doing." Theatregoers usually approach Ludlam performances in the spirit of camp, and to many people "Camille" was the ultimate camp drama—sentimental, overblown, "so bad it's good," an in-joke that only they knew how to appreciate. Ludlam's "Camille" may have been camp, but if so it was camp on the very highest level. In her famous "Notes on 'Camp,'" Susan Sontag describes this elusive concept in two ways: as a style, an attitude, a vision of the world as an aesthetic phenomenon; and also as a quality inherent in certain things, such as Art Nouveau or nineteen-twenties women's clothes—a quality of deliberate exaggeration, extravagance, and aestheticism. Camp, she says, is wholly aesthetic; it is "the farthest extension . . . of the metaphor of life as theatre." Sontag made the point that while camp taste is not by any means synonymous with homosexual taste, there is an affinity and an overlap between the two, and that in our culture homosexuals have formed the vanguard of camp sensibility. Ludlam himself argues that in trying to define camp Sontag falsified it. "Camp is a way of looking at things, never what's looked at," he has said. But there is nevertheless a clear connection between the sensibility that Sontag defined and the sensibility behind the theatre of the ri-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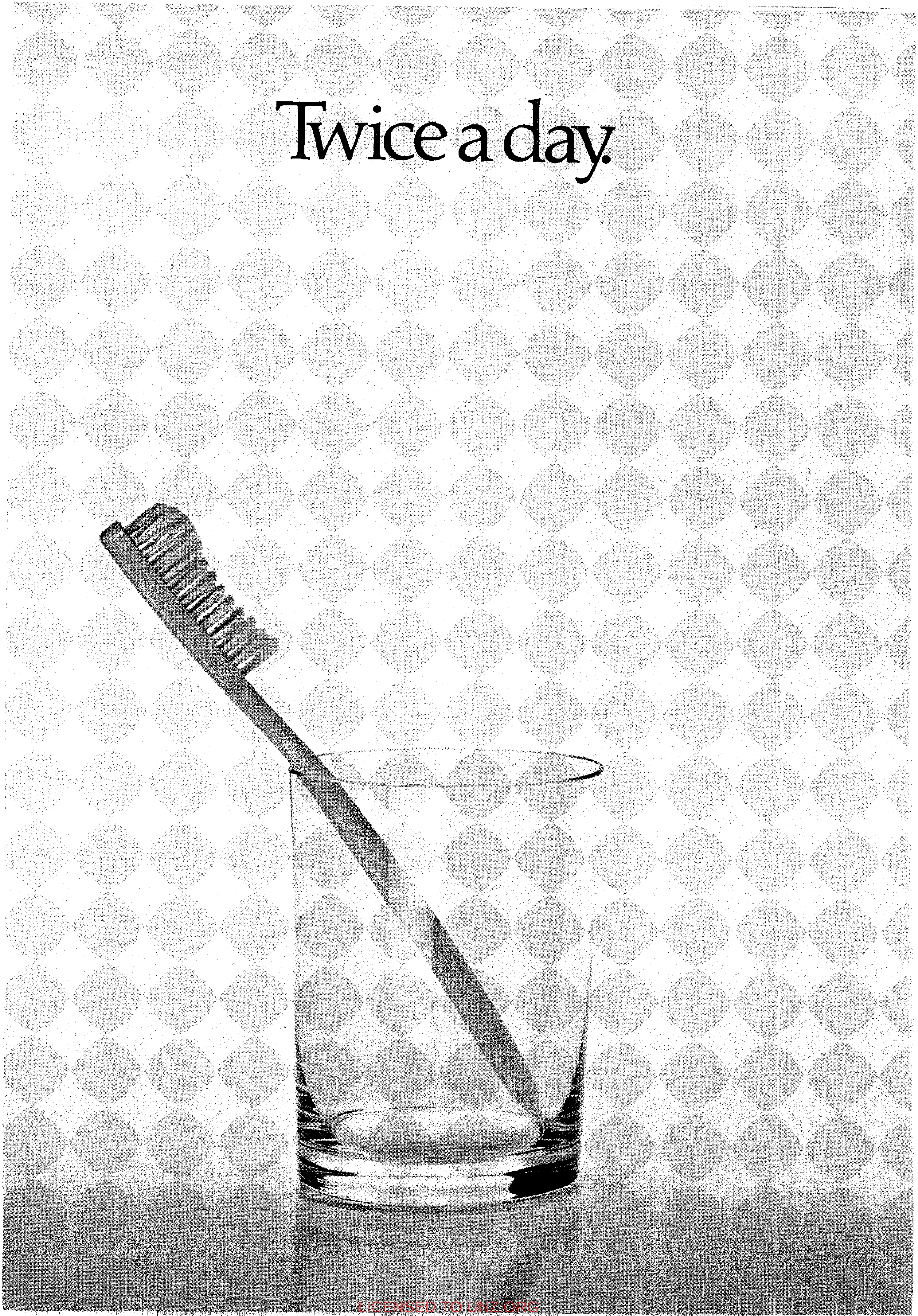
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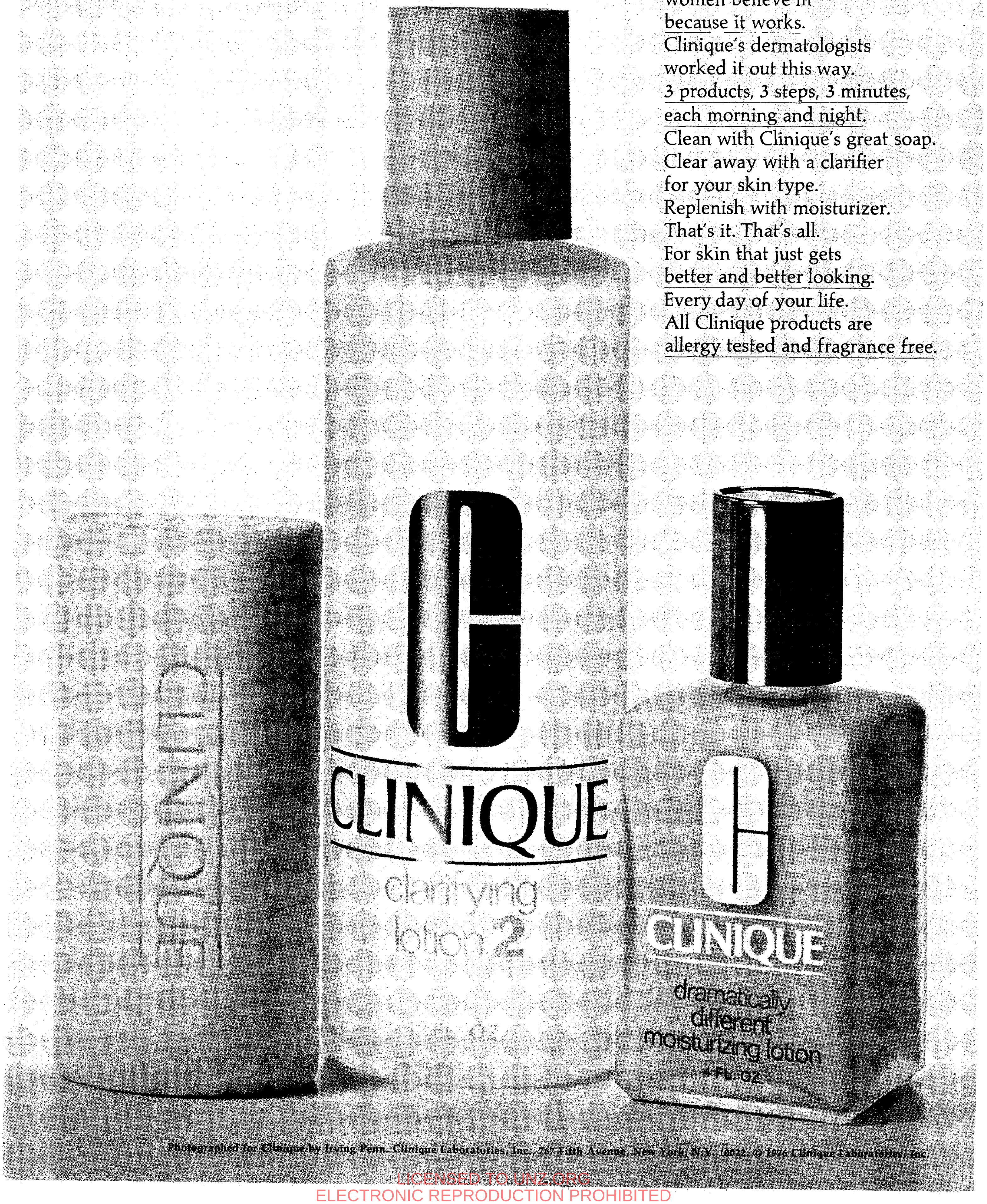
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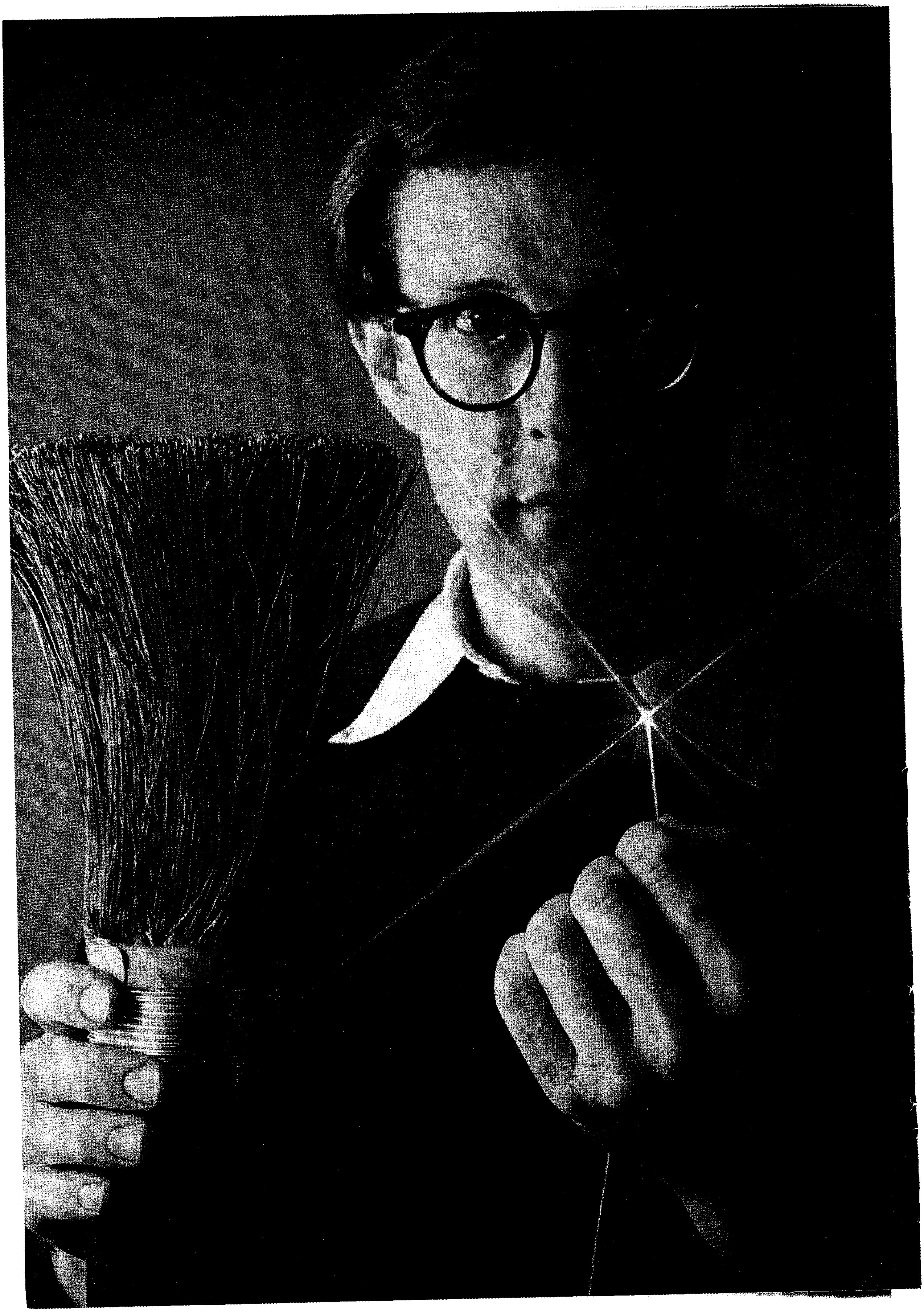

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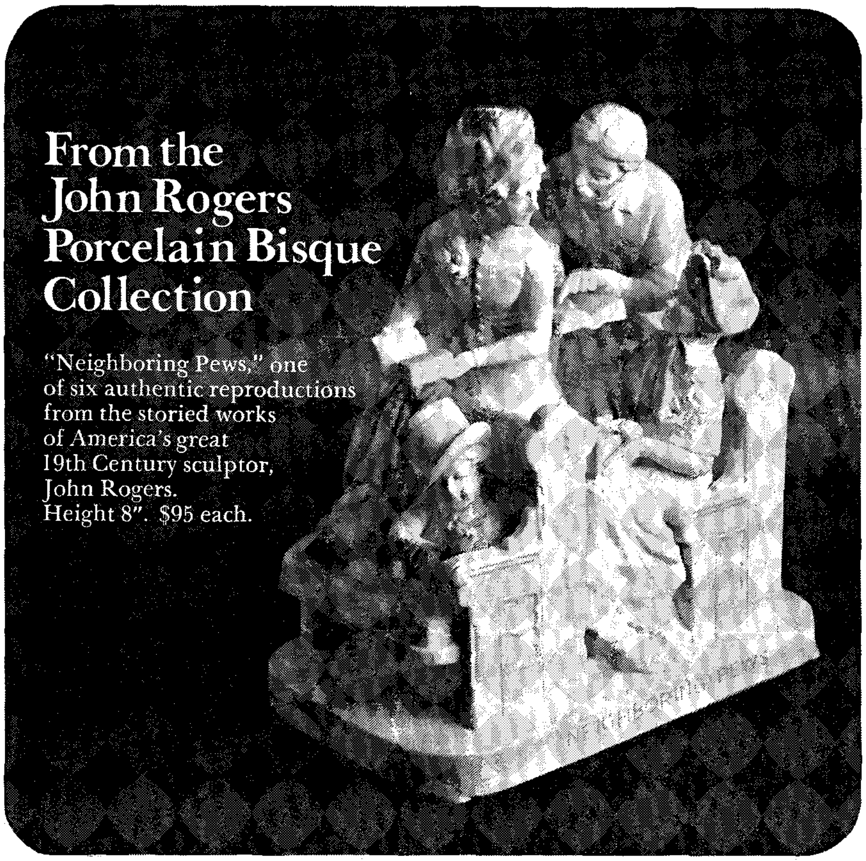

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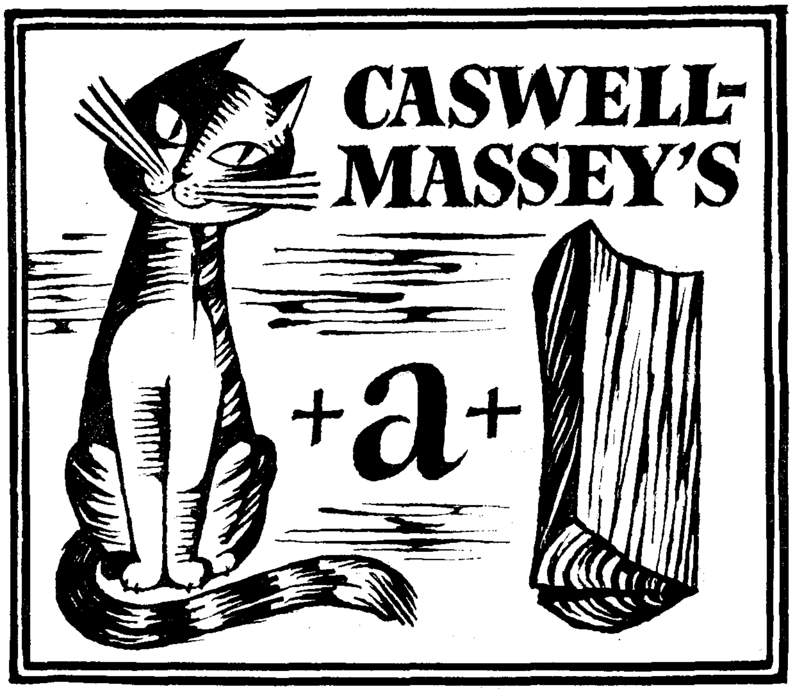
diculous. Both are playful, anti-serious, and wholly aesthetic; Ludlam, in fact, has been quoted as saying that the whole point of the ridiculous is to show that life should be taken less seriously. Ludlam's and Vaccaro's and Jack Smith's passion for finding value in things that others had decided were valueless is another way of seeing the world in aesthetic terms. And "Camille" in this context is high camp—"a tearjerker," as Ludlam called it in the program, performed with such style and conviction that the audience sheds real tears.

"It's not easy to play a woman," Ludlam said the other day. "I often think it must be hard for a woman to play a woman." In any event, Ludlam has resisted the occasional temptation to specialize in drag roles, and in his next play, "Hot Ice," he went to the opposite extreme in his portrayal of Buck Armstrong, the macho detective of the Euthanasia Police. "Hot Ice" is a sendup of the old-style Hollywood gangster film; it took shape in Ludlam's mind the day after he saw James Cagney in Raoul Walsh's 1949 "White Heat." Instead of cops versus the mob, it pits the Euthanasia Police ("Sometimes it's necessary to sacrifice a life to save a life") against the evil forces of the Cryogenic Foundation, which freezes people and then exacts huge payments from their relatives pending their eventual thawing out. The play lasted for eighty-four performances at the Evergreen Theatre. "Walter Kerr really killed 'Hot Ice,' " Ludlam says. Kerr, who consistently misspelled Ludlam's name as "Ludlum," was pained by "the spectacle of bald, full-breasted hermaphrodites camping as before." Attendance dropped off soon afterward, so Ludlam withdrew the play and revived "Camille," which drew capacity audiences through the summer of 1974.

Late that fall, the company offered Ludlam's new play, "Stage Blood," about a family of actors performing "Hamlet" in a small town. "Stage Blood" is Ludlam's most ambitious and complex play, with a backstage plot that mirrors the plot of "Hamlet." The actress who plays Ophelia has just quit the company, and a young local girl (Black-Eyed Susan) comes to try out for the role. She is good, but her father, who hates the thought of her becoming an actress, calls on the Hamlet actor (Ludlam) and begs him to do something to disillusion her, to make her hate the theatre. Ludlam and Susan play the "Get thee to a nunnery" scene straight; immediately afterward, they meet backstage and repeat the same scene in contemporary form, with Ludlam insulting her so crudely that she runs off in tears. "We're following the 'Hamlet' plot blow by blow," Ludlam explains. "My father in the play has recently died, and my mother, who plays Gertrude, is marrying the guy who plays Claudius, and so on. After a certain point, it's hard to tell which scenes are from 'Hamlet' and which aren't. The actors keep quoting from the play, so it's sort of open-ended." There is also a subplot involving the stage manager, who believes that Shakespeare's plays were written not by Shakespeare but by someone else who had the same name. The stage manager has written an eighteen-hundred-page play of his own, called "Fossil Fuel," which turns out to be avant-garde, nonverbal theatre; it has no dialogue or characters, and consists mainly of grunts, chants, and scenes of childbirth and other domestic rituals.

The production of "Stage Blood" was correspondingly ambitious. Bobjack Callejo, who had designed the sets for "Camille" and "Bluebeard," managed to rent a revolving stage, which enabled the company to maneuver nimbly between the "backstage" and "Hamlet" sets, and under Ludlam's precise direction the troupe had never looked more skillful. The reviews were excellent; the box-office was terrible. " 'Stage Blood' ran for three months," Ludlam says. "But I got a feeling of disappointment from the audience. They'd come expecting something else—expecting a product, something they were used to from me. Nobody was in drag in 'Stage Blood,' although the Hamlet character, you feel, turns out in the end to be homosexual. I love the play. It wasn't really finished when we opened, wasn't really together. Nobody really *got* the idea that it's a play about an actor who is reluctant to play Hamlet. I've done a lot of work on it in the meanwhile, and I can't wait to try it again. Such amazing things happened when I was writing it! There's a speech that I do in my dressing room, that I took from Joyce's 'Ulysses' and changed around—about the relation between a father and son. 'The son unborn mars his mother's beauty: born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases care. He is a male: his growth his father's decline, his youth his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy.' And at that moment the ghost of my father appears to me. I'm nude—I'm changing from my street clothes, which are all black



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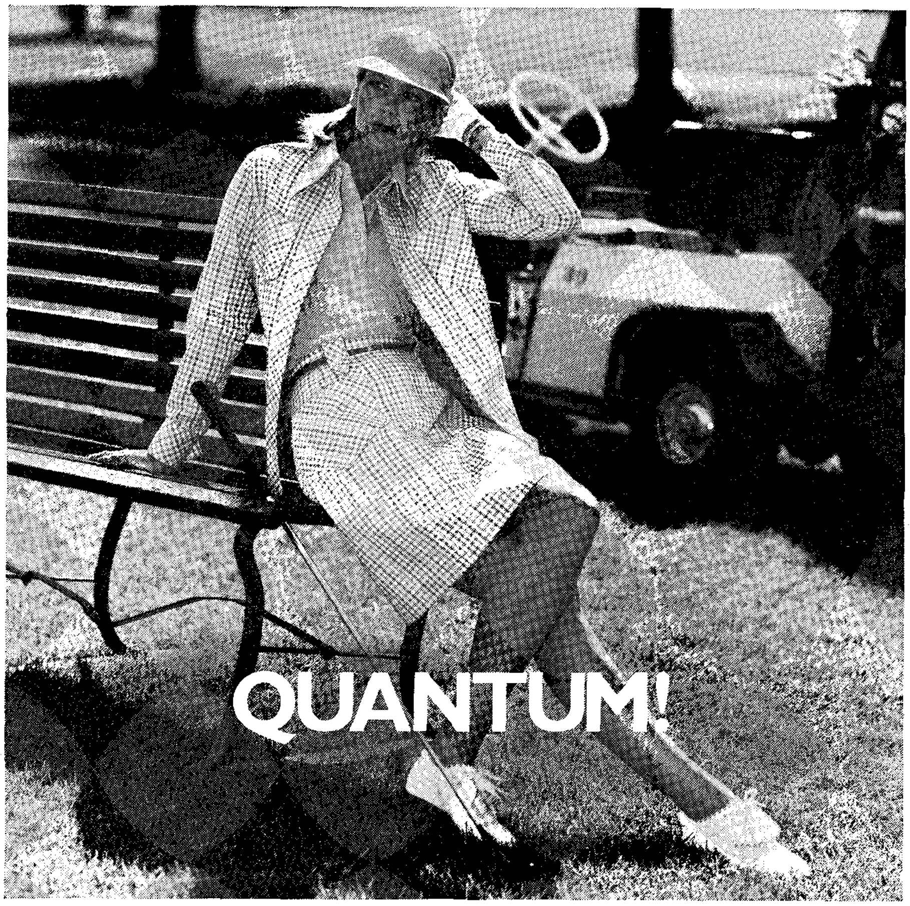

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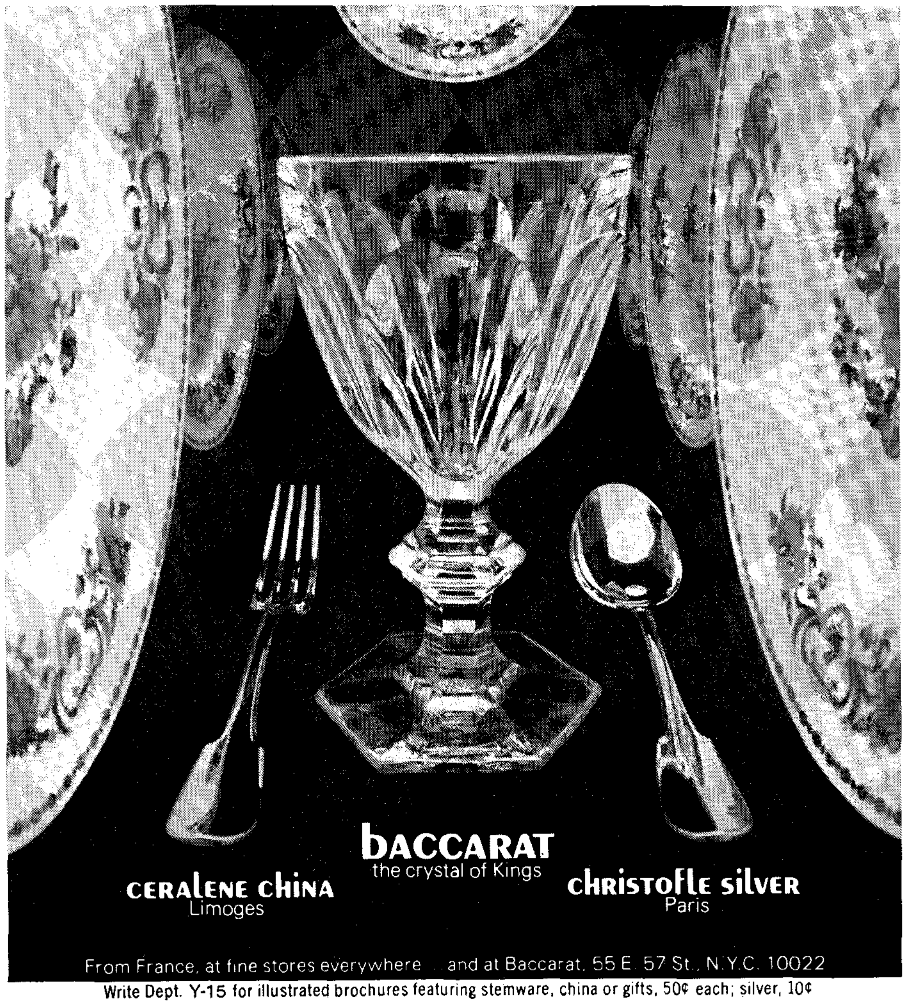
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leather, into the black Hamlet costume—and my father appears and touches my hand in that gesture of Michelangelo's God in the Sistine Chapel, and he delivers a speech from Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy.' It's the same speech that Joyce was parodying in 'Ulysses.' He says, 'My son! and what's a son?/A thing begot within a pair of minutes, there about/. . . Methinks a young bacon,/ Or a fine little smooth horse colt,/ Should move a man as much as doth a son;/ For one of these, in very little time,/ Will grow to some good use; whereas a son . . .' And suddenly, when I was writing this, I remembered my own father saying, 'Children! I should have raised pigs, I'd be better off!' The real murderer of the father was me—killing my father in fantasy, working through and finally forgiving him. It was a milestone for me."

The failure of "Stage Blood" left the company dispirited and in debt. They salvaged part of the 1975 spring season with a revival of "Bluebeard"—in a production marked by the return of Mario Montez in his original role of Lamia the Leopard Woman ("Look at me. I was a woman once")—and then went off to spend the summer at Connecticut College, teaching a workshop in commedia dell'arte. Ludlam has found that he enjoys working with students, and he will undoubtedly do more of it in the future. He also talks these days of making films. The life of a repertory company is about ten years, he often says, and his has been in existence now for about that long. Losing the Evergreen Theatre last fall, in the midst of rehearsals for "Caprice," did not seem to distress him at all. "I feel liberated," he said at the time. "I didn't want the company to become an institution. Besides, my temperament is to rally against obstacles."

IT may be that the ridiculous has entered upon a new phase. John Vaccaro's Play-House of the Ridiculous still exists, as a semi-dormant group under Ellen Stewart's La Mama umbrella (it recently mounted a revival of Jackie Curtis's "Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit"), but Vaccaro himself has spent most of the last year working with Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the creators of "Hair," on a musical. Ronald Tavel, since his break with Vaccaro, has become an Obie-winning playwright whose most recent play, "The Last Days of British Honduras," was produced last season at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre. Ludlam's own plays show less and less of

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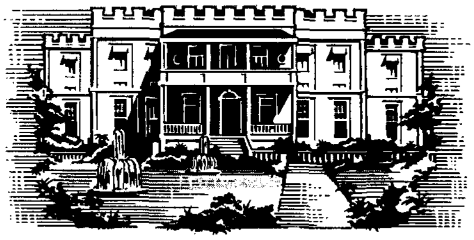

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the spirit of all-out ridicule. Although "Stage Blood" is full of high absurdity, it is, on another level, a rather serious character study; and "Caprice," for all its zaniness, its Feydeau plot, and its praise of "zealous frivolity," turns out to be a play about self-sacrifice and the problems of the creative artist. Ronald Tavel said recently that he wanted "to be a nineteenth-century playwright, to write nothing that is constructed differently from a Greek play." Ludlam, for his part, believes in the redemption of classical drama through revolutionary acting styles and a stagecraft informed by modernism. What began as ridicule and rebellion has become, in both cases, an infatuation with much older theatrical values.

"I do think of myself as part of a viable tradition in theatre," Ludlam said one day recently. "The romance of the theatre gives me energy and inspiration: Molière acting in his own plays, with his wife and his two brothers-in-law; Shakespeare playing a lead in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour;' Marlowe and Kyd sharing a room in London. I feel a part of all that. Also, to me there's something miraculous about the theatrical mask—the mask that is the actor. Through sheer force of will, I can look handsome onstage, or ugly. When I was in college, I just happened to find, browsing in the library, a copy of 'The Art of Acting,' by the French actor Coquelin, who originated the role of Cyrano. He wrote that before he even learned a line of a play he would go to the costume room and dress up as the character, put on the full makeup. When he looked in the mirror and saw the character staring back at him, then he was ready to begin. That impressed me tremendously. In school, of course, there was all that emphasis on the Method, and feeling your way into the part, and it was always sort of schizophrenic for me; there were too many different things to juggle. But now I think I'm really a Stanislavski actor par excellence. I go into a sort of trance onstage and believe in my role completely. Of course, I also know I'm onstage and people are watching—I'm admitting I'm acting—but on another plane my belief is total. People talk about great performances, most of which are luck—the right role coming along at the right time for an actor. But I'm seeing to it that I get the role. I've created it, written it, directed it. My immersion is total!

"My main problem as a writer now is with language," Ludlam went on,

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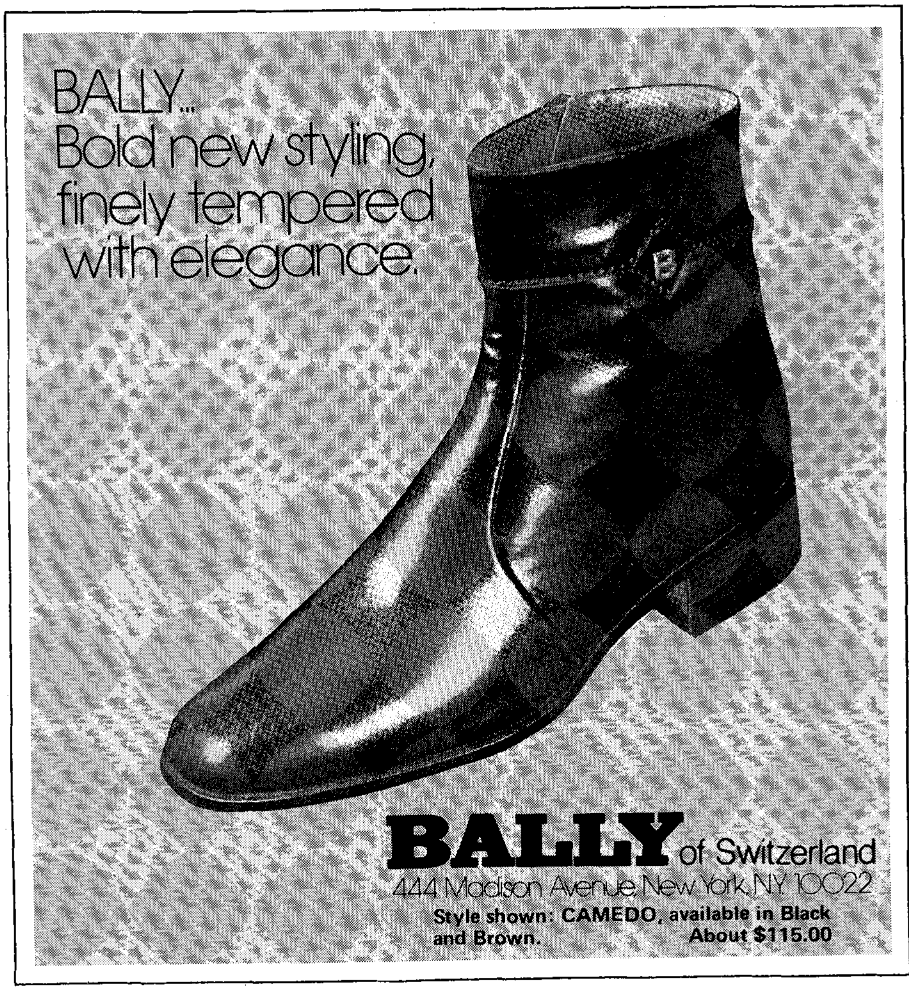
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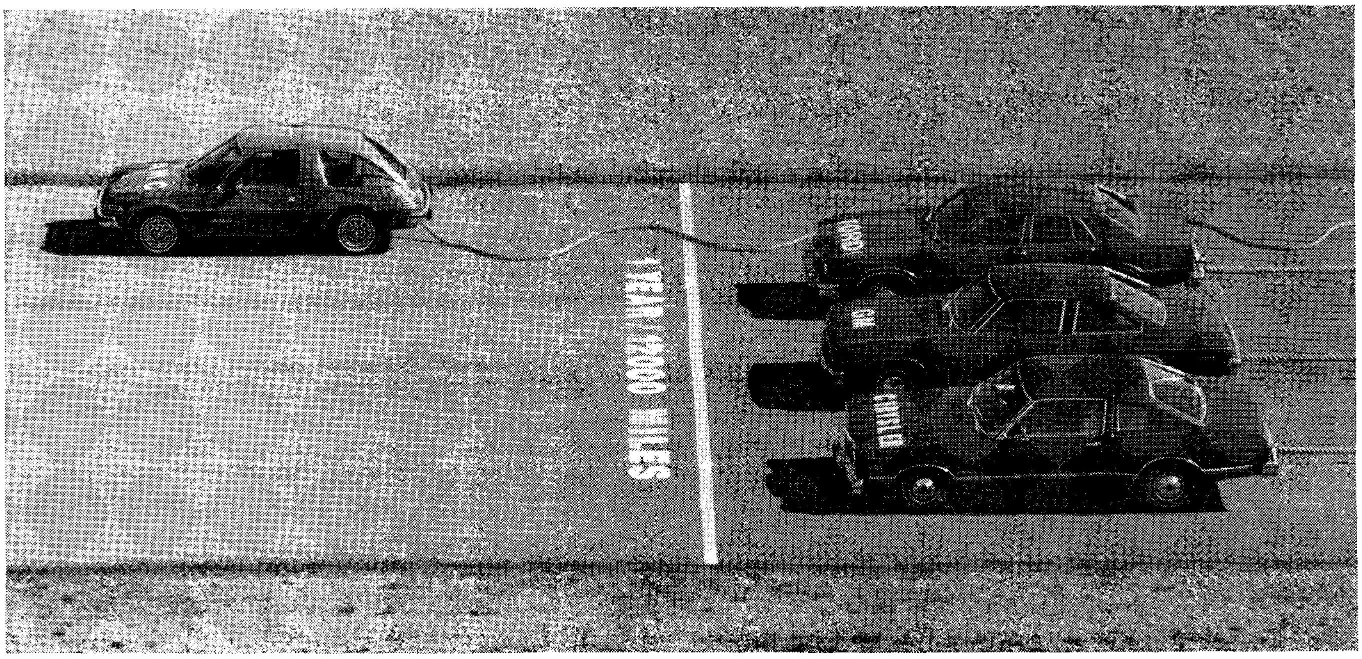

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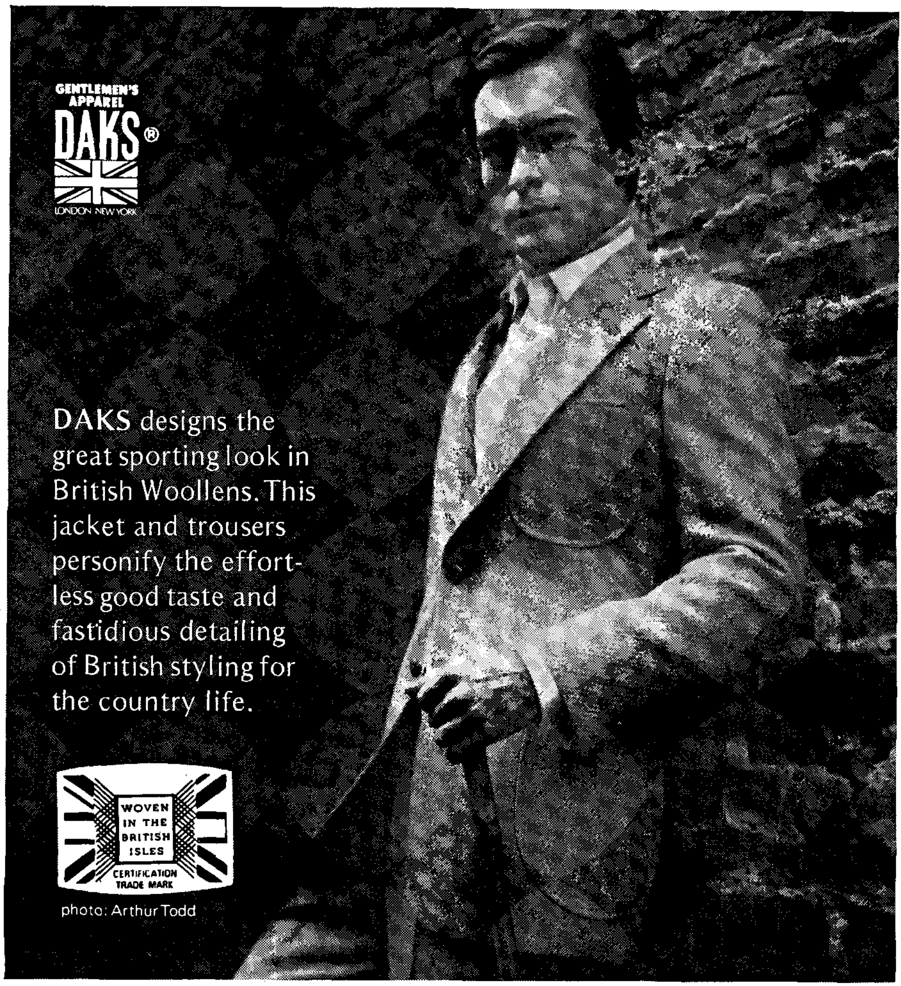

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after a moment. "I love the language. I'm hung up on words. In the early plays, there was always a motif, and the language would be a parody of that motif—science fiction, or 'Grand Hotel,' or gothic horror story. In 'Eunuchs,' I tried aiming for an Oscar Wilde sort of headiness, a very elevated diction. In 'Corn,' I was able to get by on clichés and country dialogue. The problem is, when you're not parodying a genre anymore, how do people talk? The minimal vocabulary was Beckett's solution—also Racine's. I can see that as a possibility. But I want something richer than that. Passion sings in opera; in the theatre, it has to do something else. It is richness that I want—that panoramic quality, the allusiveness of language."

Ludlam, at any rate, is convinced that Ludlam improves each year as a writer, director, and actor, and new projects abound in his head. This season, he plans to revive "Stage Blood" (which he and the company performed with great success at an international theatre festival in Florence last summer), and he would also like to present a completely restaged version of "Caprice." He has been working on the book for a Broadway musical, to be produced by Adela Holzer, on the suitably improbable subject of Catherine de Médicis and the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. And although he complains of feeling oppressed by the notion that his work must be funny at all times, he is halfway through the writing of a ridiculous opera, a four-hour spectacle entitled "Der Ring Gott Farblonjet," for which he has merrily plundered Wagner's entire "Ring" cycle and an early Ibsen play called "The Vikings at Helgeland," among other sources. Wagner's score is to be performed in a "collaged" version by (he hopes) a brass band, and Ludlam is looking for people who can sing it "in the manner of Florence Foster Jenkins." "I love the incredibly inflated theatricality, the preposterousness of opera," he said the other day. "My Valkyries are lesbian motorcyclists, and Valhalla is Lincoln Center, which we'll burn down in the last act. The staging is so complex that I'd planned not to act in it at all, but I may not be able to resist." —CALVIN TOMKINS

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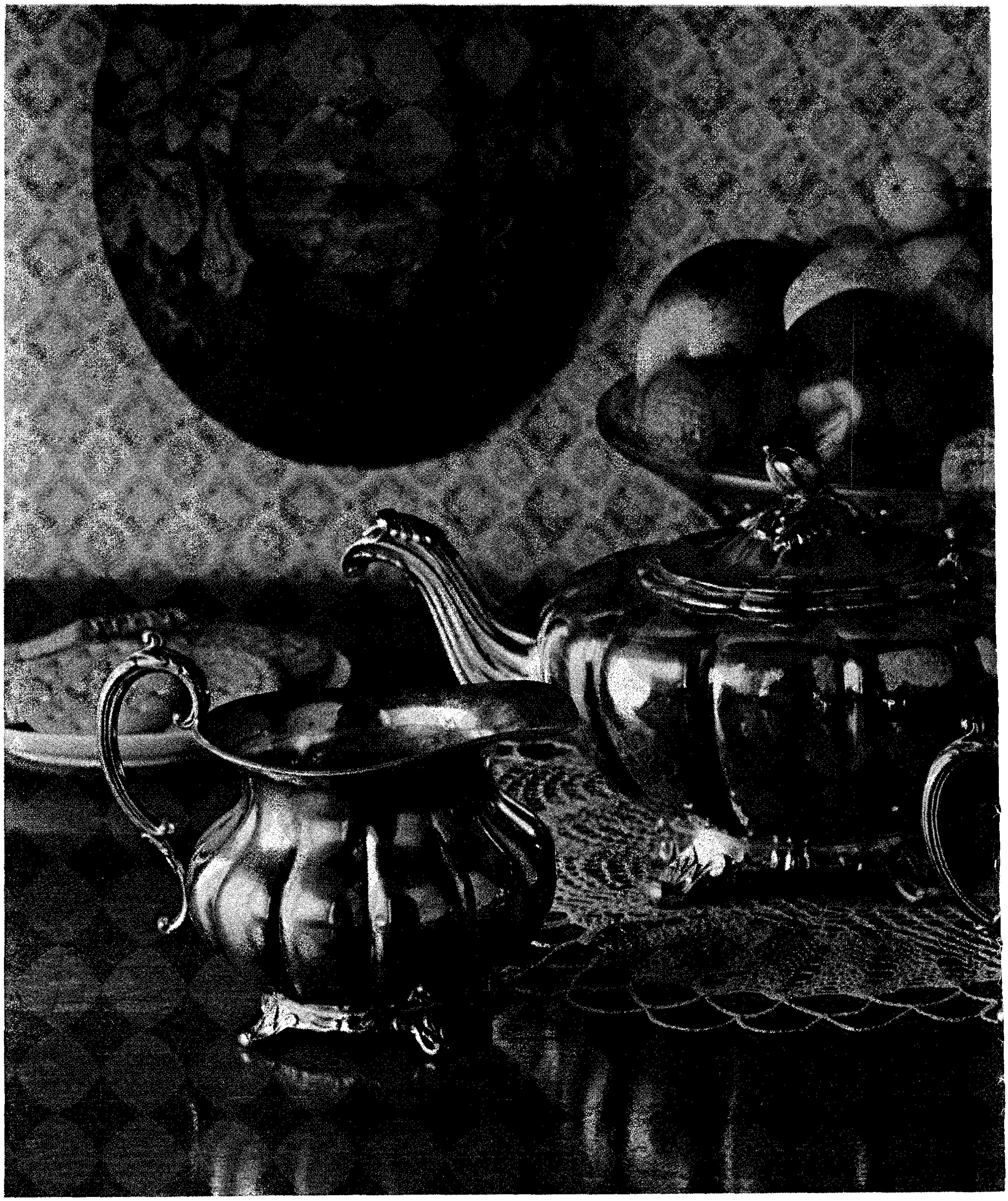

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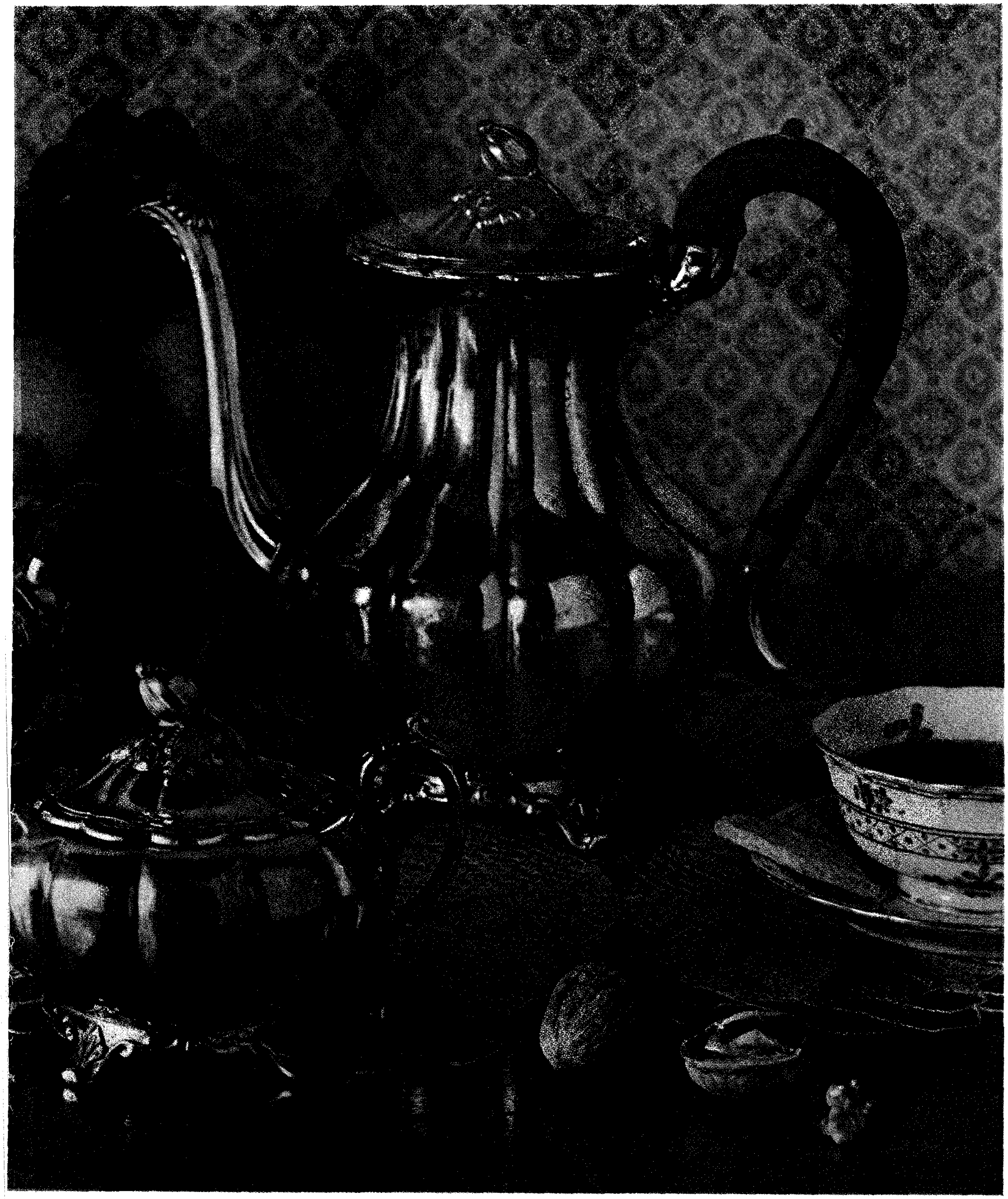

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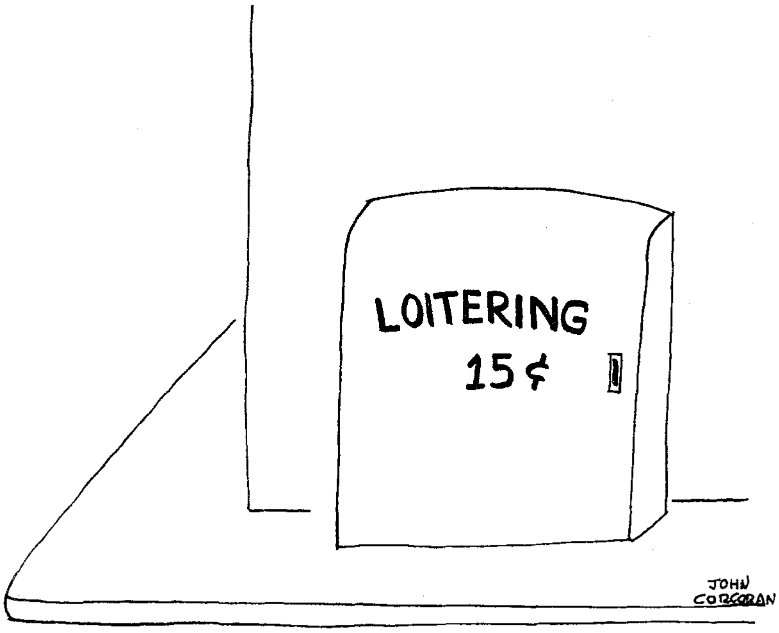
DANCING

Premises, Premises

THE Pennsylvania Ballet has completed another of its seasons at the Brooklyn Academy, this time an extended one, and it marked the occasion by bringing along five new ballets, all by American choreographers and all but one made specially for the company. Like many other products of the Bicentennial Year, two of the homemade works seem to have been created to fill artificial needs. The other two filled needs more or less valid but sought to disguise the fact by dredging up artificial pretexts. Both of these interesting but deceptive ballets were by Benjamin Harkarvy, the Pennsylvania's artistic director. Harkarvy regularly turns out pieces that serve his dancers without adding up to much as ballets. They're useful workouts for audiences, too—dance études made with the fluent skill and perception of a good teacher. Though their poetic content is not high, they often have a heartfelt academic wisdom that makes them stimulating to watch. Yet with these latest efforts Harkarvy seems to have decided that we need the lure of a fake premise for the action. "Four Men Waiting" is a sample of Harkarvy's energetic lyrical prose which seems like blank verse because of its scheme: it reduces the four men to one, who is still waiting at the end, after women have claimed the others. All this scheme does is channel the choreographer's options; it doesn't present a poetic subject, and the piece turns out to be nothing more than an arrangement for different combinations of dancers to some rippling Saint-Saëns. It's the kind of ballet that thirty or forty years ago would have been done with moonlight and tulle, a strong Russian accent, and a vague perfumey title that didn't lead an audience to expect more drama than it got. And instead of standing around gripping their lapels or crouching in yoga postures the four men would have decorated the stage in melancholy *classique* poses with beseeching port de bras. We'd have known from the start that it was all nonsense. In Harkarvy's ballet, the women are "classical," the men "modern" and in trousers, not tights. His other piece, a pas de deux, is also ballet kitsch, and though he confines his defensiveness to a program note, what he says there is revealing: that the piece is a tribute to "the film musicals of the past—when any moment, or any situation, seemed an appropriate excuse to burst into dance." What takes place on the stage is a scene in a rehearsal studio: a boy coaxes a girl to dance; she refuses him wearily but then complies. The substance of the piece is not in this most familiar of all contrivances but in the dances, which Harkarvy has fitted, with more than typical care, I thought, to the music of Copland's "Four Piano Blues" and to the talents of Marcia Darhower and Dane LaFontsee. Harkarvy has even made LaFontsee's tightness expressive. Surely we don't need an excuse for that. And the piece doesn't need a title—"For Fred, Gene and M-G-M"—that conjures up not only a false dance image but also the wrong movie-musical era. Movies did create the feeling that dance could burst out of "any moment or any situation," but that was in the thirties, and it was done by making the stories and characters and settings as fantastic as the lyrical outburst, or by using a backstage plot, in which event the moments and situations came ready-made. In the forties and fifties, which is the era Harkarvy seems to want to invoke, movies were more preoccupied with fitting dances and songs into "naturalistic" contexts, and it took in most cases a lot of heavy labor. Why a professional choreographer, working with a professional ballet company of stature and playing to an audience that expects to see dance unapologetically presented, should feel the need to inveigle us with pretexts is a question that only Philadelphia, perhaps, can answer.

The three other premières were all Philadelphia stories. Gene Hill Sagan, a Philadelphia choreographer, originally made "Sweet Agony" for the Bat-Dor company of Israel; it is a monotonous, hard-driving Talley Beatty-ish affair, worthless except for the scrupulosity with which the Pennsylvania dancers perform it. "Eakins' View" and "Under the Sun" derive their reasons for being from the fact that Thomas Eakins and Alexander Calder were born in Philadelphia. The idea of basing ballets on the work of these two artists must have seemed attractive as well as pertinent to those who thought it up. But in neither case has the idea been made to assume a theatrical form. In "Eakins' View," Rodney Griffin takes on not only Eakins but also Charles Ives—his Third Symphony. Following Ives' lead appears to have thrown Griffin off the track of Eakins, and the choreography never gets much beyond its initial presentation of the artist figure (based on the portrait called "The Thinker") surrounded, as in a reverie, by his life models—boxers, rowers, street folk, various undifferentiated ladies who come and go. This tranquil, twilit world is not Eakins' view but a view of Eakins, a strangely selective one. The reality of Eakins' life was his unrelenting fight against the proprieties of the academy. However, the air is filled with the look and sound of distinguished American art, and most of Whitney Blausen's costumes have unusual style.

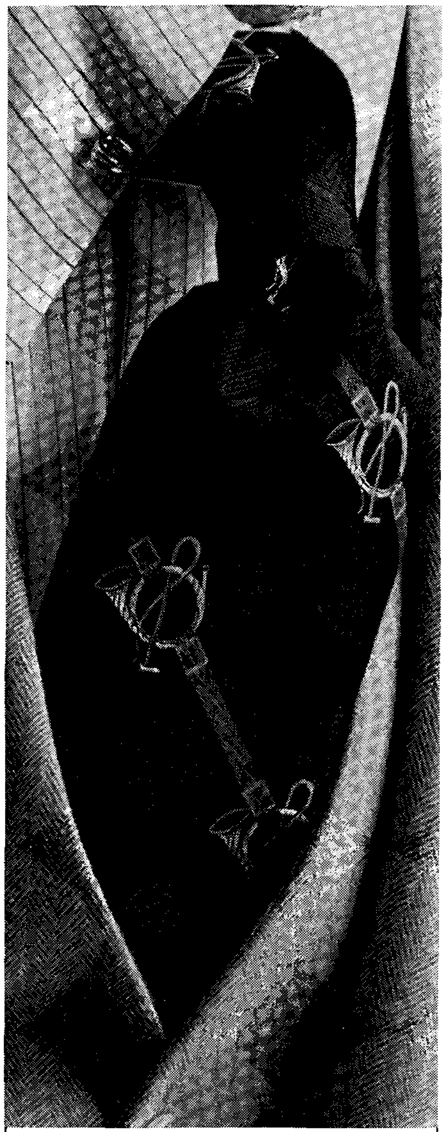
Alexander Calder might be the ideal designer of a fantastic-toyland ballet, but "Under the Sun" isn't a Calder ballet. Like "Eakins' View," it's pastiche, and it's not as good. The designers are Robert Mitchell (scenery) and Willa Kim (costumes), and their adaptations of Calder's work lack the organic wit that a "Calder" stage fantasy should have. The action starts promisingly, with the heroine, who



is called Corolla, emerging head downward from the mouth of a gigantic grinning sun, but the other engines and props are perfunctorily used, and the stage never comes to life with Calder's special sense of fun. In fact, the opposite happens: Corolla's adventures take place in an inanimate ice-cold Calderland. Of the two designers, Mitchell appears to have had an easier time translating mobiles and stabiles into décor than Kim had projecting sculptural conceptions onto the human figure. Her costumes tend to wired pompons and polka dots; one dancer has a hula hoop, and that's as far as things go. The difference between the scenery and the costumes is like the difference between Pure and Applied Calder. The dancers in their white body tights touched with streaks and frills of color look like those painted airplanes. Between the museum and the airport, there's no theatre.

One reason the design elements are as poorly integrated and unversatile as they are is that Margo Sappington's scenario is aimless, like her choreography. Corolla, the Sun Child, visits the domain of Etincelle, Queen of the Mobiles. Etincelle makes her appearance in a standing pose inside a blue hemisphere. She alights and is carried about by four handlers. Then she makes another appearance exactly like the first and is carried about some more. Etincelle is pretty obviously the Moon, and though Sappington must have intended some sort of correspondence to Corolla, it never becomes evident in the ballet. About midway, Sappington seems to switch her style from "character" to "abstract," and a temporary correspondence does occur, when mobiles are suspended above the stage while the dancers go through some slow cantilevered balances and hook-on lifts to the shoulder. But at no time does the ballet break free of its resemblance to those indoctrination tours of the art world which are inflicted on schoolchildren. Michael Kamen, whose score might have been written for a television documentary on California freeways, was once involved with Sappington and Kim in a "Rodin" ballet produced by the Harkness company; all I remember of that is an assortment of marbleized tights and bronze-stained rags. Where will the trio strike next—Tinguely, Arp, Nadelman?

"SQUARE DANCE," the Balanchine ballet that may or may not be about square dancing, is back this season in two versions. The Joffrey Ballet



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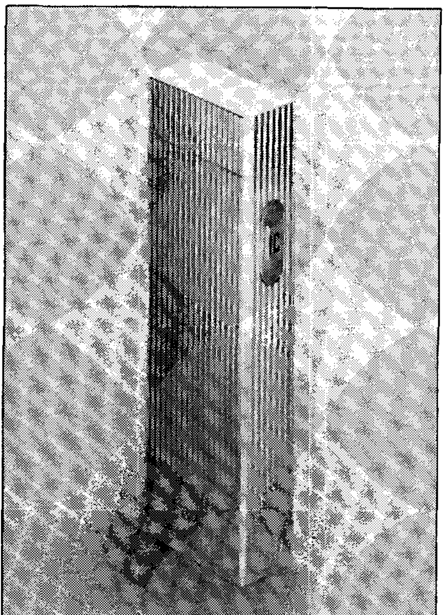

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has presented a close copy of the original New York City Ballet production, with the musicians playing in shirtsleeves from a platform at one side of the stage, the male dancers in red neckerchiefs, and an authentic country caller in striped trousers and red flannel shirt. The caller is the same Elisha C. Keeler who originated the role in the first "Square Dance" and performed it in subsequent revivals. Except for a few topical references, his spiel is just what it was in 1957: "Gents go 'round, come right back, Make your feet go wickety-wack." Next week, the New York City Ballet presents its own revival, from which all production elements have been dropped. The string band is in the pit, the costumes are pale-blue and gray practice dress, there is no caller. The choreography, with extra stage room, expands; in spatial terms, it is squarer than ever. The friendly colloquial flavor of the steps is still there, but it's remoter than it was, something scented on the wind. Without words to hammer it into our heads ("wickety-wack" is entrechat quatre), we can perceive why the piece is called "Square Dance" and also why it might just as reasonably be called "Balanchine/Corelli-Vivaldi, 1957." The ballet contains twin sets of superimpositions: traditional country dancing, American style, superimposed on classical ballet steps and set to seventeenth-century string music that, in its turn, superimposed the elegance of a courtly style on ancient folk dances. Everything locks together naturally—so naturally that Balanchine's first thoughts about the ballet were that the public would miss the point. For years, he insisted on the strengtheners of an obvious wickety-wack production. "Otherwise," he is reported to have said, "it will be only another ballet, with Vivaldi music."

But it took Balanchine's eye to discover elegance in American square dancing, and his creativity to ignite the double strands of suggestion in both the dancing and the music. The ballet is one of his brilliant covert jokes. Its premise is that basic square-dance patterns are as old as the Renaissance. He has always loved to raid the vernacular, and square dancing—the only formal ensemble dancing still performed in American society—has been a particularly liberal source. In "Western Symphony," there's a kind of square dance executed *sur les pointes* to cowboy tunes. It is breezier and funnier than anything in "Square Dance," because its irony works only one way: it puts classical ballet up on stilts, as in a car-

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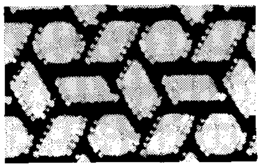

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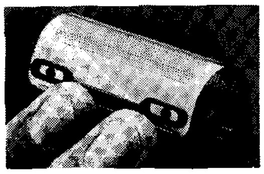

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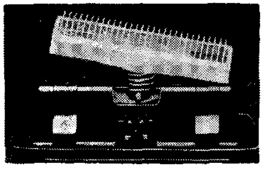

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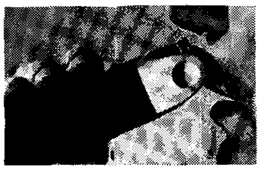

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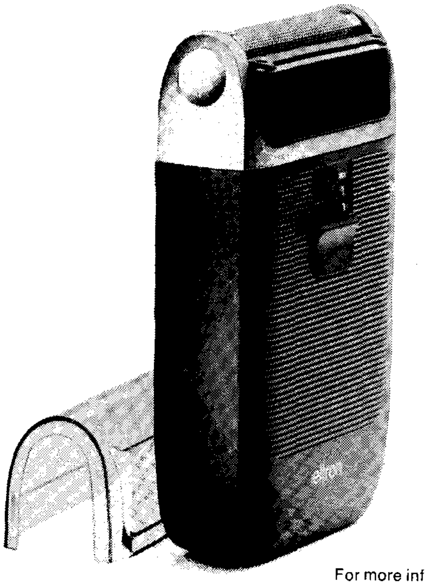

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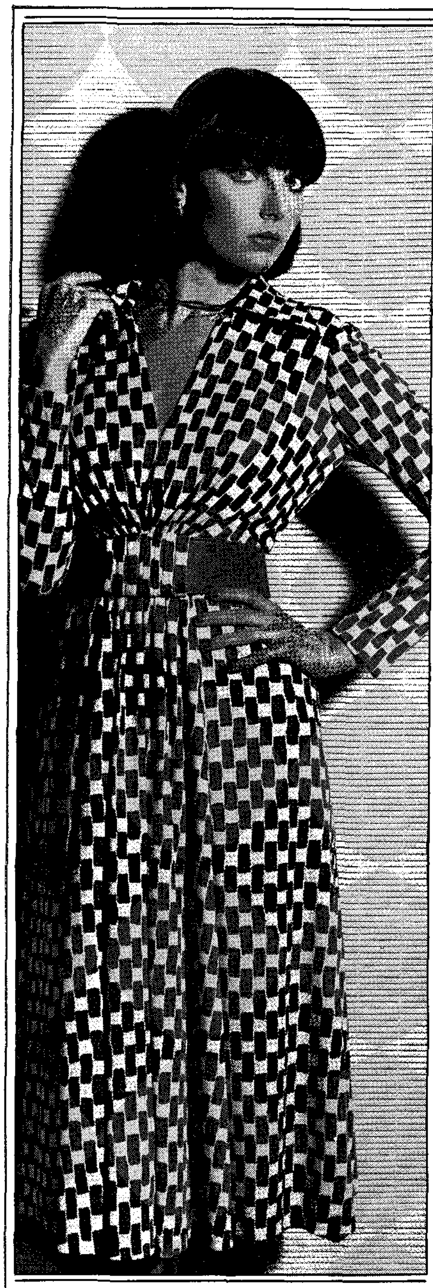
toon. The irony of "Square Dance" is more bilateral, closer to the deadpan classic-nonclassic ambiguities of "Agon," which in point of time followed "Square Dance" by only two weeks. In the current, stripped version of the ballet, Balanchine has inserted a new solo for the principal male dancer, Bart Cook, danced to the Sarabande from the same suite that furnishes the other Corelli portions of the score. In its way, the solo is as radically inventive a response to the music of Corelli as the Sarabande in "Agon" is to the music of Stravinsky (who used seventeenth-century court dances as his models). The "Agon" Sarabande (which Cook also dances) is curt, springy, with sections of intricate crossweave built up by a zigzag pelvis over fidgety feet. It's both ceremonious and mocking of ceremony. The choreography to the Corelli Sarabande is in a different rhetoric, more like the "officialese" of the music, yet drawn far out of range of orthodoxy. Slow, deep, with widely planted feet and serpentine torso, this dance wrings the convolutions of the Sarabande from what seems a single long phrase sustained by momentary adjustments in the leverage of the body. Cook's copper-wire frame supports suspensions and circlings of the leg which press the logic of such steps beyond its normal span or its point of connection with a succeeding step. The connection is mysteriously abridged, so that as we begin to anticipate a step's conclusion it reappears already recomposed and heading in a new direction. The unusual conception is a slow-motion version of what happens in the step-lively sections of the ballet, with their buoyant attack and elliptical continuity. I don't think there's a single preparation or interruption for recovery in the entire piece.

With this 1976 interpolation, and with a filling out of the male soloist's role in the ensemble sections, Balanchine has created a new character in "Square Dance." Cook's "courtier" is a poet, his solo the poem that such a courtier might address to his lady. In its exploration of the nonpercussive aspect of male dancing, the Sarabande is unique in the Balanchine repertory, and it stems from an evident decision to make the man's role an "adagio" counterpart to the ballet's "allegro" heroine. But the New York City Ballet hasn't found the right ballerina to put against the quietly magnificent Cook. Kay Mazzo has been doing the part in braids; many of the details are blurred or deleted, and the show is stolen by Cook and the excellent ensemble of



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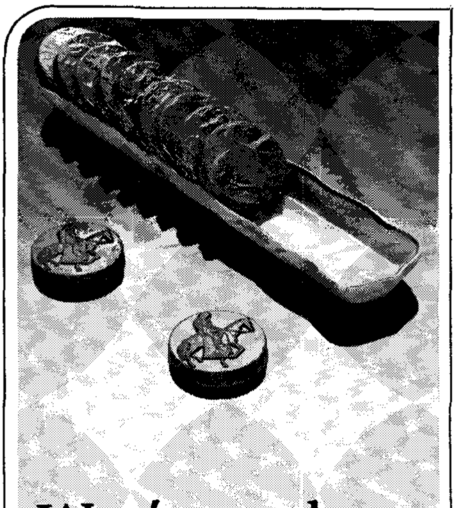

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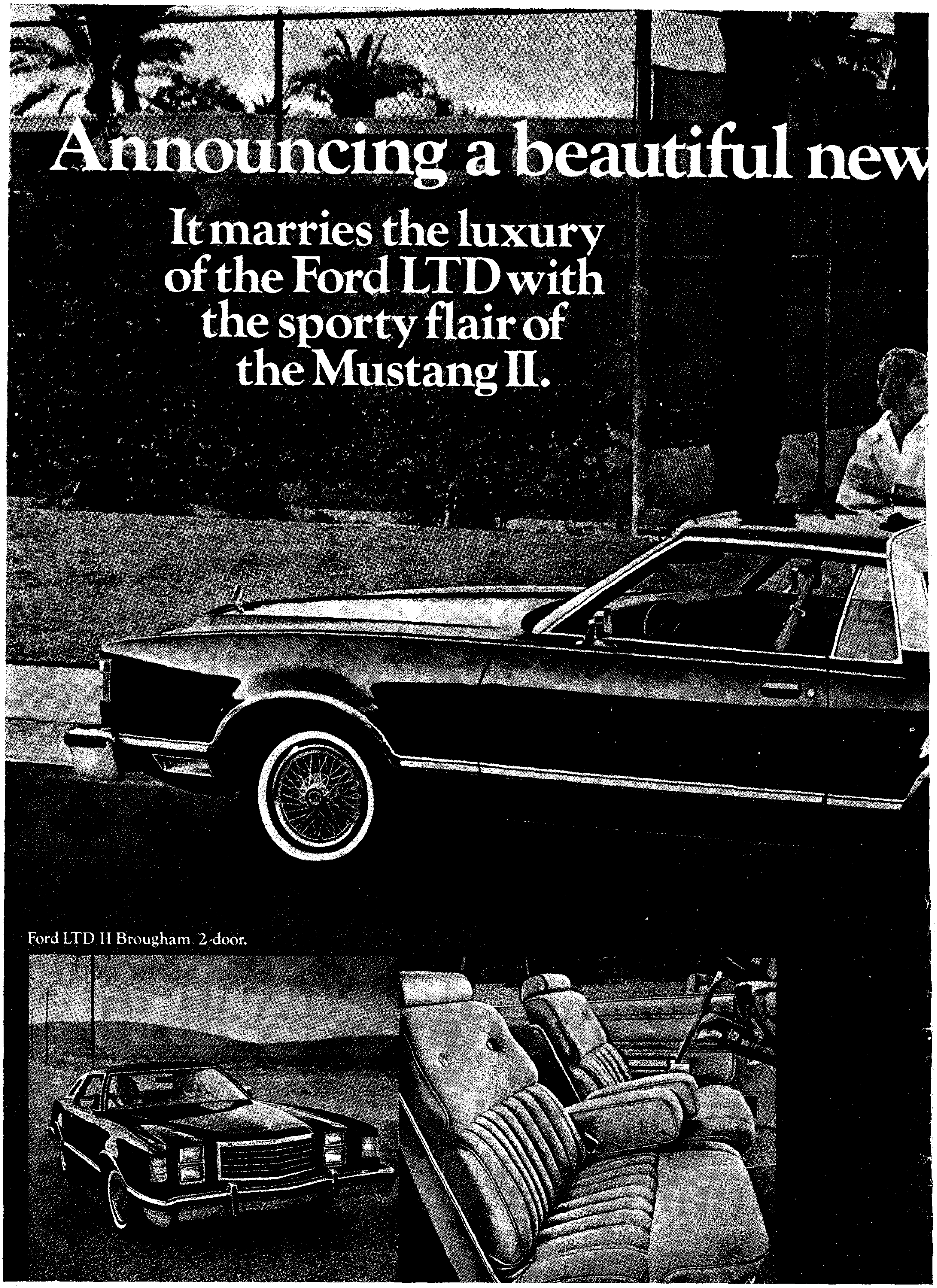
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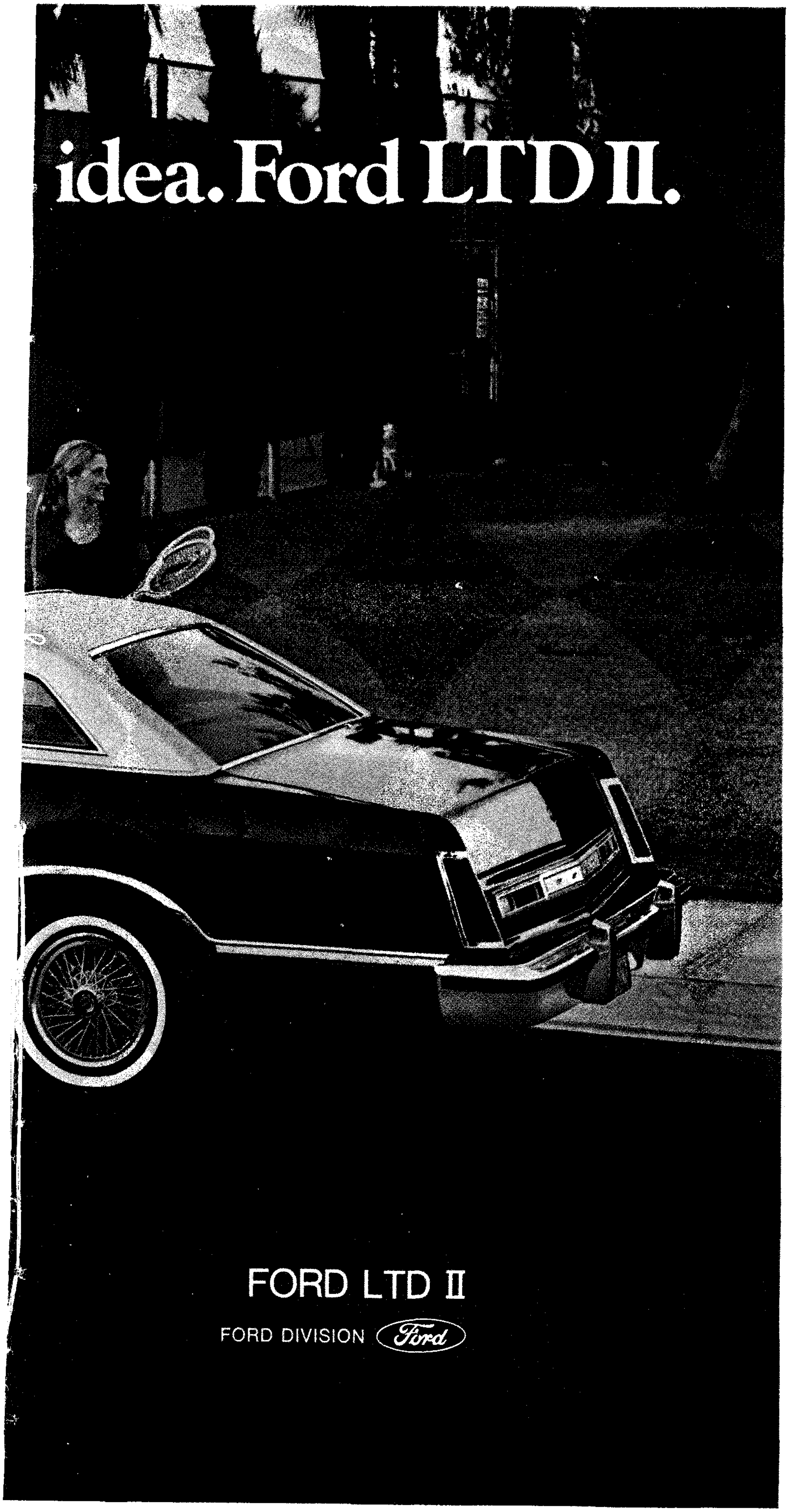

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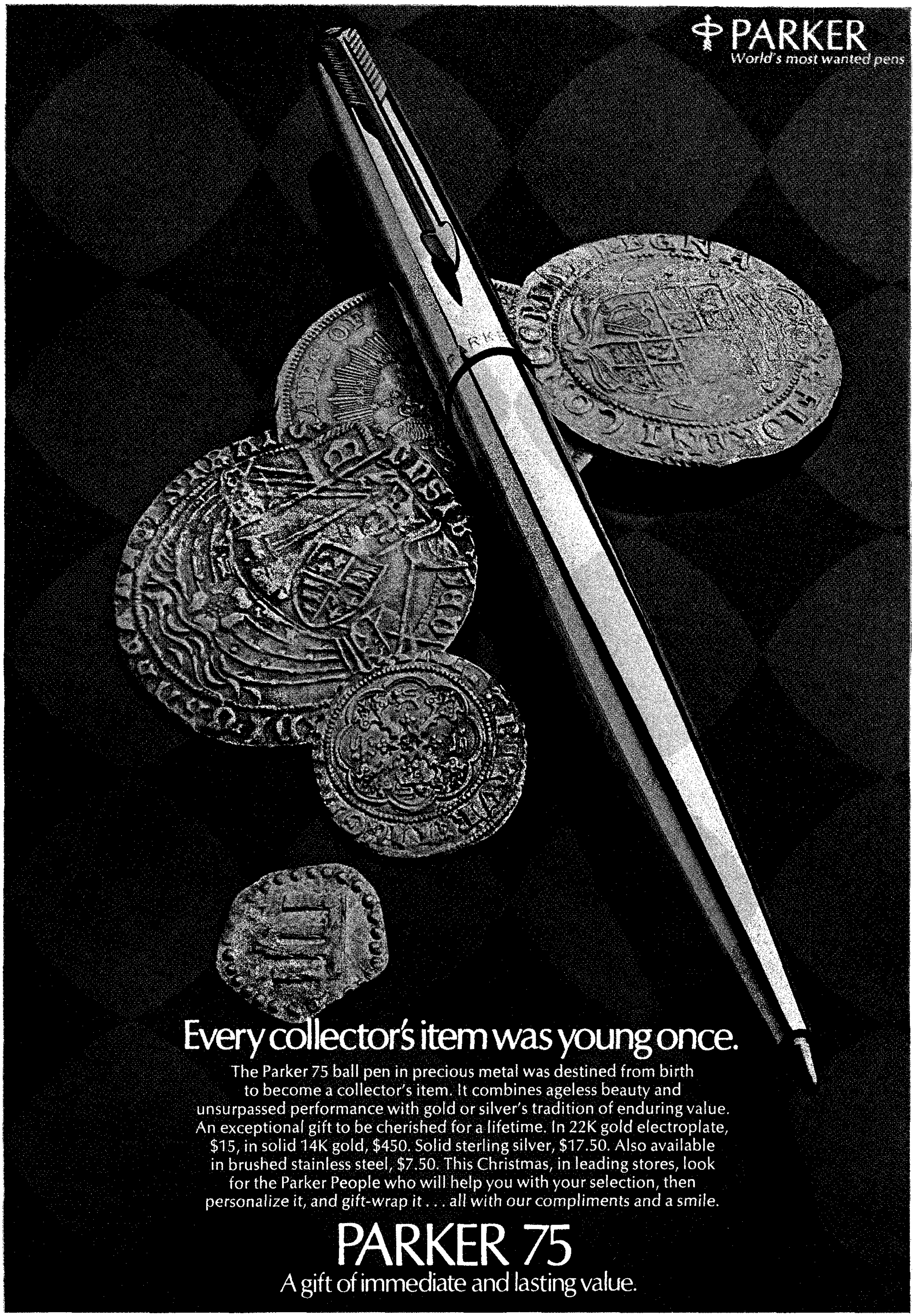

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six couples. At the Joffrey, Francesca Corkle is the more forceful, Denise Jackson the more demure interpreter, but the role has been simplified even more than in Miss Mazzo's performance. Patricia Wilde's original performance, recorded on a television film in 1963, is a reminder that in her day Wilde was the *whole* show, and that clarity, precision, and—never to be underestimated—an invincible, cheerful repose were an integral part of her bravura. Wilde's footwork was so delicious that even in a murky kinescope one can relish every feat as it flies past. And the ballet itself flies past in about half the time it now takes in the theatre, with or without the new solo. (This is not an illusion but a fact.)

A Wilde role that has moved more easily into repertory than "Square Dance" has is in "Raymonda Variations." The Pennsylvania company dances the "Variations" with a uniform deliberation that I find appealing, and this year Martine van Hamel was invited to dance the ballerina role for the first time. Van Hamel, the best Raymonda at American Ballet Theatre, was ready for the greater challenge of the Balanchine version—greater not merely in its development of the Petipa style but in its elaboration of the original Petipa character. Raymonda, created for Pierina Legnani at the age of thirty-five, is a mature woman, and in his great adagio Balanchine carries forward Petipa's conception of a robust and settled femininity. A variety of images are suggestive, among them the many supported turns and poses which seem to stress a certain distance between the man and the woman and also their happy adjustment to it. This is not a youthful passion. In contrast to Raymonda, the other female soloists are girls. (The same relationship obtains between the Swan Queen and the corps—Legnani was then thirty-two—whereas the first Aurora was the twenty-three-year-old Carlotta Brianza, and youth is reflected in that role to this day.) Van Hamel in her début looked large but slim (far slimmer than in "Concerto Barocco," where the surgical line of the choreography seemed to want to cut into her midriff) and very festive; it was one of her most beautiful appearances. If she could only have this role to work on and perform often, she could have a triumph in it. The pas-de-chat/pirouette ending of the second variation, nowadays done at the New York City Ballet as a line of brisés, gave her no difficulty; she has the same step-se-

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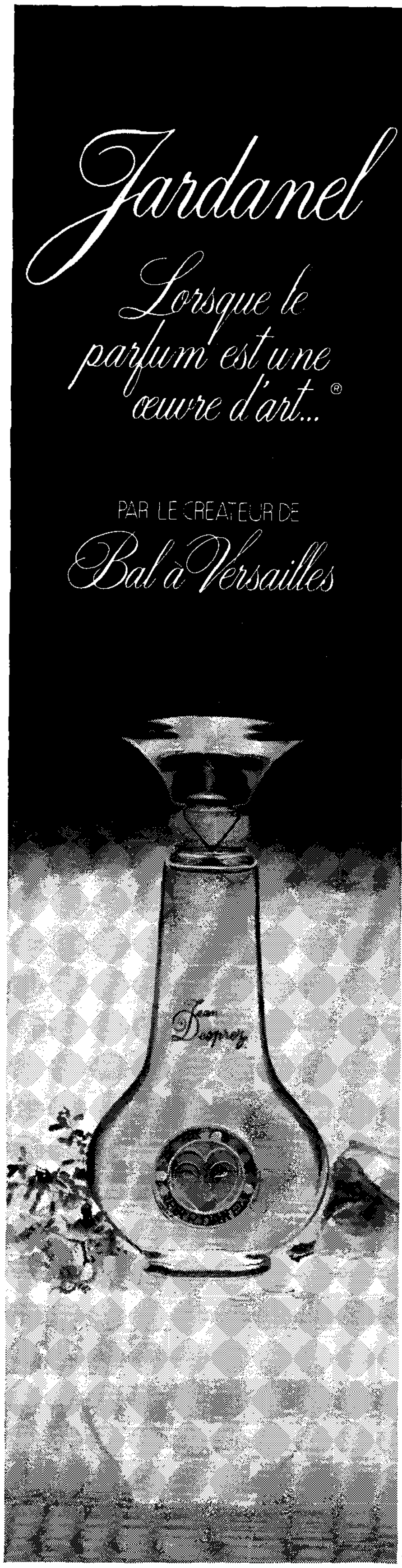

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quence in the same tempo in "Theme and Variations" at A.B.T. The original triple-pirouette/promenade/penchée ending of the adagio was seen in Suzanne Farrell's performance last season at the New York City Ballet for the first time in years. No other New York City ballerina attempts it; neither did van Hamel or the Pennsylvania's admirably bold Michelle Lucci. Van Hamel's partner was Burton Taylor, also a guest—gallant in support, handsome but violent in his variations.

Another lovely Balanchine ballet—lovely but, I had thought, lost—turned up in a series given by the Eglevsky Ballet at Queens Theatre in the Park, near Shea Stadium. This was the first version of the Glinka "Valse Fantaisie," made in 1953. It is cast for three ballerinas and one danseur, who mostly partners but does get to do some leaps ending in a drop to the knee. His arabesque-salutes turning to each of the three girls near the close of the ballet are also quite wonderful. "Valse Fantaisie" is Balanchine's rehabilitation of the banal genre that "Four Men Waiting" recalls. The current version, for a female and a male soloist and a corps of four girls, retains some features of the old number—the ballerina's manège alternating pas couru with split jeté is one—but on the whole the old "Valse Fantaisie" is nothing like the new one. It is a warm, romantic "Russian" work, and in certain respects—the involvement of the three women with the single male—it is, like parts of "Serenade," a valentine to adolescence. Balanchine rechoreographed it, apparently, in order to make the man's part stronger, but the outcome was a piece that is little more than an effective perpetuum mobile with virtuoso passages that bring applause. The performance by the young Eglevsky company was hampered by a shallow, noisy stage with no wing space, but the dancers (Netta Blitman, Salli Silliman, Kim Vickers, and William Starrett) got through it more than decently and should flourish in their parts. —ARLENE CROCE

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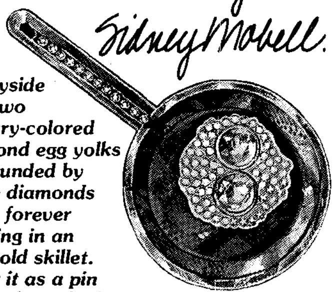

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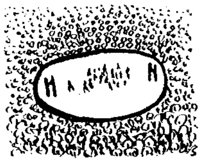

Kubacki, working hard to keep his Bunyan story line in continuum, presided over Harvard on Saturday last as long as he could, but to impartial onlookers it appeared that he had more assistance from Pennsylvania—two dropped balls and a wayward pass—than he was offered by his playmates. The Pennsylvania misdeeds gave Harvard a field goal and a pair of touchdowns—both of them run in by Kubacki. Then, considerably damaged, he was removed (as he was just a year ago in this very same Ivy League event after the same sort of bumping) to await an uncertain future. The rest of the outing was mainly Pennsylvania (Harvard does have second-half traumas), but Harvard went home a winner, at 20–8. This Saturday, it's Yale—a Yale that is at the moment as full of beans as a Yale team has ever been—and Harvard may go up against this jaunty crew without Kubacki. The annual matchup between Yale and Princeton, which likewise came about last Saturday, was this time not much more than a good afternoon workout for Yale; Stein, who punts for Princeton, seemed to spend a large part of the afternoon punting, for Yale kept overflowing his teammates, on down after down. Pagliaro, the hefty, slam-bang Yale truck horse, ran in three touchdowns himself and helped not a few of his fellow-workers on their gallops, too; Phillips, Yale's first-string quarter, was being spelled (and splendidly) by Rizzo, his likely successor next season, before the first half ended; Rizzo was soon enough spelled by O'Brien and a squadron of other unknowns (and again splendidly). Yale 39, Princeton 7—an extremely fair summary, given the circumstances.

But whoever attended the two matches had a third eye on what was going on up in Providence, where Brown was meeting the one real obstacle to a share of the Ivy League pennant—Dartmouth. Dartmouth was the last hope of the adherents of the Stop Brown movement this fall—a movement as vehement, in its rather minor way, as the Stop Carter movement had been earlier on. But Brown, owner and operator of a supreme passing attack (the ball goes from Michalko to Farnham, and on Saturday this scheme was worth two touchdowns),

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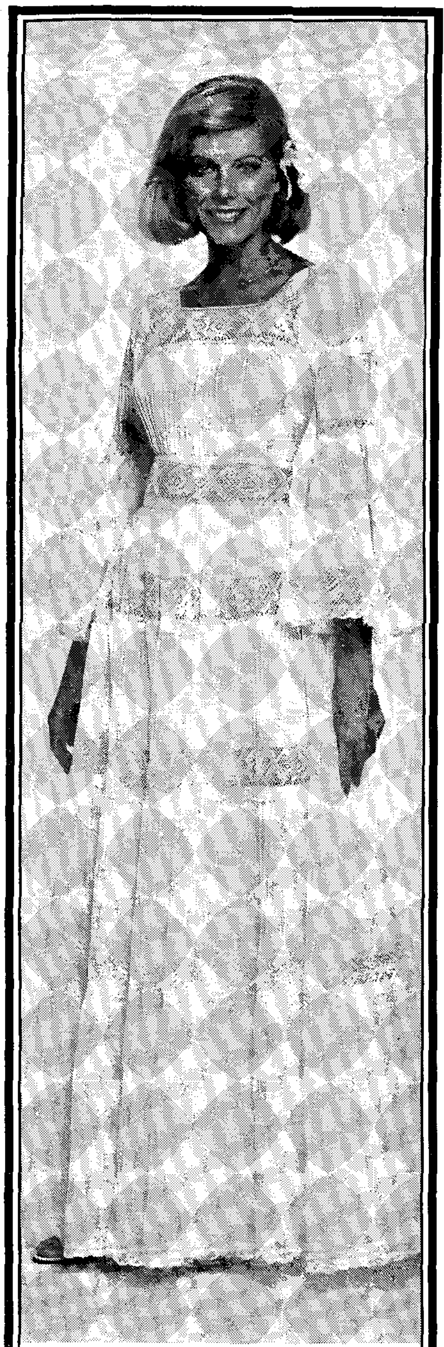
held Dartmouth even for a tumultuous while and then went ahead at such speed that, no matter what, it could not be overtaken. It was Brown 35, Dartmouth 21. Viewers of this giant spectacular came away with the impression that, as has happened before, Dartmouth's handling of the ball was occasionally a trifle loose. This was the last of three important afternoons in which Dartmouth has had this problem, and all three of them went against Dartmouth. Brown, meeting Columbia this Saturday, can now and then look over one shoulder; Yale, against Harvard, cannot.

THE past fortnight has been a puzzlement. Harvard and Kubacki, it did seem, should once again have flapped their phoenix wings and put away Brown, instead of fumbling and stumbling. Yale should easily have done away with Cornell, instead of making it necessary for Nondorf and Skrovan, those implacable Yale rear guardsmen, to keep hauling in Cornell passes to save the day. Dartmouth should have triumphed in at least one of its major matches, instead of coming down with a case of the falters. Princeton should have done better with its offense any afternoon, instead of finding it so unviable that the defense, worked to death, simply wore out in the end. And Columbia, unveiling one of the great surprises of the season last Saturday, could not conceivably put down Cornell, at 35–17, but it did—uncertainly at times, yet doggedly and persistently.

An outrider for this correspondent points out that New Hampshire, which overcame a somewhat damaged Rhode Island on Saturday, 31–6, and thus stays in line for a chance at the Yankee Conference pennant, is a first cousin of the Ivy League, in that it began its career more than a century ago in Hanover, as the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, where it had certain privileges on the Dartmouth campus. It did not move off to Durham until, in 1893, the state inherited a large farm there. The outrider, informed of Pagliaro's performance on behalf of Yale, retorted with the news that Burnham, of New Hampshire, who still has a year to go on the varsity, racked up his twenty-seventh touchdown last Saturday, and that Benson, after twice fumbling a Rhode Island punt, ran the ball back seventy-four yards for a further New Hampshire touchdown. The outrider is, it is unnecessary to note, an alumnus of the winning team.

—J. W. L.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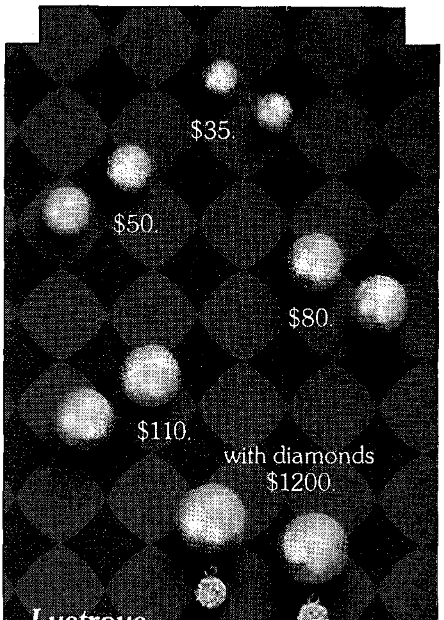

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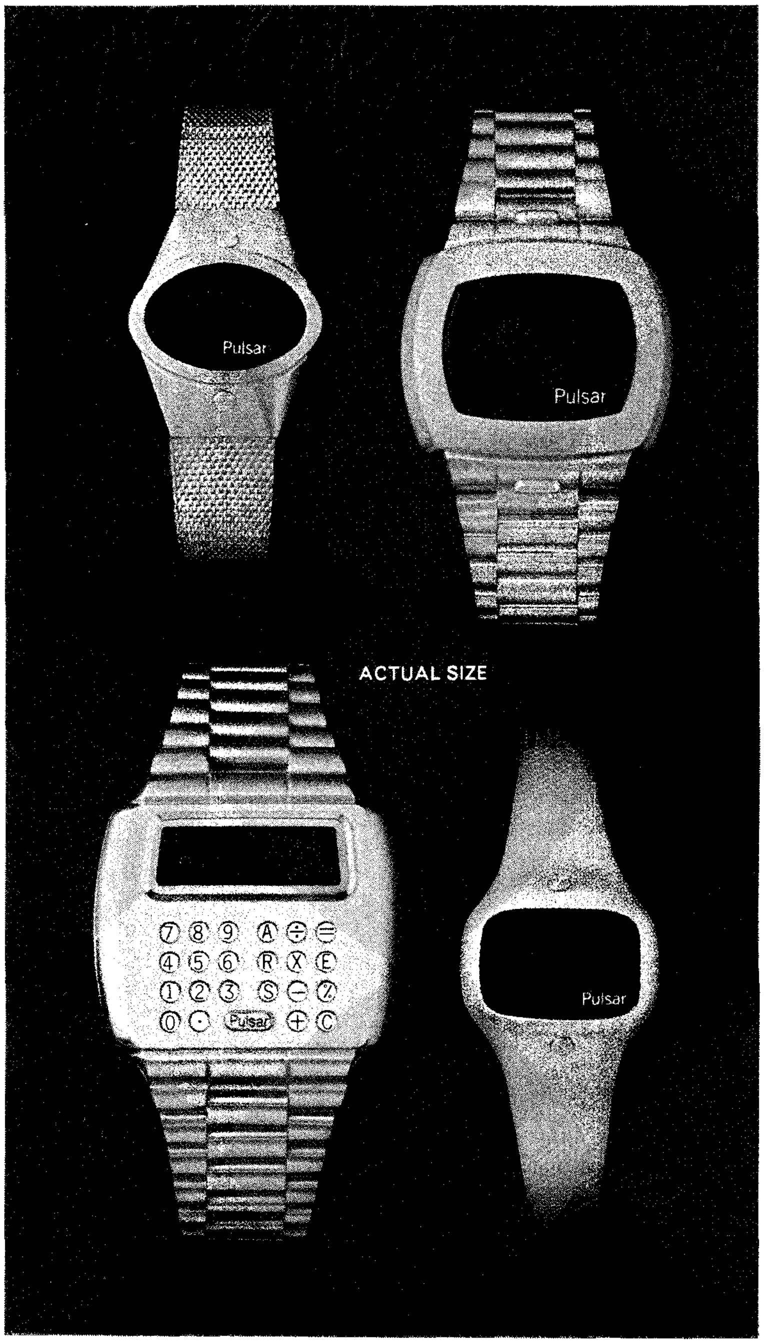

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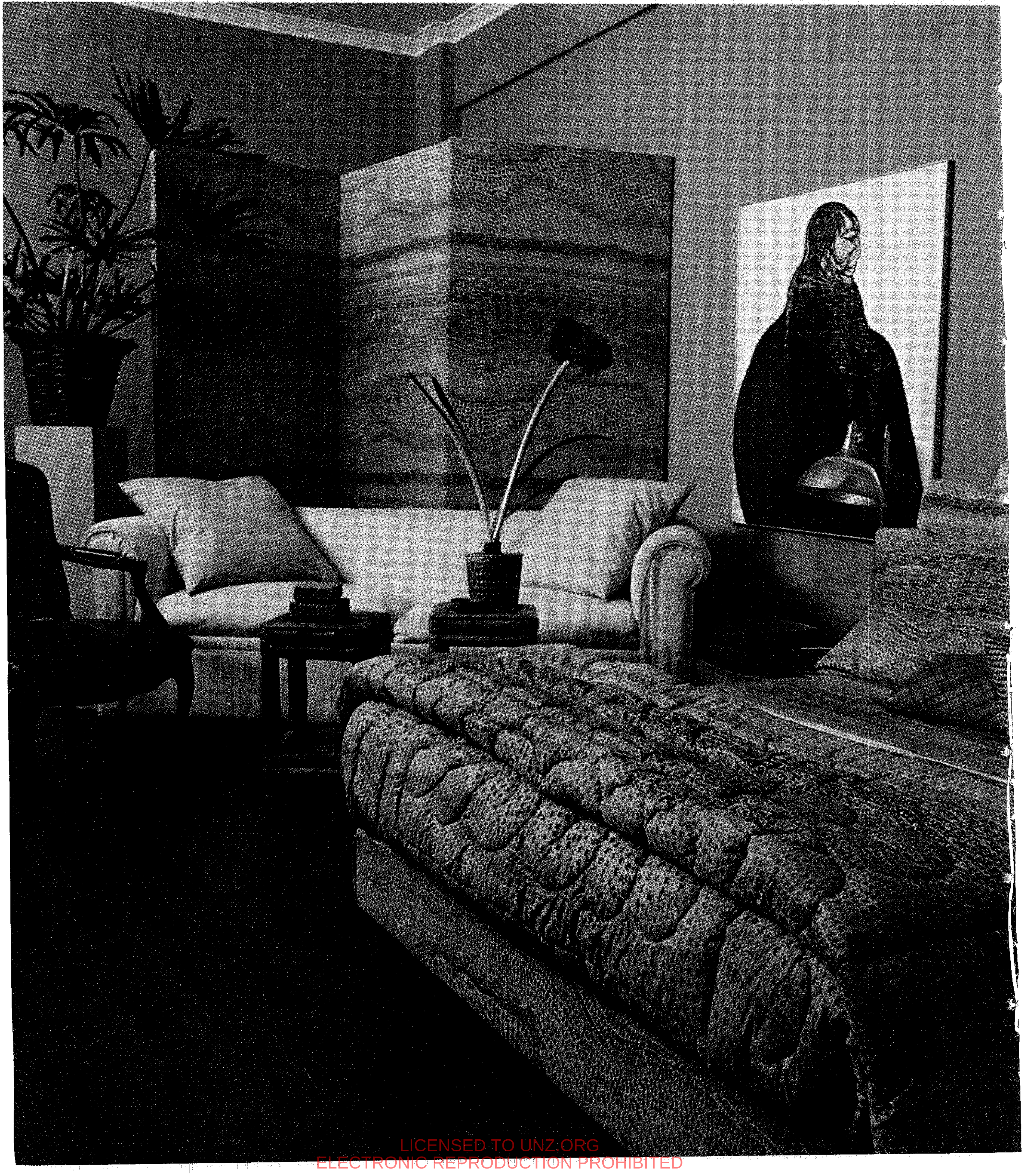

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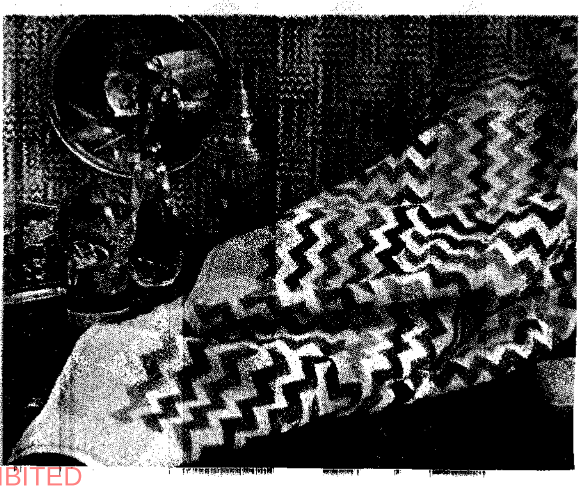

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THE DISORDER OF MANY THEORIES

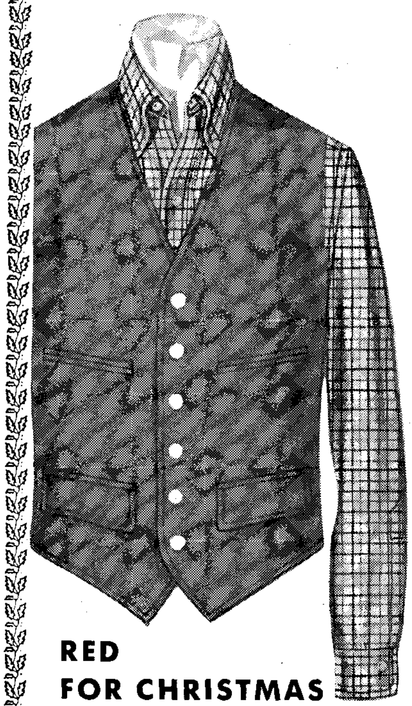
WHAT I remember most acutely about my stuttering is not the strangled sound of my own voice but the impatient looks on other people's faces when I had trouble getting a word out. And if their eyes happened to reflect some of the pain and frustration I was feeling, that only made me more uneasy. There was nothing they could do to help me, and I certainly didn't want their sympathy. I was nine or ten at the time. Like most people with a stuttering problem, I had already learned to live by my wits in a way that normally fluent people cannot begin to appreciate. Whenever I opened my mouth, I mentally glanced ahead at the sentence I wanted to say, to see if there was any word I was likely to stutter on. For me, speaking was like riding down a highway and reading aloud from a series of billboards. I knew that to speak normally I had to keep moving forward at a steady pace. Yet every once in a while I became aware of an obstacle, like an enormous boulder, blocking the road some five or six billboards ahead of me. I knew that when I got to that particular word I would be unable to say it. I never figured out why I stuttered on one word rather than another. Some sounds—like the "m" sound at the beginning of a word—were particularly troublesome; but, even with these, the context was all-important. A sentence might have two words beginning with "m," such as "I'll have to ask my mother." The moment I framed this sentence in my mind, I knew that I would have no trouble pronouncing "my" but that "mother" would be impossible. My usual strategy at such times was to speed up and try to crash through the obstacle. When I succeeded, the sentence came out like this: "I'll [pause for deep breath] havetoaskmymother." This trick worked just often enough to convince some people that I stuttered because I talked too fast. But when it failed I found myself struck dumb in midsentence, unable to go forward or turn back. There were times when I got as far as the first sound in the difficult word and could do nothing but repeat it like a broken record, in the classic stutter that is imitated—usually for laughs—in books and movies. More often, I had a complete block; I would try to form the first sound in the word and something inside me would snap shut, so that if I opened my mouth nothing came out.

At that point, I usually backed up and looked for a detour. Sometimes all I had to do was find a less troublesome word that meant the same thing. For example, I might be able to get away with something like "I'll have to check with my folks." If I couldn't think of a synonym quickly enough, I had no choice but to rephrase the sentence, to try to sneak up on the difficult word from another direction; the result might come out as: "You know how mothers are, I better ask her first." I didn't have the slightest idea why the same word should be easier to say in one context than in another, but whenever it worked out that way I felt an absurd pride in my accomplishment; no one else knew that in order to speak with any fluency I had to become a kind of walking thesaurus. But the strategies of substitution and circumlocution created their own problems. The farther I strayed from the original wording of the sentence, the more I had to guard against letting subtle changes of meaning creep in. If I wasn't careful, I could find myself saying things I didn't quite mean, just to be able to say something. In a way, my situation was not so different from that of a writer in a totalitarian country who tries to communicate under the constant threat of censorship. The fact that I carried the censor around inside my head did not make the situation any less oppressive.

I don't remember exactly when I stopped stuttering. I seem to have outgrown the problem sometime during my adolescence. By the time I graduated from college, it had faded into a childhood nightmare—except for two mercifully brief relapses in my early twenties. In both cases, I found myself in social situations where I desperately wanted to be charming and witty and persuasive, and in both cases I got drunk and ended up completely blocked, unable to make a sound, let alone pronounce a word. In both cases, I was back to normal the next morning.

I still talk too fast, according to my parents (and now my parents-in-law); and occasionally I stumble over a word or two when I'm nervous, as many people do. But speech holds no special terrors for me. Indeed, the more nervous I get, the more I talk. People who did not know me as a child are surprised when I tell them I once had a stuttering problem. Looking back, I can hardly believe it myself. Anyone who has met an adult chronic stutterer knows how terrible an affliction stuttering can be. The classic symptoms of stuttering (or "stammering," an older us-

"In brief, no."



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age, which is still preferred in England) include rapid-fire repetitions of consonant or vowel sounds, especially at the beginning of words; unnaturally prolonged vowel sounds in the middle of words; and complete verbal blocks. The last, of course, are the worst. In the struggle to terminate a block, some stutterers become so agitated that they resemble an epileptic having an attack: cold sweat appears on their foreheads, they gasp for breath, their eyes bulge, their lips quiver, their arms jerk like a puppet's, they spray saliva in all directions; they seem to be literally trying to shake the words loose from their tongue. It is not hard to see why such people were once thought to be possessed by demons; when chronic stutterers talk about themselves, they often refer to their body as if it were under alien control. "My lips refuse to open," they say, or, "My tongue gets stuck to my jaw."

The chronic stutterer knows that he is not suffering from any ordinary speech impediment, like a lisp or slurred vowels caused by bad bite. The ability to communicate through language defines us as human beings in a human society. When men learned to speak, they set themselves off from all other creatures. Stuttering strikes at the very root of this distinction. Most of us have stuttered at times when we were in a hurry or anxious or frightened. But only a few people become chronic stutterers. When I was growing up, I was often told that I stuttered because my mind worked faster than my mouth. (Or was it the other way around?) I was also assured that if a natural left-hander was forced to do things right-handed, he would end up stuttering; and the same was supposedly true of people who got a terrible scare at a young age. I never believed that any of these explanations applied to me. They sounded too much like old wives' tales—on the order of the stories that attributed little Johnny's musical talent to all the records his mother listened to during her last weeks of pregnancy.

Not long ago, I decided to satisfy my curiosity by looking into the voluminous scientific literature that has grown up around stuttering. I had no trouble finding explanations of why people start to stutter. Indeed, I found a grab bag of competing and often contradictory explanations—some of which bore a suspicious resemblance to the old wives' tales I remembered from my childhood. But the first, and possibly the most significant, thing I learned was that nothing about stuttering is

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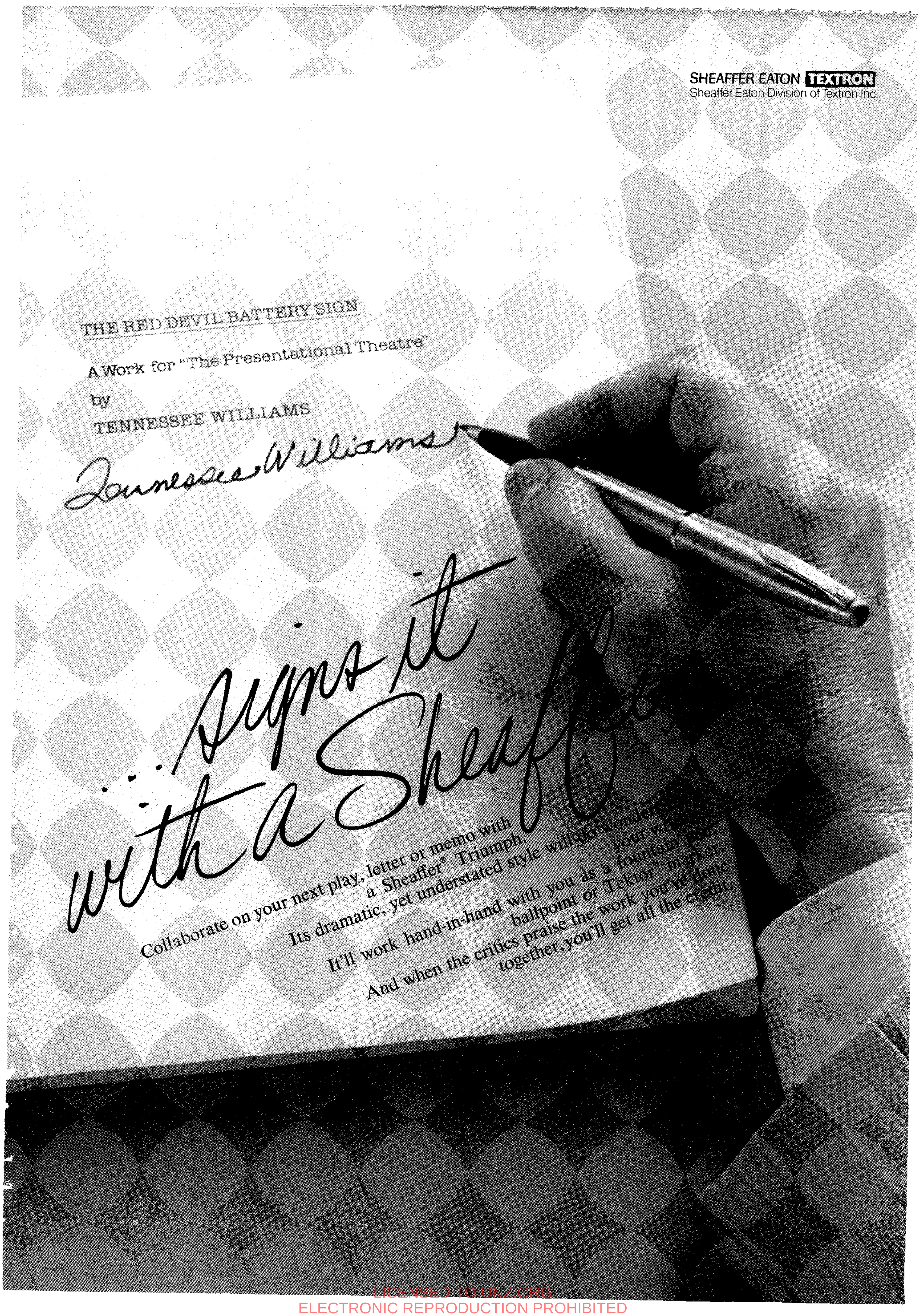
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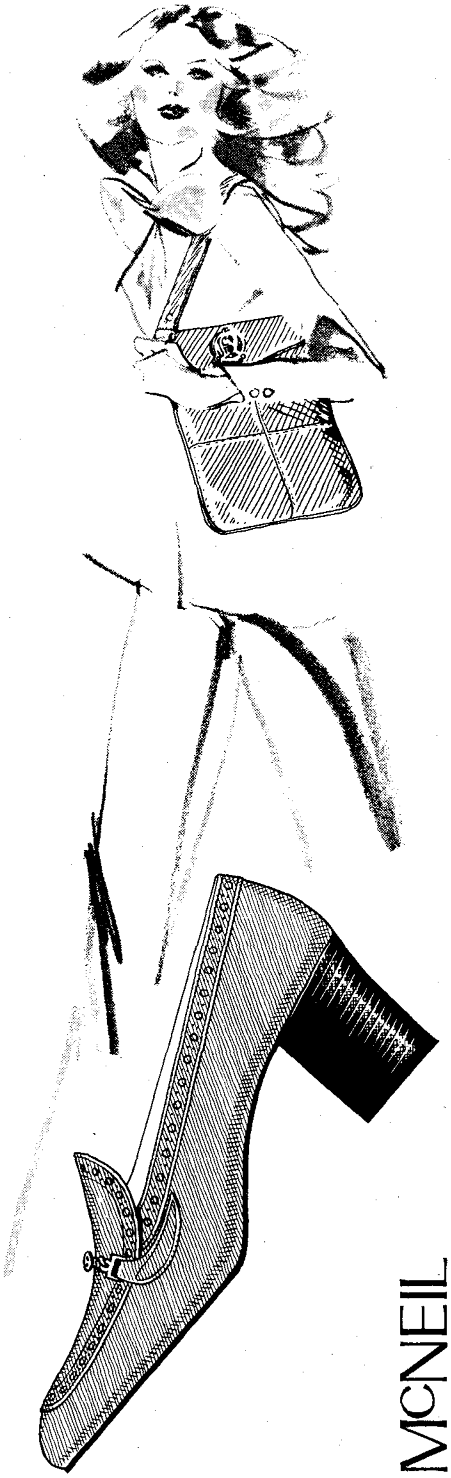

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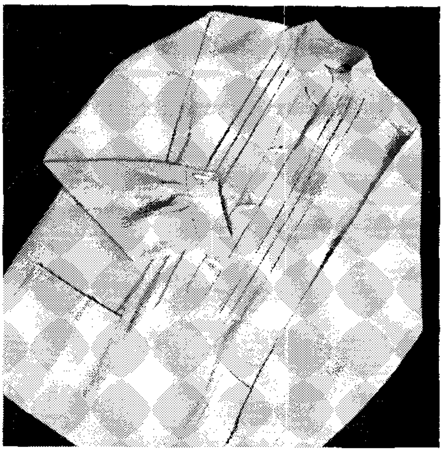
STUTTERING has been called "the disorder of many theories." Over the years, the symptoms of stuttering have been attributed to a number of causes, including a broad range of organic defects, neuroses of one kind or another, social pressures, faulty learning experiences, and endless combinations of these factors. The conflicts of opinion among the experts are hardly academic, since each theory implies a different kind of therapy, and many of the leading authorities on stuttering during the last half century have themselves been lifelong stutterers. I cannot think of another branch of science or medicine in which the Biblical adjuration "Physician, heal thyself" is so poignantly applicable. It is true that all psychoanalysts go through some form of psychotherapy during training, but they rarely write about their own neuroses in the psychoanalytic journals. In the literature on stuttering, however, the dry prose of the objective scientist will suddenly give way to passages of almost confessional intensity—especially when the author is explaining why the long-sought cure for stuttering remains out of reach.

There are certain hard facts about stuttering that everyone agrees *ought* to provide some clues to its underlying nature. Unfortunately, the clues seem to point in several directions at once. Innumerable surveys have established that in Western countries, no matter what language or local dialect is spoken, about one per cent of the population has a stuttering problem. (The United States is estimated to have two million stutterers today.) The same surveys show that young males are much more likely than young females to become stutterers—by a ratio of three or four to one, according to some researchers. One way to account for these statistics is to assume that people stutter because of a genetically transmitted flaw—a defect in the speech apparatus or a "miswired" circuit in the nervous system—that reliably shows up in a certain subgroup of the population, like birthmarks or color blindness or male-pattern baldness. So far, however, all attempts to identify the physiological basis of stuttering have failed. In fact, investigators have failed to detect any obvious difference between people who stutter and people who don't. This may not be surprising in light of another finding: the problem of stuttering typically appears between the ages of three



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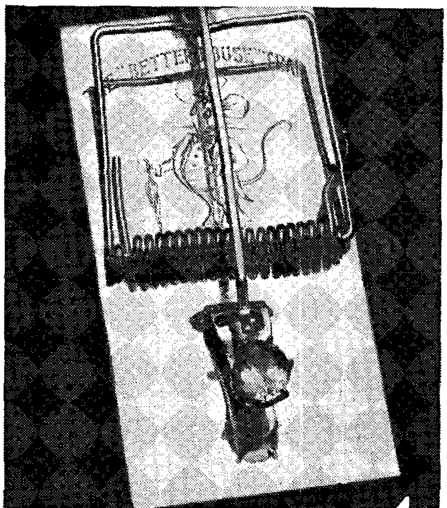

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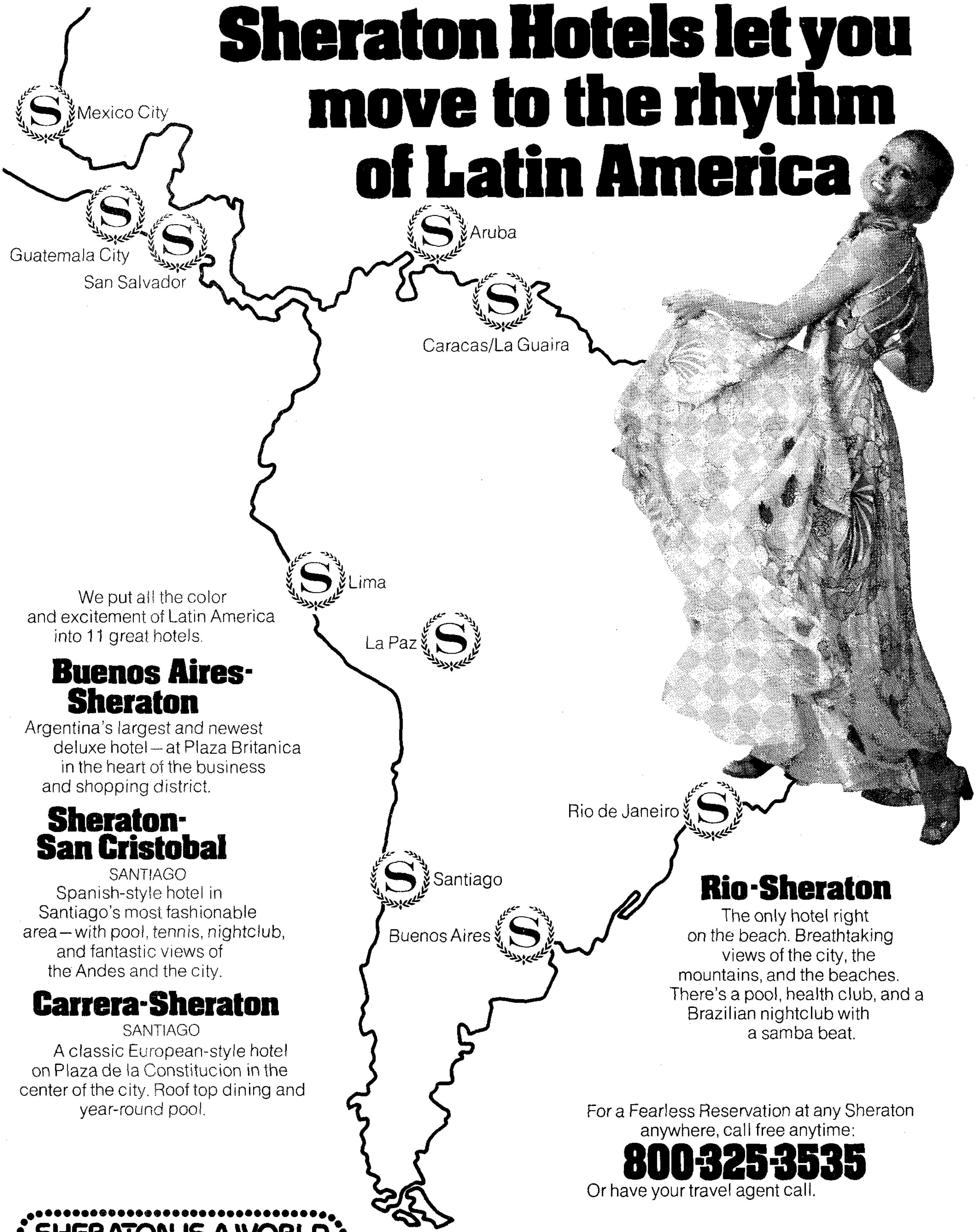

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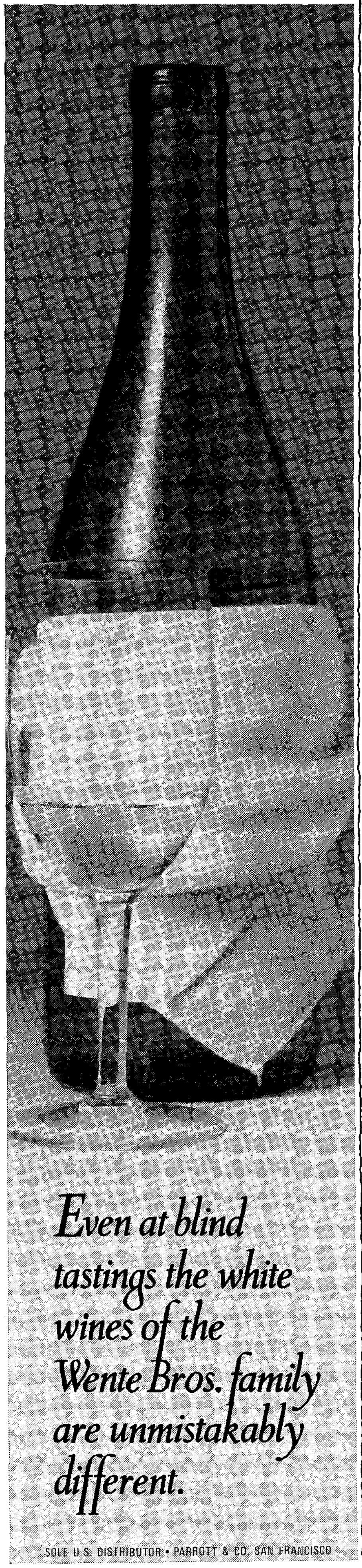

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and five, *after* the child has already made great strides toward fluency. In other words, the mechanism works well enough when it is first set in motion; the trouble comes later, just as speech is becoming less of a feat and more of a habit.

Some observers argue that since stuttering has not been shown to have a physiological basis it must be a neurotic symptom, whose origin should be sought in the unresolved conflicts of early childhood. Just as certain people express their neuroses through sick headaches, and others by eating too much, the stutterer may have deep-seated personality problems that find expression—or, rather, nonexpression—in speech blocks and repetitions. The one thing that virtually every stutterer has trouble with is his own name—particularly when he is called upon to identify himself to someone in authority. But if stuttering is a neurotic symptom, why do countless objective studies using standard diagnostic tests indicate that stutterers are no more neurotic than the rest of the population? And why have so many psychotherapists (starting with Freud himself) conceded that their methods are not much help in straightening out the speech of patients who stutter? No one doubts that chronic stutterers have personality problems. The question is, which comes first—the stuttering or the problems? It would take a strong personality indeed to remain unmarked by the experience of picking up a telephone and staring into the mouthpiece, unable to speak, while the person on the other end says, with mounting annoyance, "Hello? Hello? Who is this? Is anybody there?"

There is one fact about stuttering so obvious that its significance is often overlooked: no one stutters all the time. Most chronic stutterers have certain words that almost always give them trouble in ordinary conversation; these are known as Jonah words, for obvious reasons. But the same words—or the same sounds, at least—will flow effortlessly from the stutterer's lips if he is conversing in a foreign language, or talking in a funny accent, or singing, or reciting a sentence in unison with someone else. Even the most severely handicapped stutterer—the young man, say, who goes through fearsome contortions to get out a few words to a girl at a party—will be able to articulate with ease when he is talking to a small child, or to a dog or some other animal, or to his own reflection in the bathroom mirror.

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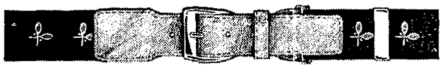

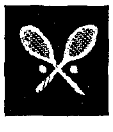
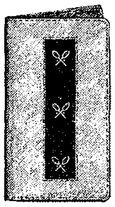
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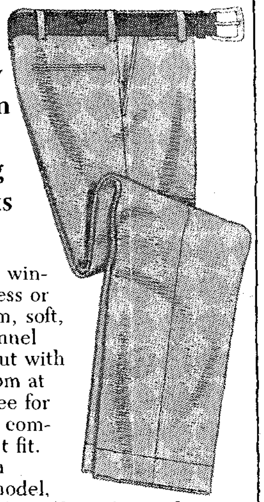
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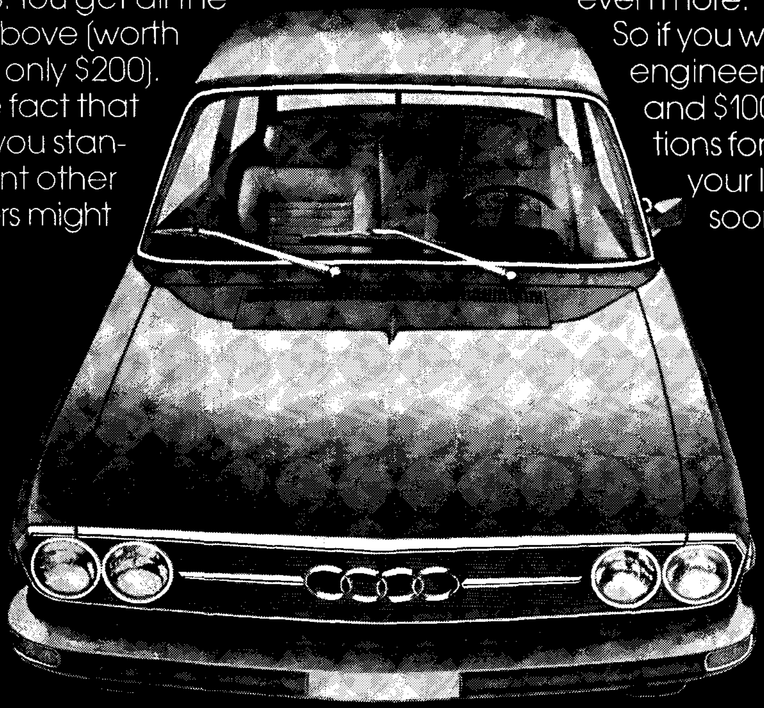

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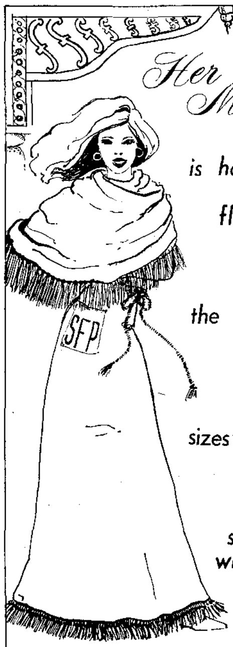
can make stuttering worse, it has been suggested that social pressure is to blame for stuttering in the first place. According to one theory, a child starts to stutter because he is overaware of the need to use the "correct" word, the "correct" accent, and so on. Proponents of this theory cite the curious fact that several American Indian tribes in the Midwest—among them the Utes and the Bannocks—have virtually no stuttering problem. It happens that these tribes also have a remarkably permissive attitude toward children's speech. By contrast, their distant cousins in the Pacific Northwest, the Cowichans, expect children to take part at an early age in complicated rituals under the critical eyes and ears of the tribal elders. The Cowichans, who place a premium on verbal skills, have a highly competitive society—and a high incidence of stuttering.

It may well be that the reason the children of the Utes and the Bannocks do not stutter is that no one ever tries to make them speak "correctly." But the theory fails to explain why in so many other cultures some children of nagging parents turn into stutterers while others do not. In trying to account for the known facts about stuttering without playing down individual and cultural differences, some researchers have emphasized that stuttering is essentially learned behavior—a speech habit ingrained in a child as a result of certain childhood experiences and periodically reinforced during normal social intercourse. Taking their cues from Ivan Pavlov and B. F. Skinner, a number of behavioral therapists have recently attempted to cure stuttering by breaking the old patterns of reinforcement. Their preliminary reports of success must be evaluated with great care, for stuttering is notoriously susceptible to the so-called placebo effect. The most severe case will respond temporarily to almost any form of therapy, no matter how bizarre, as long as the stutterer thinks he is in good hands. Furthermore, recent studies have shown that as many as four-fifths of all young children who are labelled stutterers simply stop stuttering by the end of adolescence—as I did—without any treatment whatever.

For all these reasons, stuttering therapy has always been a fruitful field for faith healers of various persuasions, for overenthusiastic amateurs, and for outright charlatans. Since even the adult severe stutterer can speak fluently some of the time, a "cure" always seems tantalizingly close. And the same scenario has been repeated time and



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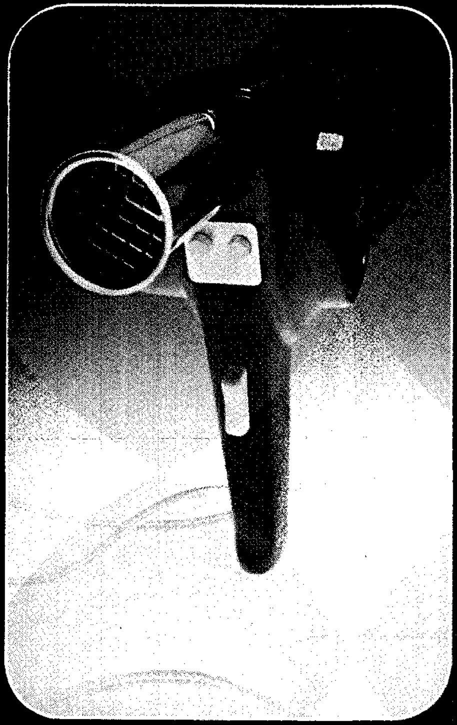

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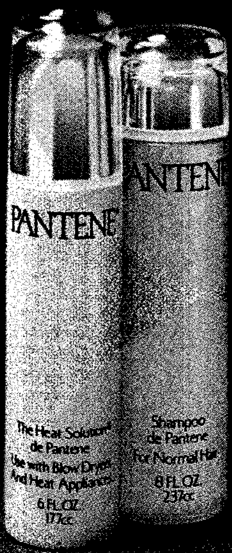
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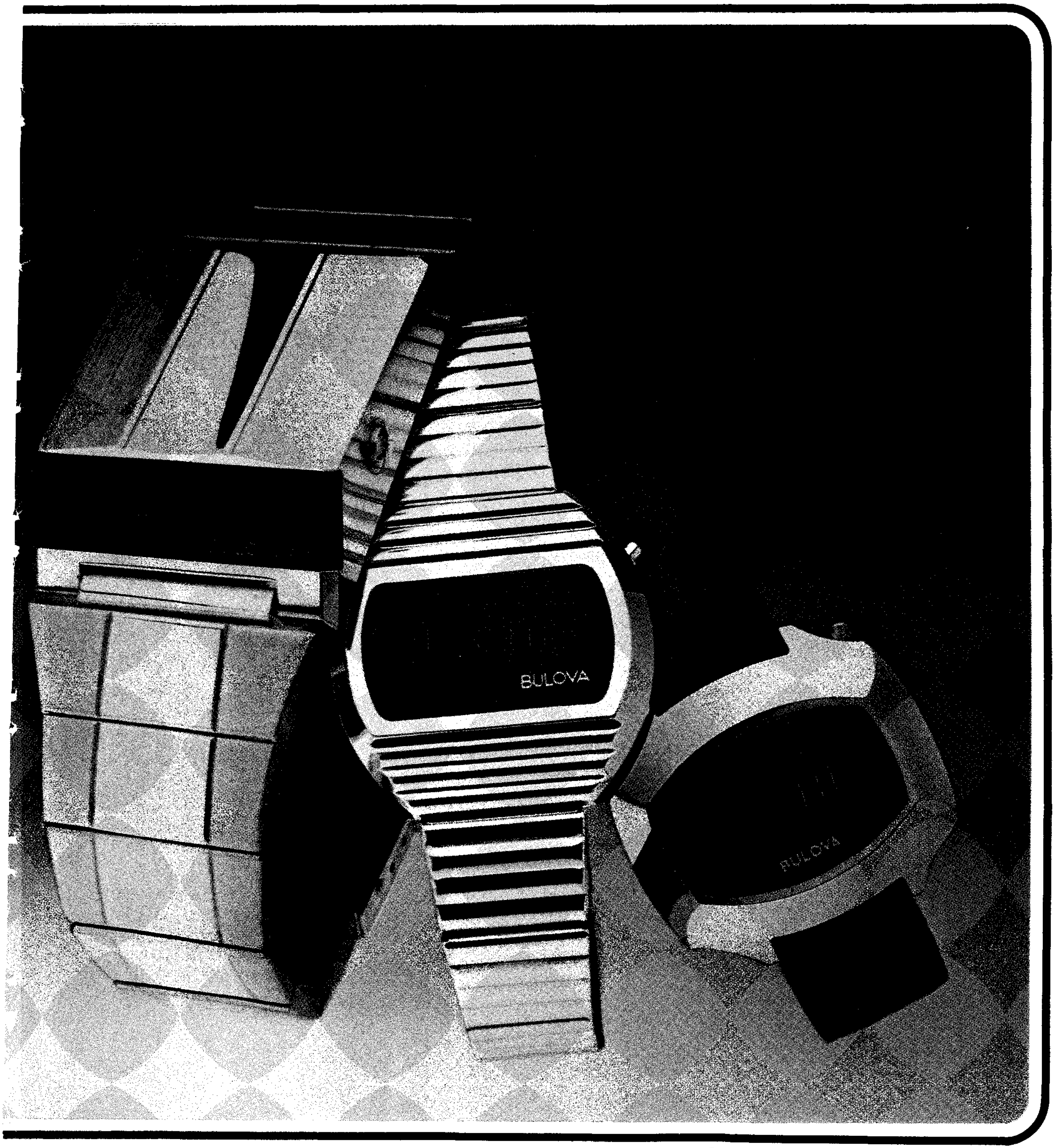

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time again in history: high hopes prematurely aroused, only to be cruelly disappointed.

A HEARTFELT prayer to be relieved of the anguish of stuttering has been found on a cuneiform tablet from Mesopotamia, dated several centuries before Christ. There is no indication that the prayer was answered. When the voice from the burning bush commanded Moses to lead his people out of Egypt, Moses protested that he was "slow of speech, and of a slow tongue," and legend has it that his problem was a stutter. We know on the authority of the Old Testament that the problem was solved not by a miracle but by an evasion. When the time came to inform the Israelites of God's command, it was his brother Aaron who "spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses." What may be the first recorded cure for stuttering is described in a Greek myth about a young prince named Battus, who beseeched the oracle at Delphi to unscramble his speech. In its usual roundabout way, the oracle told Battus to gather an army, sail to North Africa, subdue the hostile inhabitants, and never return. Despite his stuttered reply that he was not the man for the job, Battus obeyed, and, the tale concludes, he not only triumphed in battle but spoke happily ever after as the golden-tongued ruler of the Greek colony of Cyrene.

The implied moral—that a stutterer can be cured by a drastic change of environment—gives the myth of Battus a strangely modern ring. (Behavior therapy says much the same thing, in a different jargon.) The most famous of all myths about stuttering—the story of Demosthenes, who learned to speak clearly by outshouting the surf through a mouthful of pebbles—suggests that stuttering is a problem of misarticulation which can be overcome with practice. Whatever the value of these mythological insights, the more down-to-earth Greeks were convinced that stuttering was caused by some gross physical defect of the speech organs, and this insight dominated Western medical thought for the next two millennia.

Aristotle, who some authorities say stuttered himself, believed that the stutterer's tongue was abnormally thick or hard, and so was "too sluggish to keep pace with the imagination." Hippocrates put the blame on an excessively dry tongue, and he prescribed blistering substances to drain away the "black bile" causing the trouble. The Roman physician Celsus suggested gargling and

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massages to strengthen a weak tongue. And Galen, the second-century Greek physician, who was looked upon as the supreme medical authority in Europe during the Middle Ages, thought that the stutterer's tongue was too cold and wet. In the early seventeenth century, Francis Bacon approached the problem with a mind trained in the new scientific empiricism; he concluded that many people stuttered because of "the Refrigeration of the tongue, whereby it is less apt to move." To thaw the stiff tongue he suggested a draught of hot wine.

The long tradition of "curing" a stutterer by correcting some imagined defect of the tongue reached a horrifying climax in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the Prussian surgeon Johann Friedrich Dieffenbach decided that people stuttered because their tongues were too large. Fitting practice to theory in a number of cases, Dieffenbach proceeded to cut the excessive organs down to size by snipping off chunks from the tip or the sides. According to his own testimony, these operations were highly successful.

Partly in reaction to such abuses, other investigators in the early nineteenth century began to explore the possibility that stuttering was caused by some kind of "nervous condition" or "predisposition." But since the nervous system itself was then largely beyond the reach of medical science, therapeutic attention was focussed on the stutterer's outward symptoms, especially abnormal breathing and faulty coördination of the speech organs. The nineteenth century was, after all, the heyday of elocution. The mastery of public speaking was considered an important accomplishment for the educated classes (and a virtual necessity for the socially ambitious parvenu). The basic premise of the elocutionary movement was that most people picked up bad speech habits during childhood, and that these habits could be eradicated if the individual was taught the "proper" use of his speech organs. With this as a working hypothesis, many professors of elocution took it upon themselves to treat the symptoms of stuttering without worrying much about the underlying causes.

In 1841, Professor Andrew Comstock, of the Vocal and Polyglott Gymnasium, in Philadelphia, laid out a detailed therapeutic program for stuttering which began with breathing exercises and built up through the diligent practice of individual sounds, words, and phrases, until the student was ready to "commit to memory a

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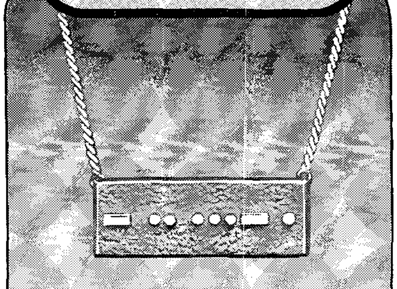

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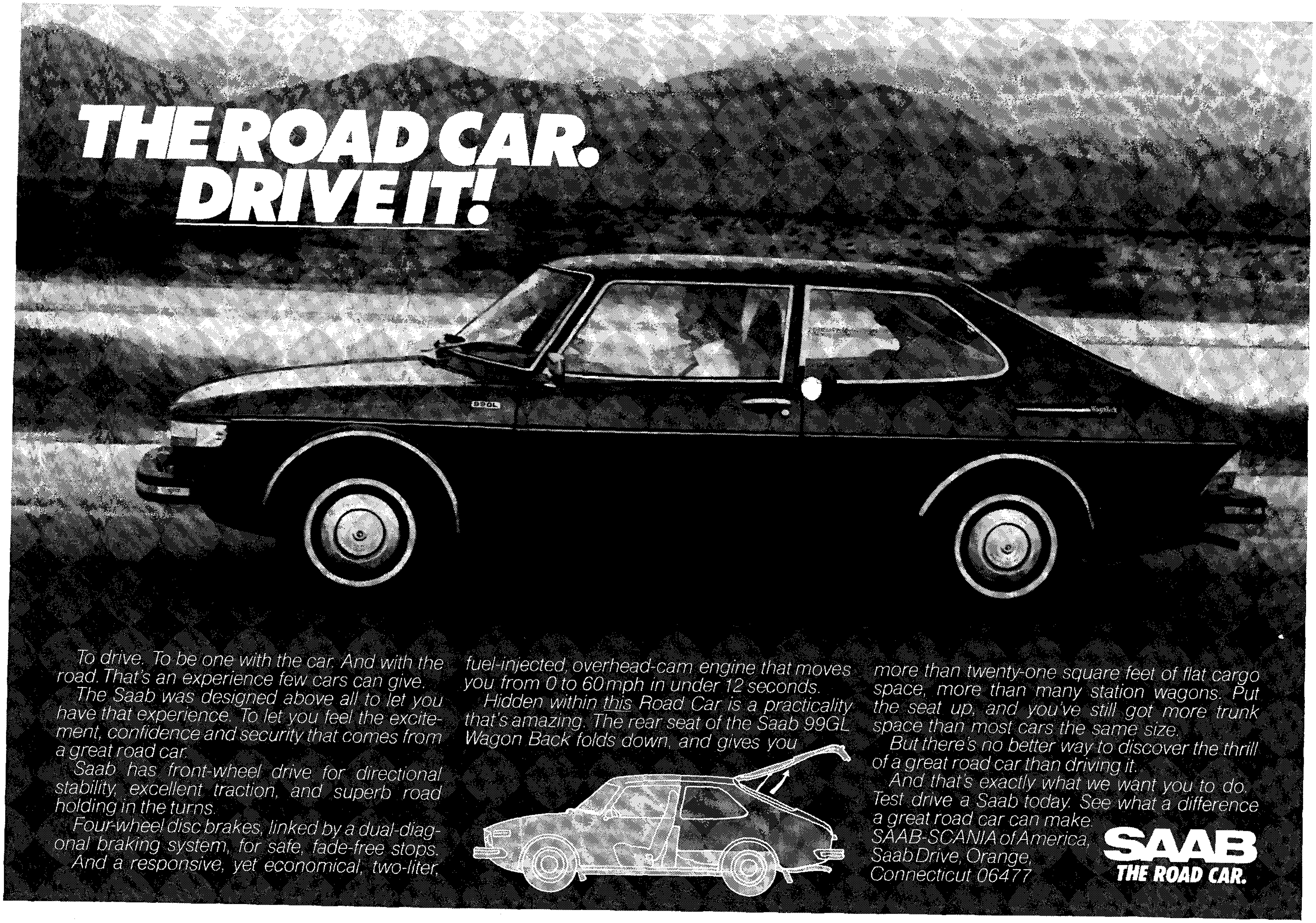

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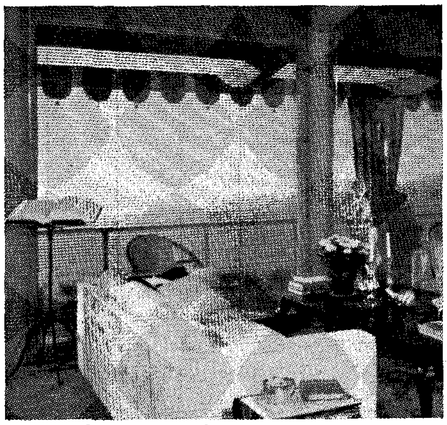

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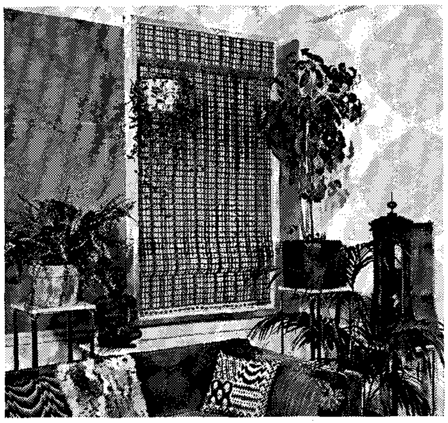

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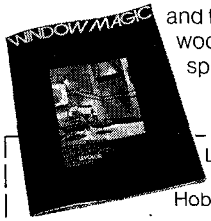

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short piece which requires to be spoken with explosive force; for example 'Satan's Speech to his Legions' " (from Milton's "Paradise Lost"). Soon after, in England, Alexander Melville Bell, a famous teacher of the deaf (whose son later invented the telephone), made an even stronger case for the elocutionary approach to the treatment of "stammering." In "The Principles of Speech and Vocal Physiology," he decried the "professional dogma and popular delusion" that a stammer was caused by some kind of organic defect. It was nothing but a bad habit, Bell insisted, and you cannot "excise a habit" with a scalpel or dose it with a tonic. Instead of seeking help from surgeons and physicians, Bell said, the person who stammered should spend his time "reëducating" his unruly speech organs: "Let the stammerer particularly attend to the disposition of his lips . . . to prevent their officious meddling with sounds over which they have no legitimate influence." To keep the teeth in line, Bell suggested speaking aloud while biting down firmly on the blade of a paper cutter. The tongue, which Bell characterized as "the most alert and obedient organ in the body," should not give too much trouble: "This member is fairly easily disciplined to good habits and broken off from bad ones."

Another theory that was very much in vogue in the nineteenth century was that stuttering could be "contagious"—in the sense that one child would begin to stutter in conscious imitation of another child and soon find himself unable to stop. The suggested remedy: weed all stutterers out of your child's circle of playmates.

Of all the early attempts to explain stuttering as a perverse misuse of fundamentally healthy organs, my favorite is a little book entitled "Shut Your Mouth," by George Catlin, the American portrait painter who achieved fame as a frontier artist. During his lengthy travels with various tribes of Plains Indians, Catlin made two shrewd observations: unlike the slack-jawed white settlers, the Indians kept their lips firmly sealed most of the time; and when they did open their mouths to speak, they never stuttered. Putting one and one together, Catlin concluded that stuttering was caused by "a nervous hesitation and vibration of the underjaw when brought up from its habitual hanging state to perform its part in articulation." A comparison of "savage and civilized human beings" revealed "the necessity and desirability to keep the mouth closed, except during speak-

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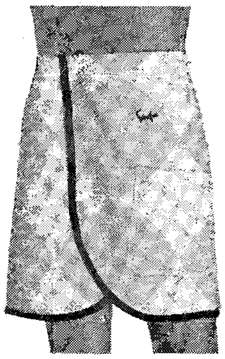

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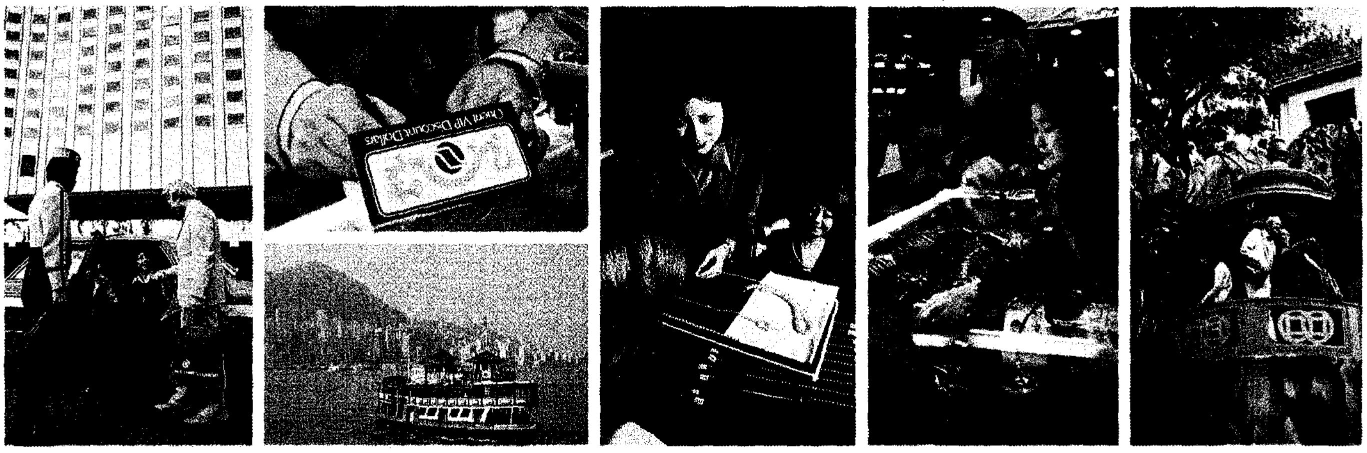

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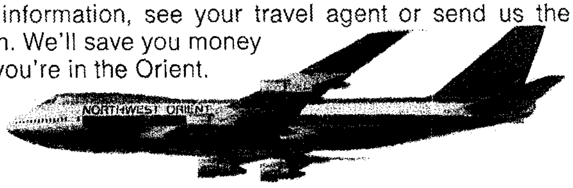
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ing and taking food." Snoring was also to be avoided.

There are no statistics to tell us whether more stutterers were helped by the methods of Comstock and Bell than by the advice of Catlin. At least, Bell was a serious student of speech problems, who promised no easy cures. But the elocutionary approach lent itself all too readily to exploitation, in the form of commercial stuttering schools operated by people with little training and few scruples. Before agreeing to perform a "cure" for a fat fee, these practitioners would swear the stutterers to eternal silence about the methods to be used. In most cases, the treatment was based on the well-known fact that stutterers temporarily stop stuttering when they are distracted from their usual speech patterns. Since almost any novel stimulus will serve as a distraction (until the novelty wears off), the stuttering schools taught their students to rely on such gimmicks as talking with a singsong inflection, talking with an exaggerated drawl, and talking while tapping a finger, swinging the arms, or stamping a foot.

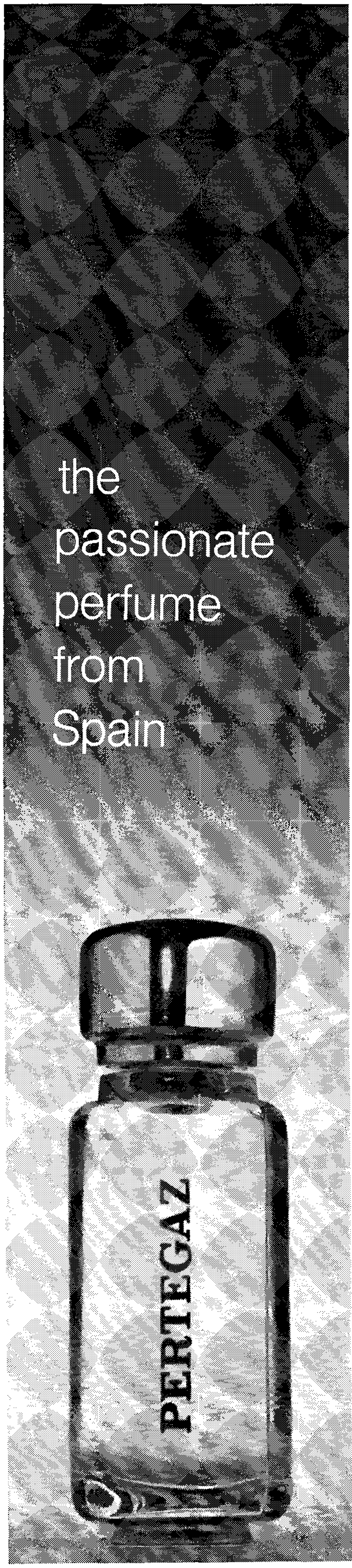
In between practice sessions, the students were given pep talks to build up their confidence and strengthen their "will." At the same time, they were told to forgo all attempts at ordinary conversation until the end of the treatment—which might take weeks, or even months. Once a stutterer had learned to speak fluently within the confines of the school, he was considered ready to resume his normal life. The practitioner had little to fear from an unsatisfied customer. When the inevitable relapse occurred—when the distracting gimmicks no longer distracted and the artificially bolstered self-confidence faltered—the abject stutterer would be the last person in the world to demand his money back.

Despite the legions of quacks and charlatans that the elocutionary movement harbored, it did provide the germ of the science of speech pathology. Bell once compared the job of a speech instructor to that of a music teacher giving flute lessons. Obviously, the first qualification for such a job is a thorough understanding of the instrument. And if the elocutionists' efforts to teach fluent speech to stutterers proved anything, it was that no one knew very much about the speech instrument.

The sounds of human speech are normally produced by "playing" on the outgoing stream of air as we exhale. Once the air leaves the chest cavity, it flows past a series of muscular baffles and valves that partly or completely impede its passage for varying lengths of time. In the larynx, or voice box, the moving air sets into vibration two small folds of flesh known as the vocal cords. These serve as the reeds of the speech instrument. By altering the tension and configuration of the vocal cords, the speaker can alter the pitch of the sounds that issue from his throat. These laryngeal sounds are in large part the raw material of speech. Shaping this material into the infinitely varied vowels and consonants of all the languages on earth requires exquisitely modulated changes in the tension, position, and configuration of the lips, tongue, jaws, cheeks, velum (or soft palate), and other structures in the so-called vocal cavity. As many as seventy-five muscles may be called into play during the production of a simple "mama." And, of course, each movement must come in exactly on cue. It does no good to set the lips for an "m" sound if you are inhaling, or to purse your lips for a "u" sound if your glottis has just closed and shut off the flow of air from the windpipe. Such attempts to defy the laws of physics have actually been observed during severe stuttering blocks.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, enough was known about the physiology of speech to convince even the most enthusiastic elocutionist that stuttering was no simple speech impediment, traceable to a physical defect like a misshapen palate or buckteeth. Certainly, there was something wrong with a person who repeatedly tried to make an "m" sound while inhaling; but the trouble seemed to be in his head, not in his mouth or throat. Some researchers took this insight quite literally; for them, stuttering was a symptom of a damaged or defective brain. This view was popular in Germany, where a school of speech pathologists tried to trace the difficulty to one cerebral structure or another.

Other investigators, who adopted the vocabulary and methods of Sigmund Freud, began searching for the cause—and cure—of stuttering in the regions of the unconscious. Freud himself had failed to relieve one of his early patients of a bad stutter; and he expressed doubt that psychoanalysis was an appropriate way to treat this complaint. But his followers were less cautious. Everyone agreed that stuttering was a neurotic symptom; the dispute began over what neurosis it was a symptom of. One analyst argued that stutterers were fixated at the infantile



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stage of "oral eroticism." Did not the compulsive repetition of lip and tongue movements represent "an act of nursing at an imaginary nipple"? Another analyst located the fixation at a different level: "One may speak, in stuttering, of a displacement upward of the functions of the anal sphincters." A German researcher identified a specific kind of stutter—*Spuckstottern*, in which the stutterer sprays the listener with saliva—as a sign of barely veiled aggression. (According to this interpretation, the stutterer is really saying "On the whole, I am glad that I can spit at you.") Stuttering was also seen as expressing a general ambivalence about communication: the person stutters because he desperately wants to talk to someone but is afraid of revealing what he considers to be his literally unspeakable desires and fantasies.

No matter what else they argued about, the psychoanalysts and the psychiatrists were all convinced of one thing: that it would be futile to try to cure a person's stutter without treating his underlying personality problems. Even if the stutter could be cleared up by purely symptomatic therapy, the neurotic would need something else to blame all his shortcomings on—and in due time another, possibly less attractive symptom would appear in place of the speech impediment.

JUST when the psychoanalytical approach seemed most strongly entrenched in the United States, a new theory, based on the latest neurological insights, pointed toward a very subtle kind of organic defect as the cause of stuttering. Almost all the muscles involved in speech—from those that control the vocal cords to those that move the jaw up and down—are arranged in bilateral pairs. To produce intelligible speech, the muscles on one side of the body must move in perfect synchrony with the muscles on the other side. For instance, when I want to say "pop" both sides of my mouth must open and close at the same time; even a slight discrepancy in timing will garble the sound. In the fine tuning of the vocal cords, the margin for error is even smaller.

Because of the way the nervous system is organized, the muscles on the left side of the body are controlled by signals from the right hemisphere of the brain, and vice versa. Obviously, neither hemisphere can act in total isolation from the other, or there would be chaos instead of finely coördinated movement. What is not so obvious is how the coördination is achieved. By the late nineteen-twenties, there was

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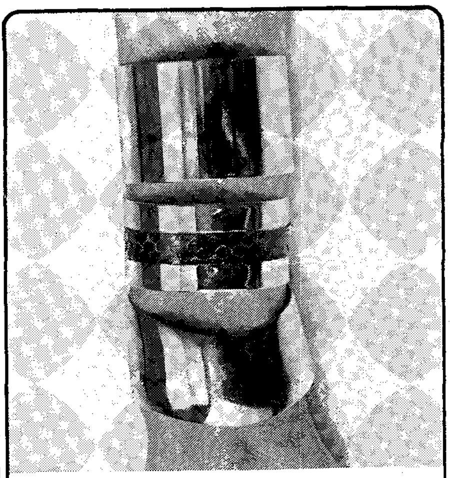

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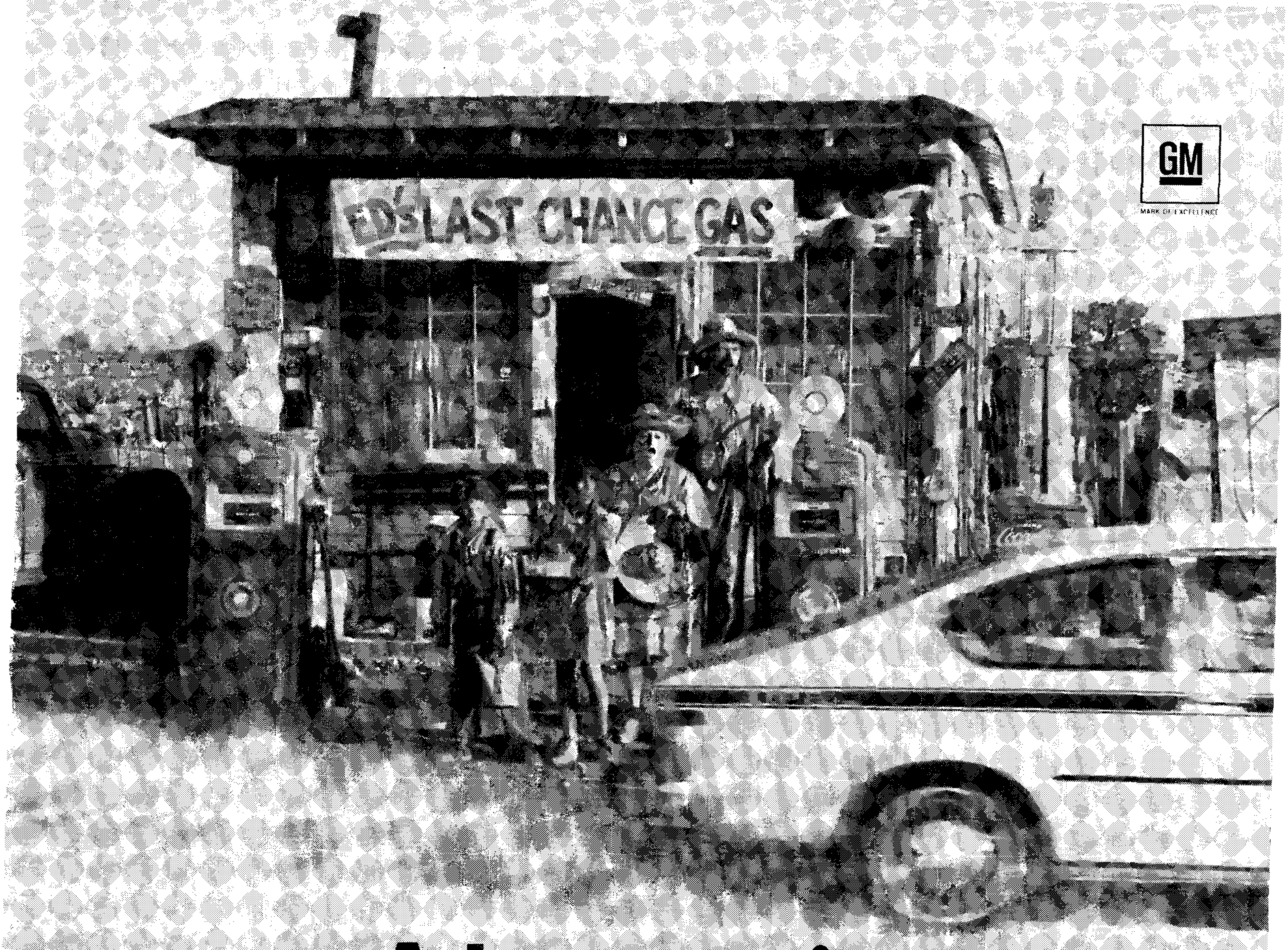

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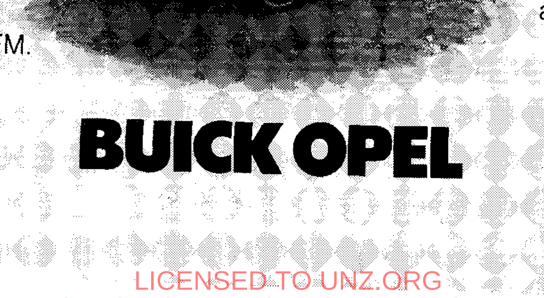

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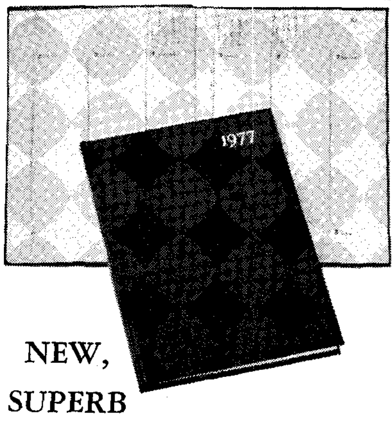
good reason to believe that the left hemisphere of the brain is normally dominant; that is, it sets the pace and imposes its pattern of timing on the right hemisphere for many bilateral functions, including speech. The best evidence for this "cerebral dominance" came from case histories of brain-damaged patients; tumors or lesions on the left side of the brain were much more likely to produce serious speech deficits than identical damage on the right side. Of course, if the left cerebral hemisphere was normally dominant, this would also explain why most people are right-handed. In left-handed people, presumably, the right hemisphere played the dominant role. The trouble with stutterers—according to a theory advanced in 1927 by Lee Travis, the director of the University of Iowa Speech Clinic, and Dr. Samuel Orton, the chairman of the university's department of psychiatry—was that neither hemisphere was dominant enough. Instead of one side of the brain acting as a tyrant to oversee all muscular activity, the two hemispheres competed for control of every movement. To explain how this state of cerebral anarchy might come about, Orton and Travis speculated that many stutterers had been born left-handed but had been forced to do things with their right hands as children. This had "strengthened" the left side of the brain at the expense of the right—not enough to reverse the dominance but enough to prevent either side from exercising firm control. The resulting lack of synchrony might not be so evident in large-scale motor functions—like walking—but it could be disastrous for a person trying to speak.

One possible cure immediately suggested itself: take all right-handed stutterers and switch them back to being lefties. To test this hypothesis, Orton and Travis needed a human guinea pig—someone with a severe stutter who was willing to undertake the difficult task of reëducating his neuromuscular-control system. They found the ideal candidate in a young Kansan named Wendell Johnson, who had come to the University of Iowa in the fall of 1926 because of its reputation as a leading research center for stuttering. He was twenty years old, and he had been stuttering since the age of six. His stutter was so severe that when he met Travis for the first time and handed him a letter of introduction, he was unable to utter so much as a "hello."

A few years earlier, Johnson had attended a commercial stuttering



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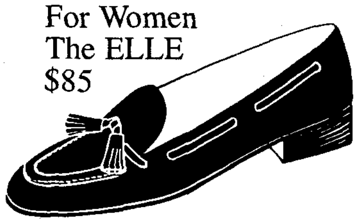

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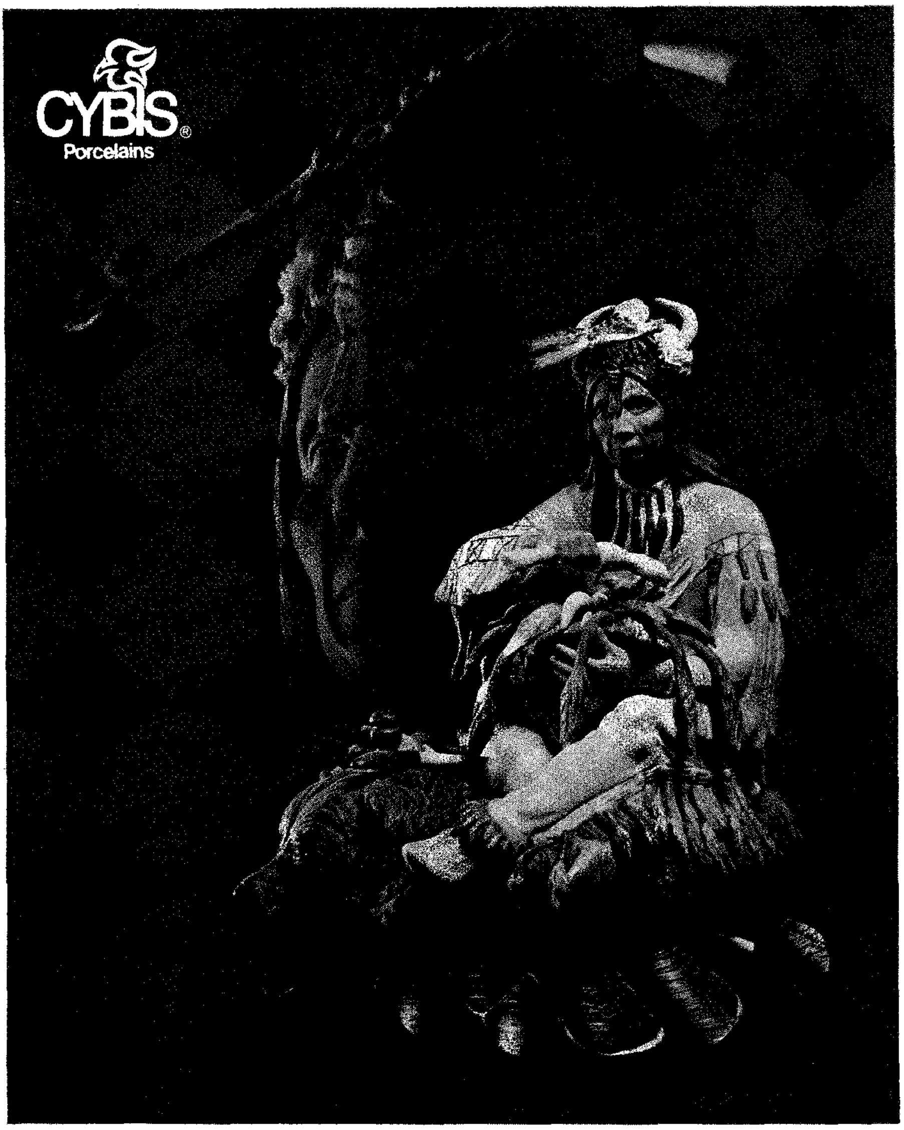
school, where he spent three months learning to speak in a "drawling monotone," and swinging dumbbells while chanting in a loud voice such inspirational slogans as "Have more backbone and less wishbone" and "Little drops of water wear away a rock." The stuttering school had been an expensive and humiliating failure. But that did not dim his enthusiasm for Travis's proposal, which was based, after all, not on quackery but on science.

Although Johnson had been doing most things right-handed for as long as he could remember—and doing them well enough to be acclaimed as a schoolboy athlete in his home town—he accepted the suggestion that he had begun using his right hand only in unconscious imitation of other members of his family. And he set out to become a "thoroughgoing left-handed person" in the hope that this would, as he put it, "reëstablish my native dominance in its original intensity." During the first few years of the experiment, he kept a written record of his thoughts and feelings, which was published in book form in 1930 under the title "Because I Stutter." At this time, Johnson was convinced that he had finally found the source of his trouble. "The severity of my stuttering has declined markedly, and my attitude toward stuttering has changed enormously," he wrote. "I have stripped from my speech defect its ominous mystery." Alas, his optimism was premature. In another book, "Stuttering and What You Can Do About It," published in 1961, he looked back at the results of all his hard work: "Ten years and countless bruises later, having become a threat to my own thumbs, I placed in storage [my] many ingenious braces and mittens . . . put away my left-handed scissors, and with my right hand wrote 'Finis' to the experiment, still stuttering splendidly."

By 1940, Johnson was on his way to becoming *the* authority on stuttering in the United States. As Travis's associate and eventually his successor at the Iowa Speech Clinic, Johnson began to focus his attention on the social context in which stuttering develops. Johnson's theory about the cause of stuttering, which has been called the "diagnosogenic" or "semantogenic" theory, grew out of a simple but startling observation: Stuttering is a social disease in the truest sense—you get it only because someone else says you have it. Johnson declared that the stutterer's trouble began *not* with a faulty nervous system but with a faulty diagnosis, usually by his parents. Every young child occa-



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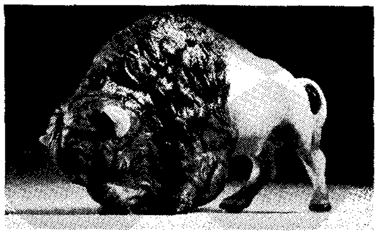

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sionally hesitates in his speech, repeats syllables, gropes for words, and in general has difficulty saying what is on his mind. According to a study conducted by one of Johnson's graduate students, these normal childhood "disfluencies" occur on the average of fifty times for every thousand words spoken. For instance, a child may come running into the house shouting, "I-I-I-I want some ice cream." Most parents will ignore the rapid repetition; they may not even be aware of it, because they are concentrating on what the child is saying and not on how he is saying it. Some adults, however, will do just the opposite. They worry about the way their child speaks. They assume that he should be able to speak perfectly by the age of three or four, and when he fails to live up to their expectations, they begin to think of him as a stutterer. Inevitably, the child senses their concern—and the effect on his speech is disastrous, Johnson says. The child "learns to doubt that he can talk smoothly enough to please the people he talks to, mainly his parents," and, "He learns to fear what will happen if he doesn't. What this amounts to is that he learns to be afraid that 'he will stutter.' Naturally, therefore, he tries to do anything and everything he can think of to 'keep from stuttering.' Instead of just talking, he tries to talk 'without stuttering,' by doing things like pressing his lips together tightly, or holding his breath—but these are the things he does that he, and everyone else, calls his stuttering. Stuttering then is what the stutterer does trying not to stutter." Confused and embarrassed by his apparent failure to control his speech apparatus, the child eventually accepts the notion that there is something deeply wrong with him. And once he has labelled himself a "stutterer" his chances of escaping the vicious circle are slim indeed.

Johnson's theory was based not on his own childhood memories—he could not recall his parents' making any fuss about his speech before he was six—but on hundreds of interviews with parents of stutterers who had brought their children to the Iowa Speech Clinic for treatment. The attitudes of these parents were compared with the attitudes of a control group whose children did not stutter. Johnson found that the parents of most stutterers tended to be perfectionists in their own lives; they were also upwardly mobile, in the sense that they wanted their children to do much better economically and socially than they had done, and they took it for granted that their children's success would depend to a great extent on how well they spoke. This assessment of the social arena may very well have been accurate, as George Bernard Shaw's Professor Higgins demonstrated in "Pygmalion." But, unlike Professor Higgins, who knew exactly what Eliza Doolittle was capable of, the parents Johnson interviewed apparently made demands on their children that the average child simply could not meet. As Johnson saw it, the preponderance of male stutterers around the world simply proved that parents are generally more concerned about the way their male children speak.

UP to this point in my research, I had managed to maintain a fairly detached, "objective" attitude toward the material. One did not have to be an ex-stutterer to wince at the thought of Hippocrates' patients having their tongues blistered, or to shudder at Dieffenbach's criminal use of the scalpel, or to sympathize with the endless parade of stutterers who wasted their time and money seeking a miracle cure. But reading Johnson was different. When he described how stuttering developed in childhood, I began to get the uncomfortable feeling that he was talking about me. In all my memories of struggling with a speech block, the listeners I am trying to reach are my parents, and especially my father. I can remember the tears of frustration that filled my eyes when he told me, with the best of intentions, "Just slow down and relax." As for high expectations, it is a family joke that when I came home once from school to announce that the teacher had given me a ninety on a spelling test, my father asked, "Who got the other ten points?" And we were certainly as upwardly mobile as any other second-generation American Jewish household in the Bronx neighborhood where I grew up. But that is precisely the problem. My family had no monopoly on any of these traits. Many of my friends had similar relationships with their fathers. Why was I the only one who developed a stutter?

One night recently, while I was having dinner at my parents' apartment, I asked them if they could remember exactly when I had started to stutter.

They looked surprised. As far as they could remember, they had never thought of me as a stutterer.

But hadn't they ever talked with someone at school—a teacher or a counsellor or a speech therapist—about my speech problem?

Absolutely not. They had never

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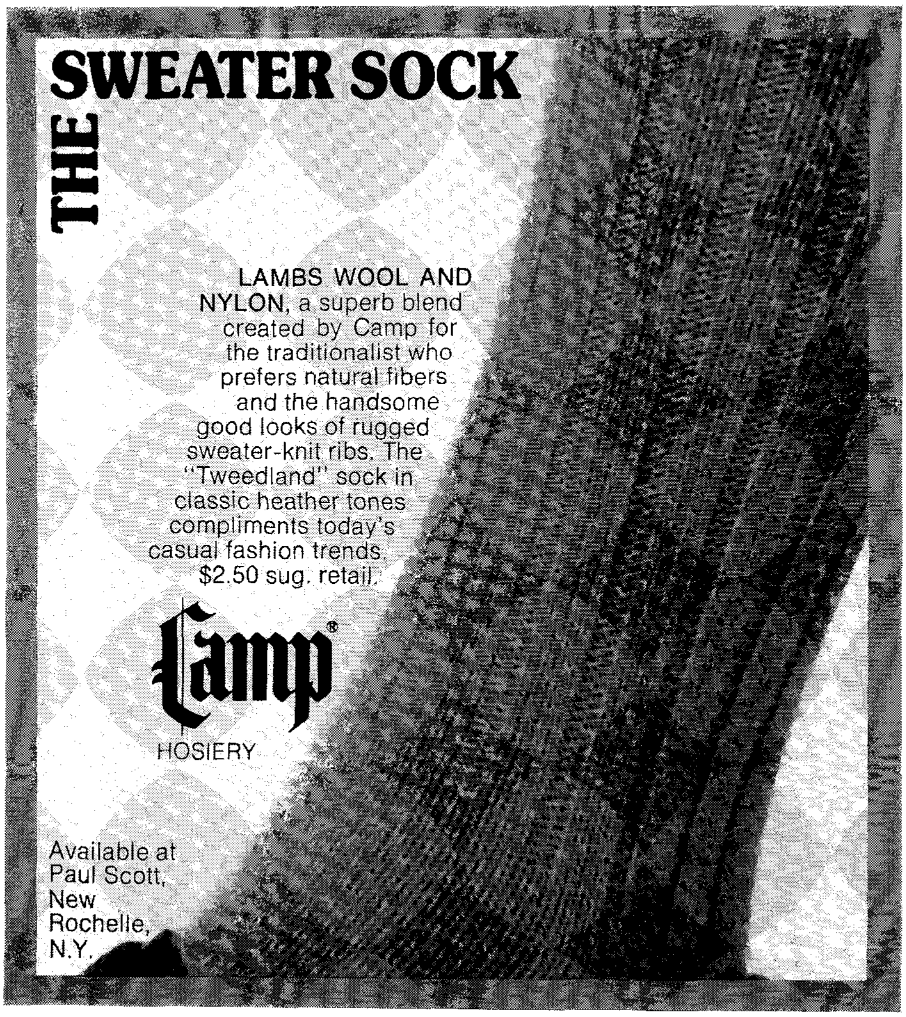

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been particularly concerned about the way I spoke—except for one time when I came home from summer camp with what sounded like a parody of a Brooklyn accent.

Well, then, did they remember trying to get me not to talk so fast?

Only when I was so excited or keyed up about something that I started stumbling over my words.

Did they remember when I first did that?

No.

Did they remember when I had stopped doing that?

"You were doing it just now," my father said. And, although I hadn't been aware of it a few moments before, I had to admit that he was right.

THE nice thing about Johnson's diagnosogenic theory of stuttering is the implication that if just one generation of parents could stop worrying about the problem called stuttering, there would be no more stuttering to worry about. To keep the parents of young children from becoming part of the problem, Johnson offers this advice: Pay no attention whatsoever to your child's hesitancies and repetitions. At the same time, try to avoid any situation—excessive demands, overstimulation, fatigue—that seems to produce an unusual amount of "disfluency." When your child talks, be a good listener; respond to what he says, and let him know that speech can be "rewarding and fun."

Of course, none of this advice is much help to the adult who stutters, as Johnson knew only too well. If the child does not get over his stuttering by the end of adolescence, he may develop the mannerisms of the chronic stutterer—violent head jerks, arm-flailing, spasmodic breathing. Most of these mannerisms begin as attempts to break out of a speech block. Because of their novelty, they may actually help for a while. But in time they become part of the habit itself—the most visible and least attractive part. Once this stage is reached, more direct therapeutic measures are obviously called for; and, to judge from his autobiographical writings, Johnson tried them all. One of the strangest—to the ears of nonstutterers—was a technique developed at Iowa and known as "voluntary stuttering." This grew out of the theory that the best way to break a bad habit is to pretend to give in to it; by consciously trying to do what you previously tried to avoid doing, you somehow gain control over what began as an involuntary action. At first, Johnson

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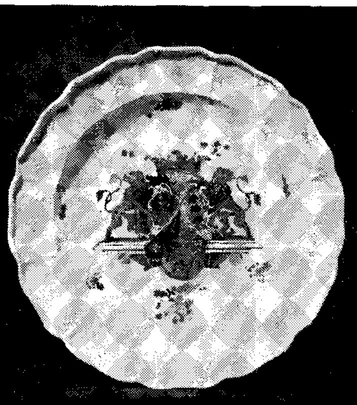

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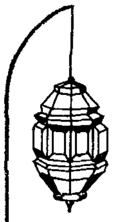

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had great success with this method. In between the periods when he was forcing himself to stutter, he was speaking more clearly than he had spoken at any time since early childhood. But when he stopped his periods of voluntary stuttering he lost all control and ended up virtually unable to say a word. It took "a week's moratorium on talking" to return him to his former level of semi-fluency.

Some of his colleagues—and fellow-stutterers—had better luck with voluntary stuttering. One was a young man named Charles Van Riper, who took a Ph.D. in speech pathology at Iowa in 1936 and then left to set up a speech clinic and research center at what is now Western Michigan University. In adapting "Iowa therapy" to his own needs, Van Riper devised a method he called fluent stuttering. Essentially, he said to his students, "If you are going to stutter, at least learn to do it right." Since any stutterer knows that struggling with a block only makes it worse, Van Riper's students did not try to stop stuttering. Instead, they tried to stutter as smoothly as possible, without the spasmodic breathing, facial tics, or other muscular tensions that characterize the full-blown impediment.

Stuttering therapy as practiced in schools and university clinics in the United States today is based largely on Van Riper's version of Iowa therapy. Over the years, Van Riper has developed an elaborate battery of vocal tools that enable the stutterer to cancel a block or pull out of it before the continuity of the sentence is wrecked. A person trained in the Van Riper method may attack a Jonah word like "mother" by prolonging the first syllable into a long mooing sound. The result may not be exactly like normal speech, but it is better than trying to talk through sealed lips. For some reason, prolonging the vowel sound often gets the stutterer through the block and into the next word. And, because fluent stuttering requires a series of constant decisions, it forces the stutterer to pay attention to what Van Riper calls his "preparatory set"—the thoughts and feelings that run through him just before he comes to a Jonah word. This is the moment when, in Van Riper's words, "the brain that controls the mouth is flooded with static from the viscera." The job of the stutterer is to gain an objective view of what is happening and, ultimately, to replace the self-defeating preparatory set with a more functional model.

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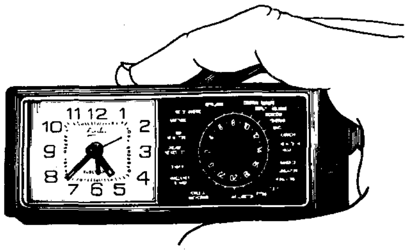

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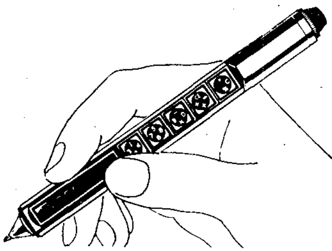

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speech therapists belong to—tend to be wary of any attempt to treat stuttering that departs radically from the Iowa approach. Having spent so many years exposing the charlatans who promise quick cures, the professional therapists especially distrust researchers who propose to cure the stuttering habit completely by some experimental method of conditioning or retraining.

Perhaps it was my own bias as an ex-stutterer, but the more I read about the legacy of Johnson (who died in 1965) and the work of Van Riper, the more uneasy I became. Here were two men, both severe stutterers, who had dominated the scientific study of their own impediment for nearly four decades. While no one could question their dedication, their objectivity was, to put it mildly, suspect. How could they keep an open mind about theories and therapies that had failed them? How could they help favoring the theories and therapies that had done them the most good?

Today, young researchers in the field will concede that very little work has been done on what modern medicine calls "differential diagnosis." A symptom like stuttering may be associated with more than one kind of disorder, just as an uncontrollable tremor of the hand can be a sign of nervous strain or a symptom of cerebral palsy. The treatment prescribed for a hand tremor will obviously depend on the diagnosis of a particular case. But until recently the usual assumption in speech therapy was that all people who stuttered (except those with obvious brain damage) did so for the same reason.

Even ex-stutterers may have difficulty dealing objectively with certain aspects of this maddening affliction. I find it hard to be objective about the fact that some Englishmen consider it a mark of good breeding to speak with a slight "stammer." Indeed, members of the upper classes who do not stammer often pretend that they do. There are stammerers in both houses of Parliament, and no one seems to know whose impediment is real and whose is affectation. To be sure, King George VI suffered greatly from his stammer, and both Winston Churchill and Aneurin Bevan worked hard to overcome their childhood speech impediments and win reputations for eloquence in the House of Commons. But some M.P.s and Lords believe that a few judicious hesitations, repetitions, and prolongations can make a speaker seem more eloquent—apparently on the ground that a stammer holds the listener's at-

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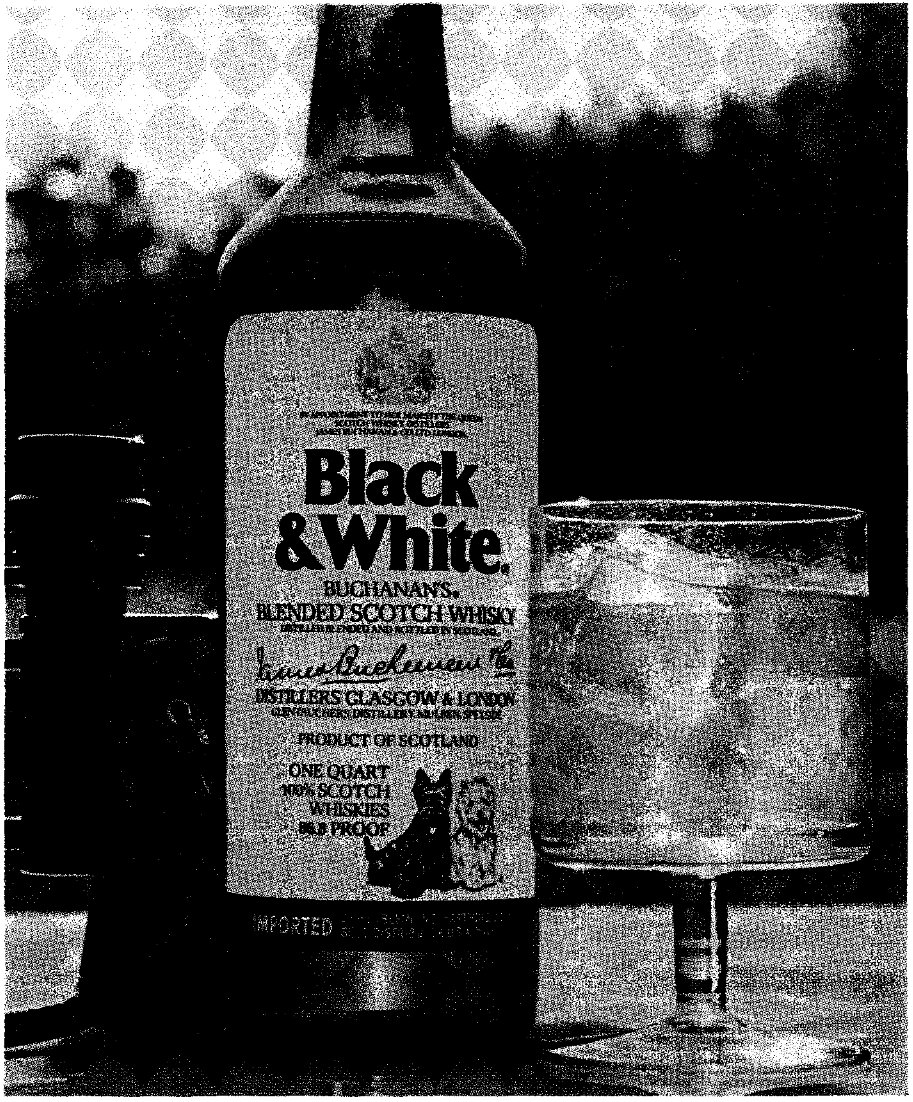

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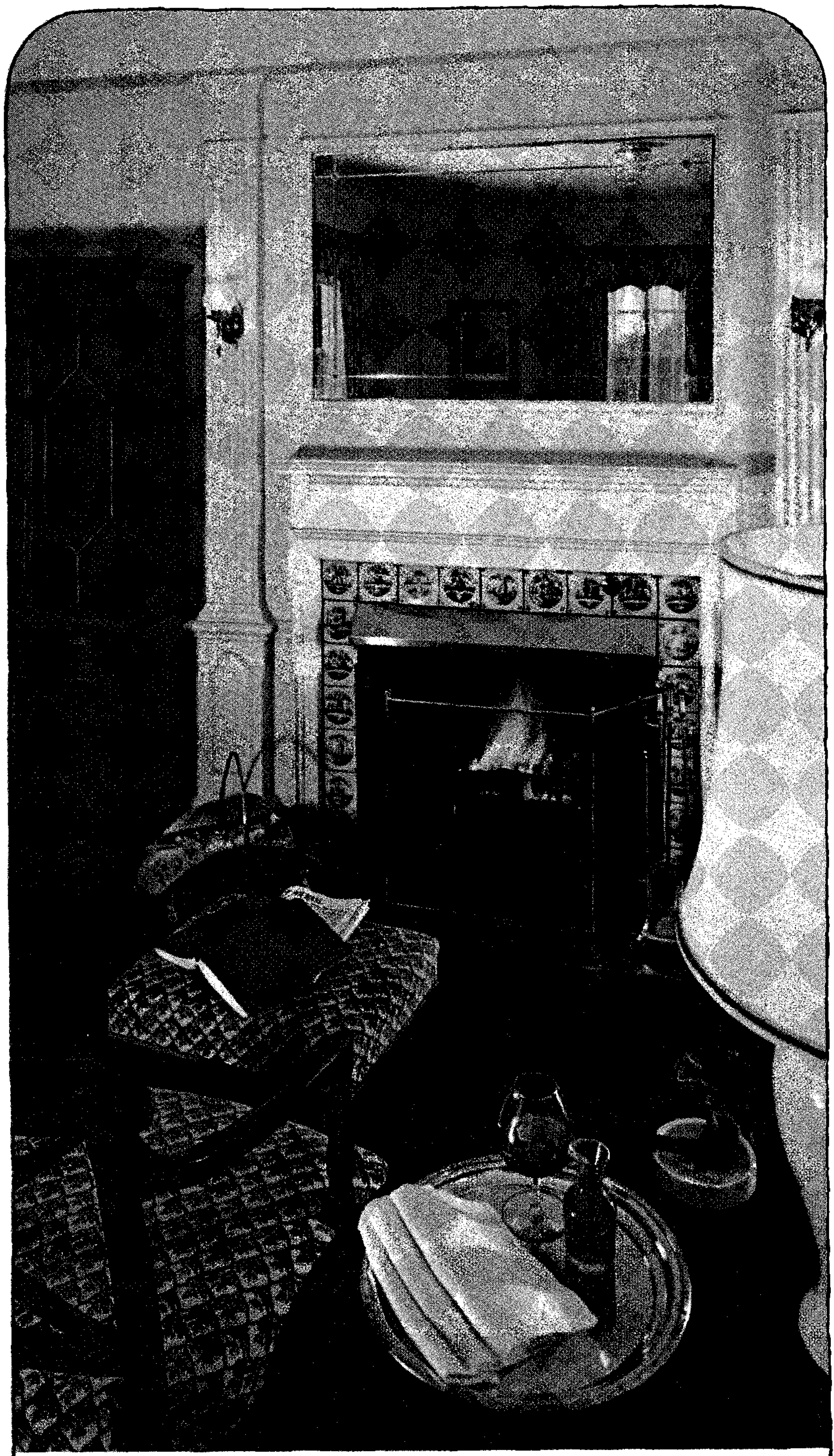
tention and makes him grateful when something finally comes out.

To get the opinion of a non-stuttering expert on stuttering, I went to see Oliver Bloodstein, a fifty-five-year-old professor of speech at Brooklyn College, who is the author of "A Handbook on Stuttering," an official publication of the National Easter Seal Society. In response to my first question, he estimated that more than fifty per cent of his colleagues in stuttering research are stutterers themselves: "Many of them are amazed to find that someone who doesn't stutter can understand the problem." When I asked Bloodstein what a non-stutterer like him was doing in a field like this, he said that his choice of a career was something of an accident. As an undergraduate at the City College of New York during the Depression, he had majored in English (with a minor in speech) so that he could get a teaching job after graduation and support himself while he wrote poetry. But in 1941, when he graduated, there was a glut of English teachers in New York State, and one of his advisers suggested that he sign up instead for the graduate program in speech pathology at the University of Iowa. Bloodstein had no particular interest in stuttering until he heard Wendell Johnson give a talk about the work at the Speech Clinic. "I was absolutely fascinated by the spectacle of this stuttering man talking about his research on stuttering. He was using a technique known as 'bouncing'—throwing caution to the winds, repetitions galore but no strain or tension. Considering the fact that he was stuttering, he was one of the most fluent people I had ever heard. I decided that I wanted to work with him."

Like Johnson, Bloodstein thinks that people stutter because they have been convinced that speech is difficult for them. But he tends to view the problem in an even wider context. Confidence is an essential ingredient of any act of physical coördination, whether it is walking, typing, playing the piano, or digging a ditch. Like all these, Bloodstein says, speaking a simple sentence is a "serially ordered act" that is usually carried out with a high degree of "automaticity." You cannot wait for each sound to emerge from your mouth before you consciously start to shape the next. Instead, you must treat an entire phrase as a unit, and work out a "motor plan" that determines in advance the sequence and timing of the necessary muscle movements. This is one of the skills a child must learn. But motor plans, like other well-laid plans, can fall



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apart under stress, leaving the speaker to cope with the disconnected fragments of language.

To make the point clear, Bloodstein drew a familiar analogy: Suppose someone places a wooden plank a foot wide and ten feet long on the floor of a room and asks you to walk from one end to the other. You do it easily, without thinking. Now suppose the plank is raised to the top of a brick wall that is a foot thick and twenty feet high. In purely physical terms, the task of walking from one end of the plank to the other has not been made any harder. But when you stand on one end and prepare to take your first step, you cannot help looking down and seeing the twenty-foot drop on both sides. And while you may tell yourself that your fear is unrealistic, you cannot help worrying about falling. And once you begin to worry, you start doing everything a little differently. Instead of maintaining a smooth, loose, automatic gait, you tighten your muscles, you lose your timing, and your movements become jerky, uneven, fragmented. Whereas your fear *was* unrealistic at first, now—as a direct result of your efforts to keep your balance—you find yourself in real danger of falling. And the harder you fight to regain control, the more helpless you become. In somewhat similar fashion, Bloodstein added, speed typists who go to work for unreasonably demanding bosses have been known to develop a "manual stutter"—they cannot type a letter without getting their fingers snarled on the keys.

For a young child who is still trying to master his speech skills, one factor that can cause a breakdown in verbal motor planning is too much social scrutiny. The child's fear of failure may not be realistic at first, but his desperate struggle not to fail eventually leads to the muscular tension and fragmentation of speech units known as stuttering. At this point, anything that restores his confidence will improve his speech. So will anything that distracts him from the futile task of trying to exert conscious control over his speech organs. And so will anything that reduces the demands on his motor-planning skills during speech, such as singing the words to a familiar melody, reciting in unison with someone else, swinging dumbbells, pounding a drum—anything that establishes a steady, unmistakable beat and relieves the speaker of the responsibility for timing his own utterances. And yet "cures" based solely on distraction or rhythmical crutches cannot last, according to Bloodstein, because

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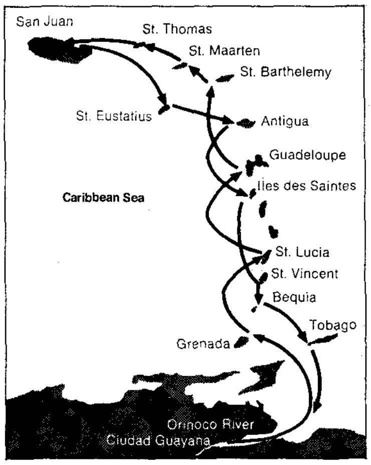

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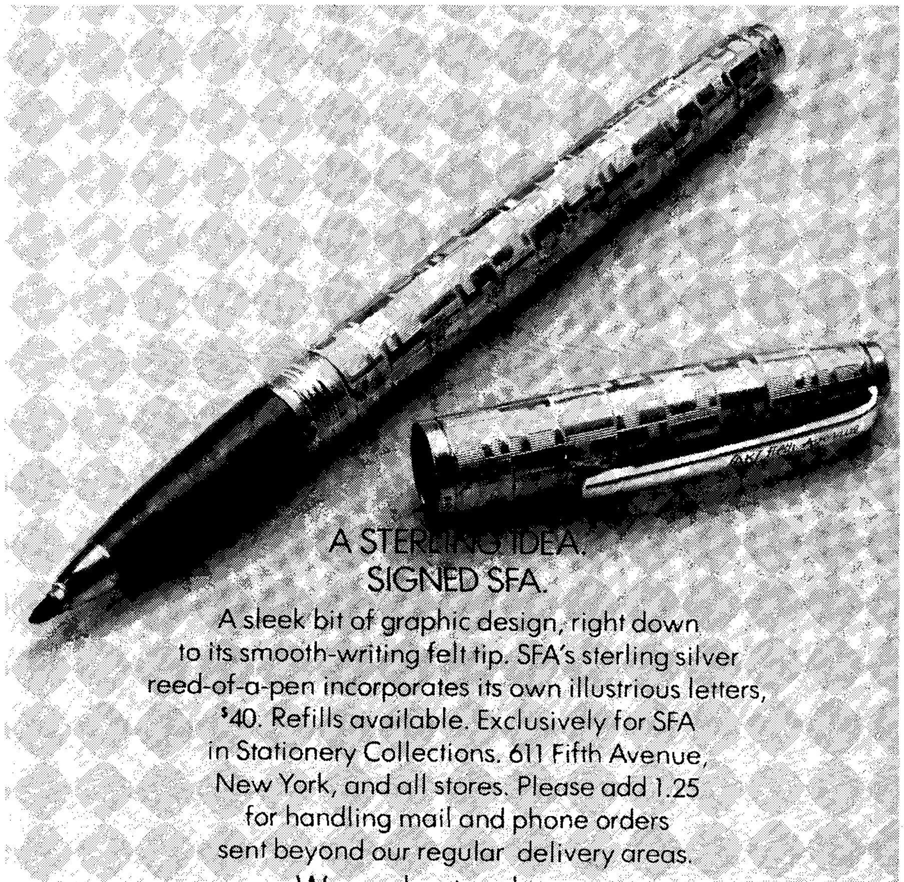

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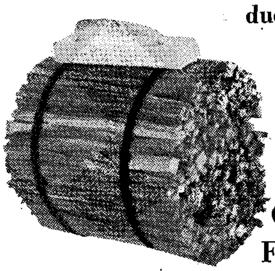

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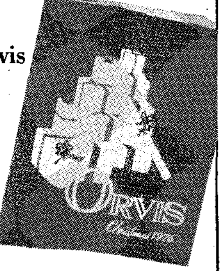

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they do nothing to change the stutterer's self-defeating attitude.

A stutterer who is forced to say certain of his Jonah words and sounds aloud can often prove to himself that he has trouble only when he anticipates trouble. Words beginning with "ph" offer a striking example. Some stutterers who are sure they cannot say the initial "f" in words like "folio" and "forward" will have no trouble at all reading aloud a word like "photo." Conversely, the sight of the word "photo" will choke up a stutterer who expects to have trouble with "p" words but never worries about words beginning with "f." The same kind of confusion occurs when stutterers who usually block on words beginning with the "s" sound are asked to read aloud a passage containing words like "cellar" and "sugar;" perversely, they breeze through the first word only to stumble over the second. Bloodstein told me about the time he asked a fifteen-year-old boy if there were any sounds that gave him particular trouble. The boy nodded, and said, "The d-d-d-d-d-double-u sound. See, I couldn't say it just now."

"The stutterers I work with often seem to be on the other side of a thin partition dividing them from normal speech," Bloodstein said. He believes that many young stutterers eventually stop stuttering without help because they outgrow their juvenile insecurities. For those who do not, supportive therapy in the Iowa style may be useful. "If there is any situation in which a stutterer is almost sure to stutter, it's when you ask him to repeat something," he said. "When you say to a stutterer 'What was that again?' you are implying that the responsibility for communication at that moment is his alone. Suddenly, he's put on his mettle as a speaker, he feels that he has to make each word count, and he breaks down."

Everything that Bloodstein said struck me as sensible and plausible, but I still found the Iowa approach to "disfluency" faintly depressing. As a therapeutic tool, it seemed to concede too much to the enemy. And as theory it seemed too much of a patchwork—a psychological insight here, a contribution from sociology there, a little neurology, a little anthropology, a leavening of old-fashioned common sense. The whole appeared much less impressive than the individual parts—an appraisal that Van Riper himself has concurred with. "Most of the research on stuttering has been descriptive and, for therapy, rather sterile," he wrote a few years ago. "Some inte-

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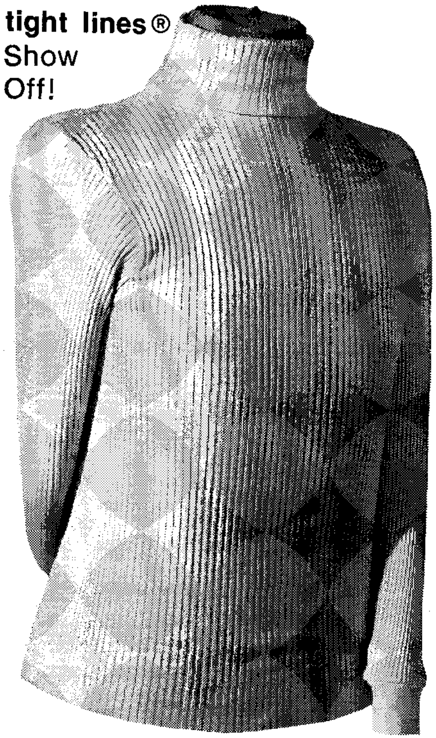

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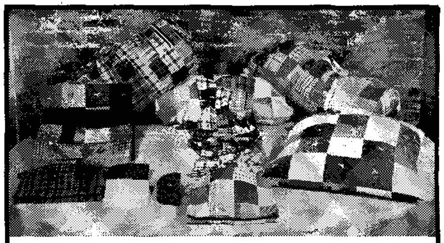

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grated attack on the problem is sorely needed." One of Van Riper's recent books on stuttering ends with a quotation from an article by Wendell Johnson that first appeared in 1944: "The chief justification for our present theories and methods is that we just don't know any better."

POTENTIALLY, the most exciting source of new leads is brain research. But, while the study of the brain's role in language is fascinating in itself, the findings of the neuroscientists are still too sketchy to have many clinical applications. Most of what we know about the cerebral control of speech comes from the work of brain surgeons like the late Wilder Penfield, who performed more than five hundred operations at the Montreal Neurological Institute between 1934 and 1960. His patients were mostly people suffering from epileptic seizures that had been caused by local injury, infection, or lack of oxygen supply to the brain (anoxia). All these conditions can leave areas of damaged tissue on the surface or in the depths of the cerebral cortex—the convoluted layers of gray matter that cover the cerebral hemispheres. Removing the scarred areas can sometimes restore normal brain function. But it also involves some risk—excision of certain parts of the cortex can result in permanent loss of speech and other vital functions. To make sure that he was not trespassing on an indispensable area of the brain before he started to remove the tissue, Dr. Penfield developed a method of mapping the cortex before surgery. In a typical operation, the patient is given a local anesthetic in the scalp, and then the surface of the brain is exposed and different points on the cortex are gently stimulated with the tip of an electrode. Each time the electrode touches the cortex, the reactions of the fully awake patient are carefully scrutinized. Since brain tissue itself does not feel anything, reactions occur only in those parts of the body which are controlled by the brain cells being stimulated. For example, in the voluntary-motor cortex—the area of the brain responsible for voluntary muscle movements—electrical stimulation invariably interrupts the patient's normal control over a limb or an organ. When one point in his cortex is stimulated, he finds himself lifting his right arm without having willed the action. If points in the sensory cortex are stimulated, the patient may report a tingling sensation in one toe or numbness in one finger. And in areas of the cortex that Penfield

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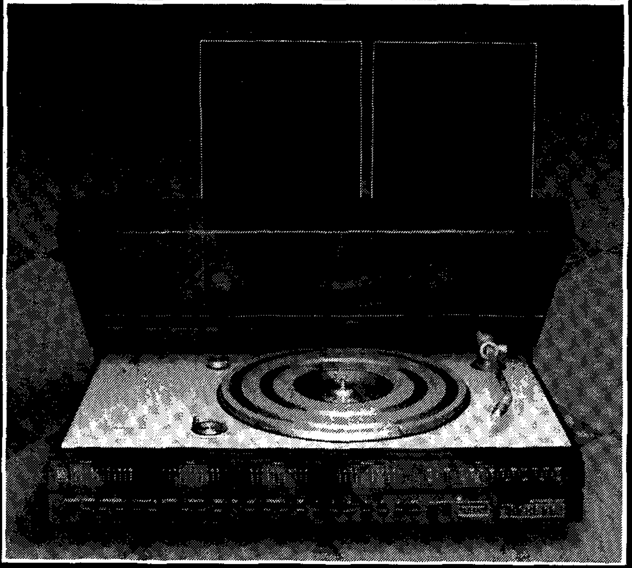

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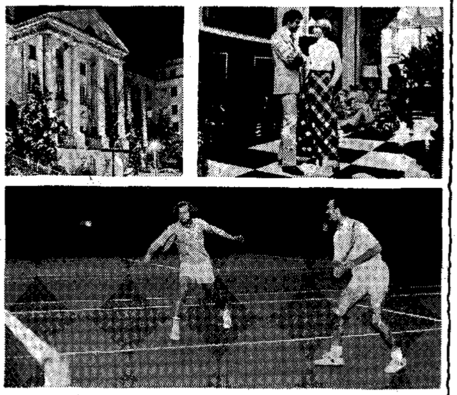

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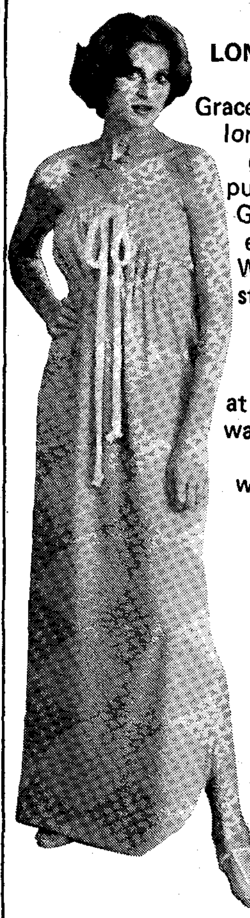
called "interpretive" the touch of an electrode can set off detailed psychic experiences. These are extraordinarily vivid snatches of memory, which the patient experiences almost as if he were sitting in a movie theatre. One patient heard "the singing of a Christmas song in her church at home in Holland," Penfield reported in 1954. "She seemed to be there in the church and was moved again by the beauty of the occasion, just as she had been on that Christmas Eve some years before."

So strong are these visual and auditory impressions that the patient may feel as if he were "living through moments of past time," and yet, paradoxically, he remains aware of being in an operating room with an electrode on his brain. Another patient of Penfield's, who had recently come from his home in South Africa, cried out when his cortex was stimulated at one point, "Yes, Doctor! Yes, Doctor! Now I hear people laughing—my friends—in South Africa." When the stimulation ended, he said that "it had seemed to him that he was with his cousins at their home where he and the two young ladies were laughing together." During the stimulation, however, the patient had spoken to the doctor, not to the cousins. According to Penfield, this is the unvarying rule: "No patient has ever addressed himself to a person who was part of a past experience." In other words, stimulation of the interpretive areas of the cortex does not evoke speech directly; rather, it triggers "flashbacks" that, in turn, prompt the patient to comment on what he is seeing and hearing.

But there *are* two areas of the cortex that have been shown to be directly involved in speaking. These areas—known since the late nineteenth century as Broca's area and Wernicke's area—are on the side of the brain (usually the left) that is dominant for speech. People with tumors or lesions in these areas have trouble dealing with words as symbols—a condition known as aphasia. A person suffering from aphasia may be unable to make sense out of what is said to him, even though he can hear the separate sounds. Or he may be unable to frame a coherent reply to questions even though he can demonstrate by gestures that he knows what is expected of him. Aphasics will sometimes begin a sentence and then pause in confusion, unable to summon up the name of the most commonplace object, such as a chair or a spoon.

By using electrical stimulation, Pen-



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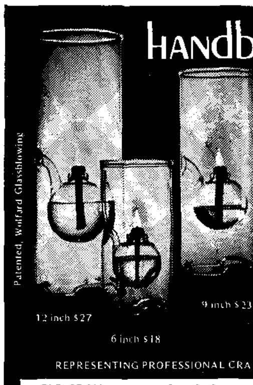

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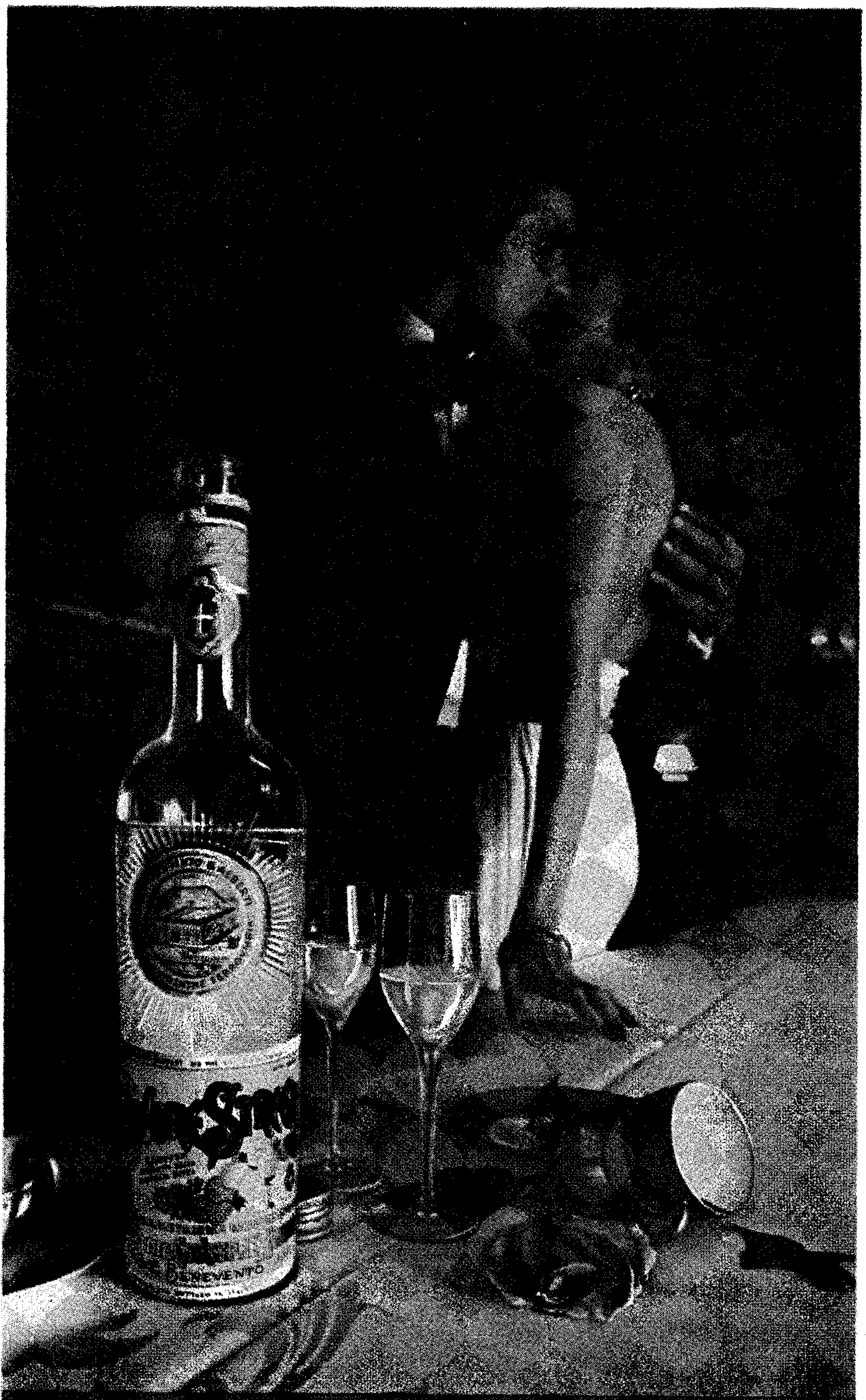
field was able to map Broca's and Wernicke's areas with great precision in individual patients. In the course of his explorations, he discovered that the left side of the brain was dominant for speech in the great majority of his patients, whether they were right-handed or left-handed. Penfield also noted that under electrical stimulation the speech areas behaved quite differently from any of the other cortical areas he had mapped. No matter where the electrode touched down in Broca's or Wernicke's areas, there was never any "positive response to the stimulation," Penfield reported. "No movement is produced and no sensation. No positive psychical process [like a flashback] is set in motion. The stimulation does not summon words to the mind of the man nor does it cause him to speak. If he is lying quietly on the operating table, he has no means of knowing that the electrode has been applied to a speech area in his own dominant hemisphere. But if, at the moment of stimulation, the patient is speaking, he discovers, to his astonishment, that he is making mistakes. He may use some words but he cannot find others. Or, on the other hand, he may be speechless, though he tries to speak and perhaps snaps his fingers in exasperation. After withdrawal of the electrode, words may come with a rush, and he explains what he had been trying to say but could not."

One patient was shown a picture of a foot while an electrode touched his speech cortex. "Oh, I know what it is," he said. "That is what you put in your shoes." After the electrode was withdrawn, he said, "Foot!" Another time, the same patient seemed to be struggling to identify a picture of a butterfly. When the electrode was removed and he was able to talk again, he immediately gave the correct name, then remarked, "I couldn't get that word 'butterfly,' and then I tried to get the word 'moth.' "

Penfield also stimulated patients in the area of the motor cortex that controls articulation. When the electrode touched certain points, patients who were already talking began to vocalize—to give a sustained vowel cry. The effect was far more like a symptom of aphasia than like a stutter. In fact, Penfield's most important contribution to stuttering research was probably his finding that there is no single spot in the brain where the elements of speech are compactly stored. Try as he might, he could not evoke one intelligible word from any of his patients by electrical stimulation. At certain



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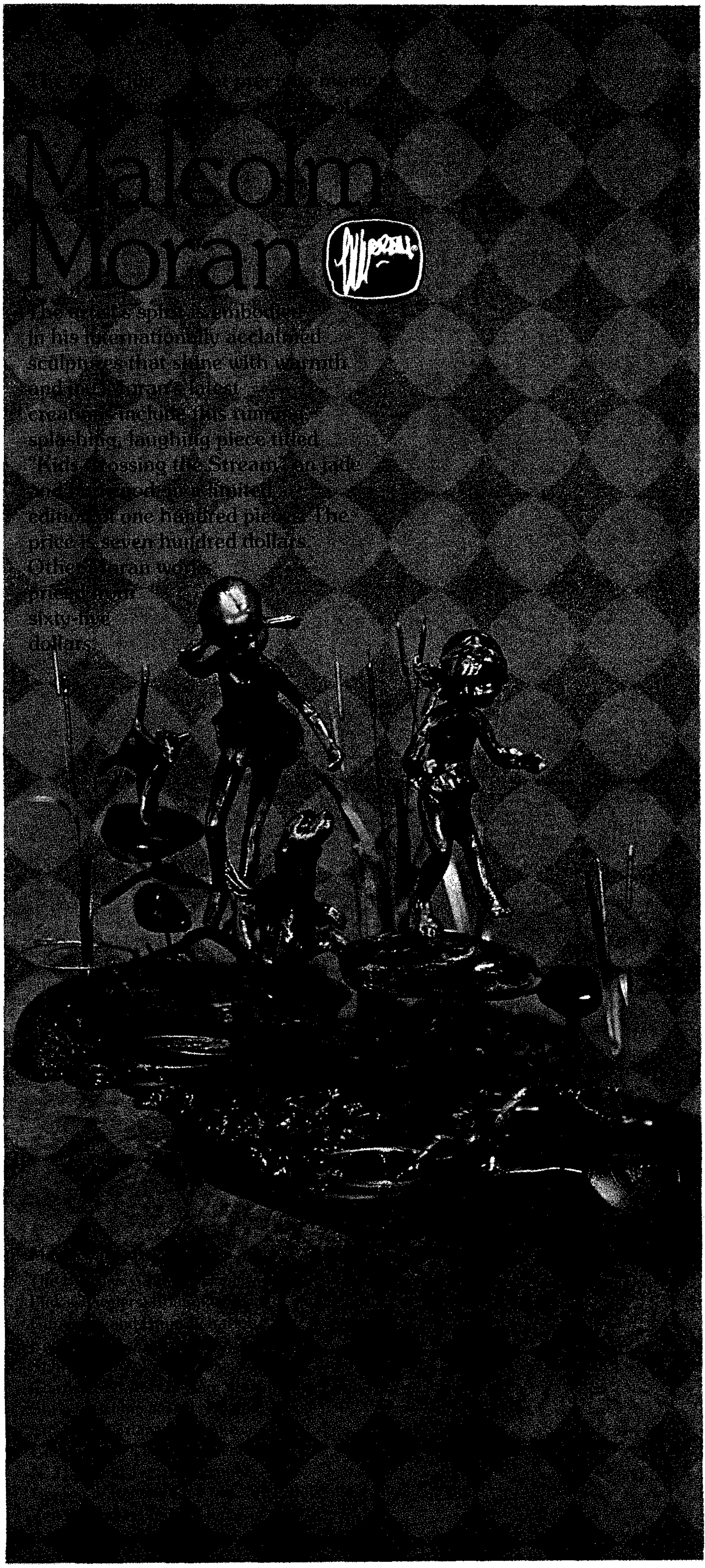

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places in the brain, the touch of a single electrode could activate as well as suppress vigorous arm and leg movements, or turn on a vivid flashback in living color complete with sound track. But the summoning of even the simplest word apparently requires the coördination of several widely scattered control centers.

If nothing else, then, Penfield offered new proof that speech is an enormously complicated function—so complicated that we should not be surprised that it breaks down occasionally under one kind of stress or another. But the neurological evidence could not answer the two main questions: what are the specific conditions that cause a breakdown, and how can the damage be best repaired? In the last few years, a school of therapists who claim to have the answers has emerged from the relatively new field of behavioral therapy. If stuttering *is* learned in childhood, the behaviorist says, it can be unlearned later—not just in part but completely, and in a comparatively short time. One of the most forceful spokesmen for this viewpoint is Michael Webster, formerly the director of the Speech and Hearing Institute of New York and now director of the School of Human Communication Disorders at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Dr. Webster, who is thirty-nine years old and does not stutter, is clearly impatient with the failures of the past. He criticizes Van Riper's version of Iowa therapy for "not confronting the problem—they cover it up instead of taking it away," and he is openly skeptical about statistics purporting to show that large numbers of stutterers have been cured. "One of the most disconcerting things about attending professional meetings in this field is to go to the inevitable panel discussion featuring 'cured' stutterers and hear someone say, 'I was c-c-c-cured' by this or that method."

When I asked Webster what he thought about the high proportion of stuttering researchers who were stutterers, he shook his head. "We wouldn't think of going to a person with a bad lisp to learn not to lisp, but with stuttering it's been considered almost a guarantee of success," he said.

If the behavior therapists are hard on everyone else in the field, they are even harder on themselves. "When behavior therapy is unsuccessful," Webster says, "there are only three possible reasons: either the state of the art isn't far enough advanced, or the therapist is doing something wrong, or else he has misdiagnosed the case in the first place. In any event, the onus is on the therapist, not on the patient."

Some behavior therapists treat stuttering as a "speech phobia," not unlike such animal phobias as the morbid fear of snakes. The basic behavioral approach to the cure of phobias was pioneered in South Africa in the early fifties by Dr. Joseph Wolpe, who is now a professor of psychiatry at Temple University's School of Medicine. Wolpe "desensitized" his phobic patients the way an allergist desensitizes hay-fever sufferers: by deliberately exposing them to carefully controlled doses of the thing they react to most violently. Wolpe's apparent success in curing phobias led two well-known speech pathologists, Eugene Brutten and Donald Shoemaker, to try to adapt his method to the treatment of stuttering. Just as some people break into a cold sweat every time they see a snake (or even a picture of a snake), other people begin to stutter whenever they have to pick up a ringing telephone and say hello. Brutten and Shoemaker argued that the mechanism in the two cases was the same. Once, probably in early childhood, something upset the patient so badly that he had a strong physical reaction—his skin turned clammy, he shook all over, his speech became uncoördinated. The moment passed, but the experience left its impression on the nervous system. Now whenever something happens that is reminiscent of the original episode, the phobic person cannot help having the same reaction. He has been conditioned in the classic Pavlovian sense. For example, a person with a snake phobia may actually have been bitten by a snake as a child, or he may simply have thought that a snake was going to bite him, or the image of a snake may have become associated in his mind with a trip to the country when his mother and father had a terrible quarrel and he was sure he was going to be abandoned. Similarly, a person with a speech phobia may have been severely punished for something he once said, or the act of speaking may somehow have become associated with a sense of loss, real or imagined.

The job of the behavior therapist is not to speculate on the cause of the phobia, however, but to remove the irrational fear. The whole point of the desensitization procedure is to set up conditions under which the patient can confront the feared stimulus without ever feeling afraid. Wolpe and other investigators have found that one of the best ways to combat a strong emo-

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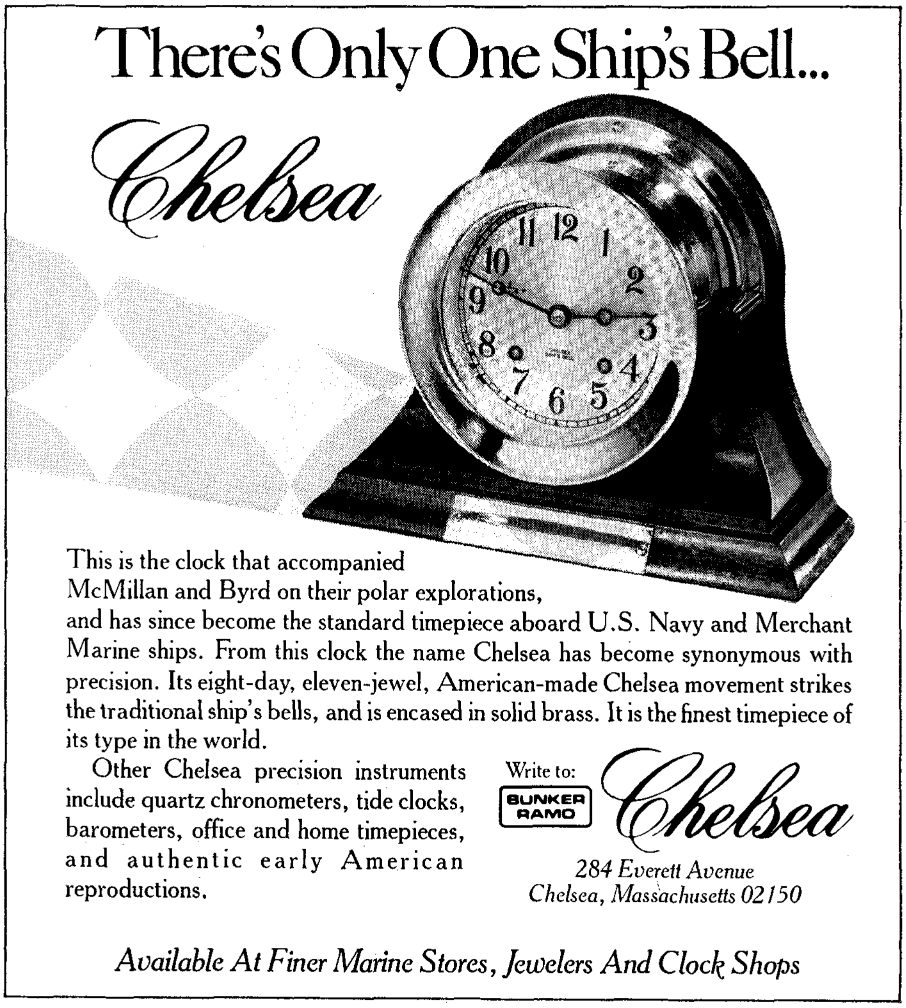

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tional reaction is to make sure that the patient is thoroughly relaxed to begin with; this often requires prior training in deep-muscle relaxation.

A person who is afraid of snakes may first be shown a cartoon of a cute, obviously harmless, Walt Disneyish reptile on a small projection screen at the far end of a room. If the conditions have been arranged correctly, the patient will be able to look at this picture without having a phobic reaction. (If he feels even the slightest wisp of "negative emotion," the cartoon will be immediately replaced with an even less threatening image, perhaps the letters "s-n-a-k-e" on a small flash card.) The next image should be just a little more realistic, and the next, and the next, until, by carefully graduated steps and without ever tripping the fear alarm in his mind, the patient is led to the point where he is able to stare at a live snake in a cage, or possibly even touch its scaly skin. He may not learn to love snakes, but the irrational chain of association linking snakes and terror has been severed, presumably forever.

Similarly, in Webster's laboratory, a stutterer who has especial difficulty using a telephone may be asked to set up and act out a hierarchy of increasingly uncomfortable situations. He may begin by whispering "Hello" into the mouthpiece of a toy phone. After going through all the motions on this toy, he may graduate to imaginary conversations on a real telephone whose cord has been cut, and then to actual conversations on a working phone. At each stage, he will begin with conversations that provoke the least anxiety (chatting with his wife or a good friend) and move gradually to the most upsetting situations (calling his boss to tell him he will be late for work, or asking a girl for a date, or calling a department store to complain about a mistake in a bill). When he reaches the point where using the telephone no longer bothers him, he may move on to other problem areas—meeting strangers at a party, giving instructions to a cabby, or whatever.

Systematic desensitization can be a slow, tedious process. Since the idea is always to move from success to success, the steps in each hierarchy must be small enough to insure that the patient never has reason to doubt his ability to handle the next challenge. In an effort to speed up the process without overburdening the patient, many therapists are now combining desensitization with methods devised to coax fluent speech out of even the most severely blocked stutterers. For exam-

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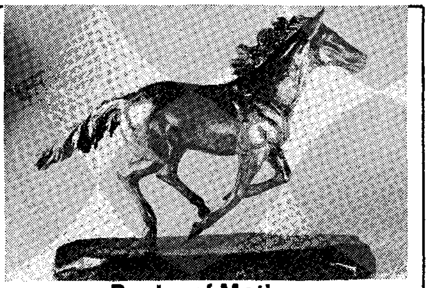

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ple, Dr. John Paul Brady, chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Pennsylvania, has developed a battery-operated electronic metronome that fits behind the ear as unobtrusively as a hearing aid. The metronome sounds a pleasant tone in the stutterer's ear at so many beats a minute. By twisting a control on the small, self-contained unit, the stutterer can vary the rate from forty beats a minute on up to a hundred and fifty beats a minute. The stutterer uses this tone—which only he can hear—to time his utterances, fitting one syllable to each beat. In normal conversation, a non-stutterer articulates between a hundred and twenty and two hundred words a minute. If a stutterer tried to talk that fast, he would almost certainly become blocked. But virtually every stutterer can talk without blocking if he lets the metronome cue each syllable for him, and if he sets the pace slow enough to begin with. Once he gains confidence at a particular pace—sixty beats a minute, perhaps—he gradually increases it until he is able to talk fluently at a normal rate in all situations that once gave him trouble. He is then encouraged to give up the metronome—not all at once but gradually, first by reducing the volume until he can barely hear the tone, then by leaving the device off at times when he anticipates no unusual challenges. Most patients find that after several months they can get through an entire day without mechanical cues—presumably because they have learned to time their speech internally the way other people do. But since the metronome device is small and comparatively inexpensive, the stutterer can keep it at hand in case he ever feels the need for it; just knowing that it is available may help prevent the relapses that undermine so many other apparent cures for stuttering.

There is another school of stuttering therapists that combines the systematic use of desensitization and related training regimes with insights borrowed from the science of cybernetics. Their basic assumption is that speech can best be understood as the output of a servomechanism—that is, a device with built-in feedback loops which continuously monitors its own performance and modifies its activity accordingly. The most obvious feedback loop for speech control is hearing. If I hear myself mispronounce a word or garble a concept, I can stop and repeat the word or try to reformulate the concept. At the same time, I am also monitoring my speech through

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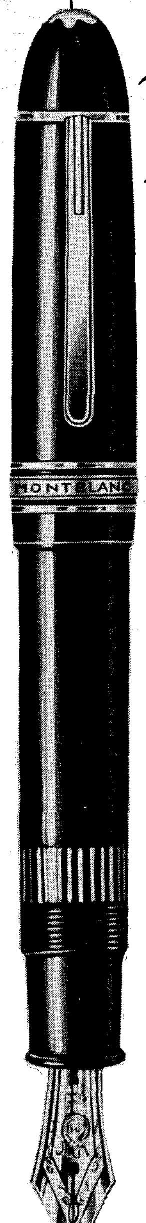

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other sensory channels—the vibrations in my facial bones, the way the muscles in my throat, mouth, and face feel when I articulate a certain sound, the response I read on the face of the person I am talking to. Servomechanisms can reach and sustain a high level of performance as long as all their components are working properly. But anyone who has ever heard the screech of an improperly tuned loudspeaker system knows how much trouble even a minor flaw in a feedback loop can cause.

The effect of faulty feedback on speech control was first demonstrated in 1949, by an acoustical engineer named Bernard S. Lee. The discovery was accidental, and the experience was traumatic, according to Lee, who is now a member of the faculty at the Rutgers Medical School and devotes all his time to research on stuttering. Lee was working for the Army Signal Corps in 1949, and one of his duties was to check new equipment that came into the laboratory, at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. He had just received a new magnetic tape recorder that had two separate heads, one for recording and one for playback, and two earphone jacks, one for monitoring input during recording and one for listening to the playback. By mistake, Lee plugged his earphones into the playback jack while he was talking into the microphone. Since the tape reached the playback head a fraction of a second after it passed through the recording head, he heard his own voice coming back to him with a fraction-of-a-second delay. The tight-fitting earphones blocked out all normal auditory feedback, so when he said, "Testing, one, two, three," he could hear himself only on the tape. But because of the delay, this feedback had a surreal quality. For example, he heard nothing at all until he had finished saying "Testing, one . . ." Then he heard his voice saying the word "testing" just as he started to say "two," and he heard himself saying "one" just as he started to say "three." At first, he had no idea of what was happening. When he tried to keep talking, he felt his control slipping. He recalls, "My voice started quavering. I started slurring my words, I was blocking, repeating things, and I had a rotten feeling inside. At first, I thought it was mike fright." It took Lee half an hour to calm down after the experience. Then he went back to the machine, found the earphones plugged into the wrong jack, and realized that he had been a victim of faulty feedback. In a paper he pub-

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lished the following year in the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America*, he described his reaction as an "artificial stutter."

Further investigation revealed that not everyone stuttered under the influence of what soon became known as "delayed auditory feedback," or simply D.A.F. In fact, some severe stutterers began to speak more fluently when they put the earphones on—a finding that led one researcher to design an entire therapeutic program around the use of D.A.F. Only one general rule applied to the experience: it was impossible to maintain a normal rate of speech under D.A.F. People who did not stutter tended to slow down drastically, as if they were imitating a 45-r.p.m. record played at 33-r.p.m. I tried it myself in Lee's laboratory at Rutgers, and found that the slowing down was quite involuntary. As soon as my voice started coming to me out of synch with what I knew I was saying, I became eerily aware of my lips and facial muscles: I could feel my lips forming each "w" and "m" sound; I could feel my tongue slip into place for each "t" and "b" sound; and so on. Perhaps because I was concentrating so hard on this tactile feedback instead of on the D.A.F. signals, I did not stutter.

Oddly, Lee himself makes no use of delayed auditory feedback in the new stuttering therapy that he has been developing, in collaboration with a psychiatrist, Dr. W. Edward McGough, and a speech pathologist, Maryann Peins. But Lee does use tape recorders. In fact, his entire therapeutic program is recorded on a series of twelve cassettes, which can be played on any cassette machine. The stutterer is supposed to take each cassette home and carry on a dialogue with the recorded voice of the therapist while taping his own responses on a cassette in a second machine. After daily practice for two weeks, the stutterer returns the cassette to the therapist, discusses any special problems he may have had, and takes home the next lesson in the series.

It all sounds very McLuhanesque and machine-oriented. But the taped lessons themselves contain nothing that would not be perfectly comprehensible to Alexander Melville Bell—or, for that matter, to Demosthenes. There are word drills, and exercises for certain sounds, and simulated conversations, and little scenarios for extemporaneous speaking. But first the stutterer is taught to speak in a new way—a smooth, flowing style of continuous vocalization that Lee has

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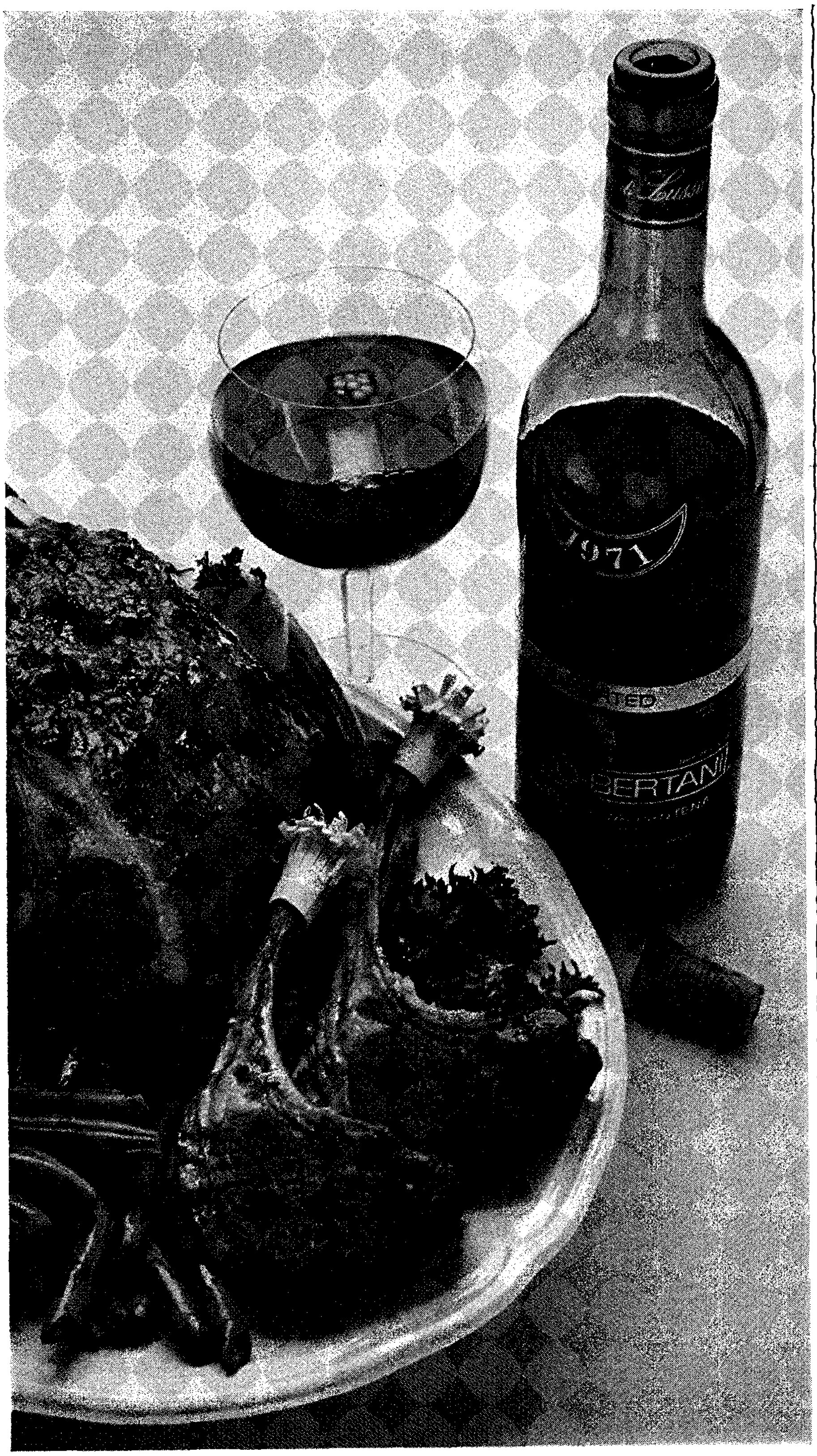
termed "legato speech," but that earlier generations of speech therapists knew as "slurred" or "drawled" speech. As Lee teaches it, the whole trick is to get your vocal cords vibrating in a low, steady drone before you form your first word and then to keep up the drone as long as you keep speaking. The opposite of legato speech is staccato speech—the machine-gun-like delivery of short bursts of vocalization. The average speaker may not have any trouble speaking this way; the stutterer apparently does, for reasons still unknown. (Lee leans toward the view that stuttering is caused by some "instrumental defect" in the speech feedback system.) Lee does not claim that his method will work for everyone who stutters. But cassette therapy is certainly more economical than conventional face-to-face therapy, and a controlled study has shown that it works at least as well for many stutterers. Some even prefer it, because they have less trouble talking back to a faceless tape recorder than to a therapist.

Unlike some of the gimmicks that stutterers rely on to "loosen their tongues"—interjections like "um" and "ah" and "let me see"—legato speech draws no attention to itself. Radio announcers and ministers use it all the time, as do professional singers; the low steady drone between words is heard only as a pleasing fullness of tone. Lee, who is well aware of the historical parallels, is not sure why legato speech is so effective in helping stutterers build a beachhead of fluent speech. Nonstop vocalization may be easier for stutterers because it gives them one less variable to worry about; they just turn their voice on and leave it on. And there is no question that it forces them to speak more slowly—which Lee thinks may be the most important benefit of all.

I asked him why he thought so, and he said that experiments have repeatedly shown that talking faster always makes a bad stutter worse. The evidence from statistical surveys seems to bear this out. When a large group of ex-stutterers were asked what they attributed their recovery to, many of them said that they had simply learned to speak more slowly.

I told Lee that what he was saying reminded me of the advice that my parents gave me all through childhood; it may have been good advice, but I had not been prepared to accept it—at least, not when it came from my parents.

Lee asked what I had done to stop



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stuttering. I said that I couldn't remember doing anything in particular.

"Are you aware that you're speaking in a natural legato style?" he asked.

I said that I had not even been aware of the term until I came across it a few weeks before in one of his papers. But as I answered him I was listening to my voice, and in between the words I could hear the steady drone of vocalization, almost like the hum of an electronic amplifier between sets at a rock concert.

It is possible that I somehow stumbled on this trick while I was growing up, and unconsciously adopted it. But it doesn't seem possible that such a little change could have cut the knot that bound my speech. More likely, I learned to speak in legato style at the same time that I was gaining confidence in myself in other ways, and progress in one area reinforced progress in the others.

I suspect that neither I nor anyone else will ever be able to say exactly why I started to stutter or why I stopped. But with the spread of the Gospel According to Johnson—"Suffer little children to learn to talk at their own pace"—and with the battery of therapeutic tools now available, and with the new emphasis on differential diagnosis to apply those tools more efficiently, it seems possible that there will be fewer and fewer people worrying about the problem called stuttering. Or writing letters such as one received by an internationally known speech therapist in New York a while ago. The writer was a twenty-four-year-old Turk, self-taught in several languages, including English, who wanted to know if there was anyone in America who could cure his stutter. "I love people, anything, everybody in the world but it is a bad judgment on me that I can't get around them," the letter said. "The fact is that I have to do something about it. . . . Otherwise a bullet through the head will do the thing. . . . I have many talents. But what's the use of knowing 2 or 3 languages unless you have the chance of any practice. . . . Please help me out of this hell's torment. I can't stand it anymore. I don't want to be an outcast in society."

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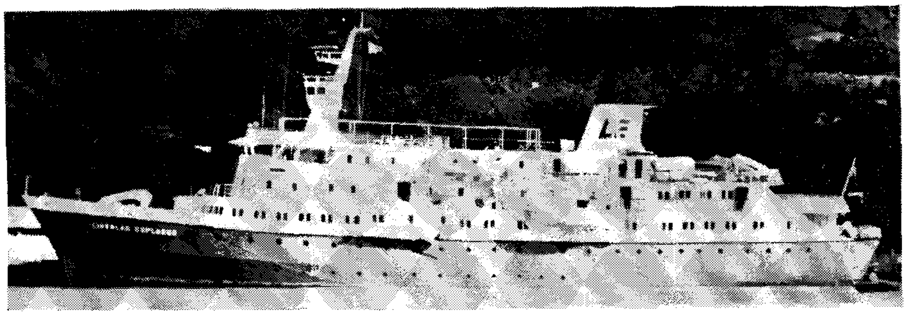

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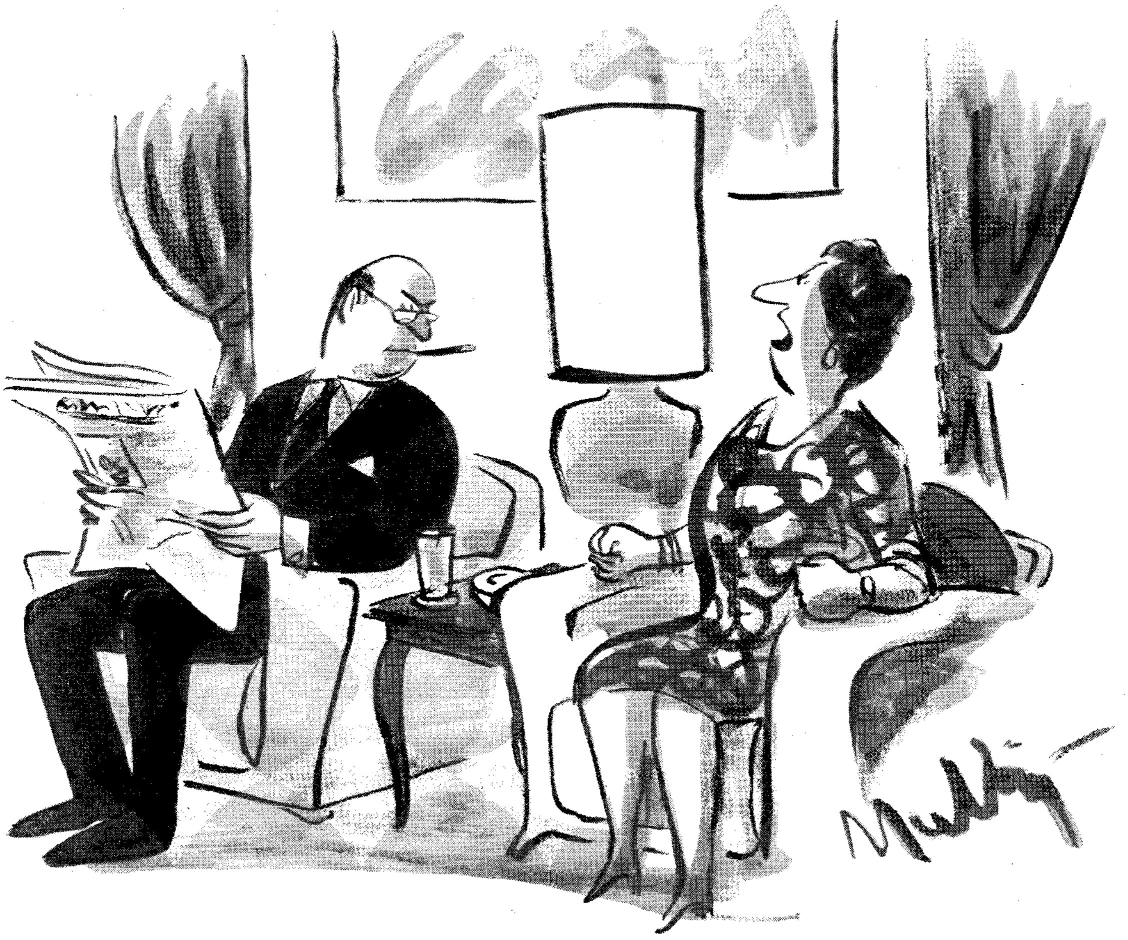
AROUND CITY HALL

CONTRACT TIME

"WE'RE riding a winning streak. We're on a hot roll," one city official said happily last summer, during the triumphal series of events that began with Operation Sail and extended through other local Bicentennial celebrations—among them the visit of the Queen of England—and the gathering of the Democrats at Madison Square Garden, where Mayor Abraham Beame's welcoming speech began, "As most of you have experienced, our city is full of life and joy and wonder." The Mayor later described the first half of July as "the greatest two weeks in the city's history." They had "put a real gloss on the Big Apple," he said in August as he announced that the figures for tourism—New York's second-largest industry, after the garment trades—were far ahead of those for any other year in this decade. The figures for September indicated that sixteen and a half million tourists, including those attending more than eight hundred and thirty conventions, would enrich the local economy by four billion badly needed dollars in 1976—unless, of course, some visitors should be scared away by the recent police demonstrations. This projection was especially heartening to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, since it had found that many of the out-of-towners in charge of choosing convention sites, who generally make their arrangements a couple of years ahead of time, had had to be talked out of changing their plans at the last minute and shifting their business elsewhere, in the belief that services here had totally disintegrated and criminals had taken over the city. The latter impression had received particular encouragement from the local policemen's union, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, whose response to the mid-1975 announcement that some members of the force would have to be laid off because of the fiscal crisis was to publish the memorable "Fear City" pamphlet. Inside a cover showing a hooded death's-head and the legend "Welcome to Fear City—A Survival Guide for Visitors to the City of New York," it warned out-of-towners, "Until things change, stay away from New York City if you possibly can," because of the "shockingly high" incidence of crime and violence and other inescapable local dangers. Although protests by leaders of other municipal unions and by some of their fellow-policemen caused the P.B.A. leaders to stop distributing the booklet—"I'll find other ways to hurt the city," said Kenneth McFeeley, then the P.B.A. president—the news agencies had already carried its message all around the country and overseas. Many months later, representatives of the Convention Bureau who were huckstering New York's attractions in European capitals found themselves having to refute the "Fear City" charges point by point.

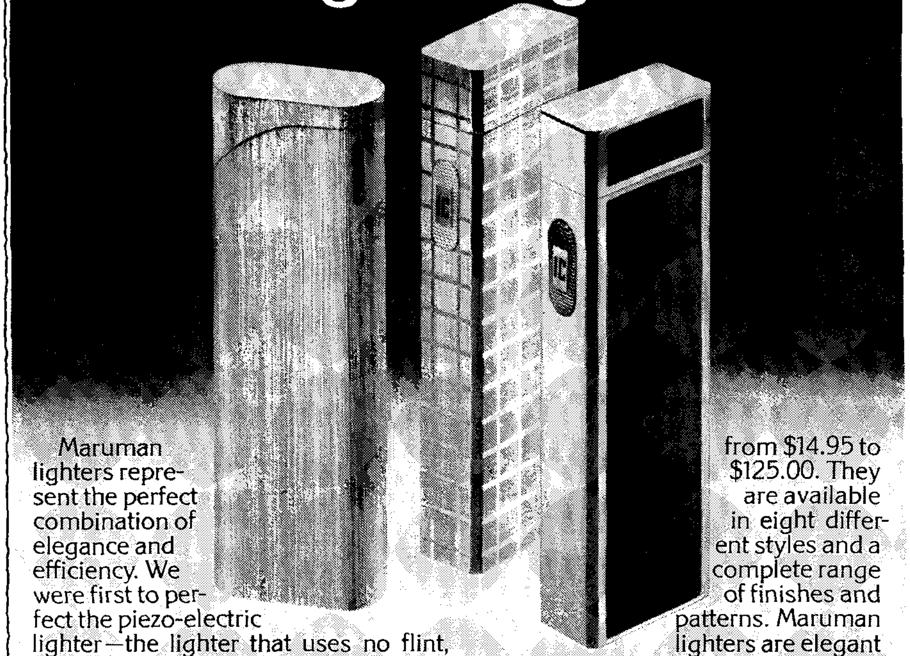
A large element in the "joy and wonder" cited by the Mayor this summer was, of course, the contrast between the summer's big successes and the way things were a year ago in New York, when it was a nationally designated disaster area that few Americans, in or out of government, seemed to consider worth rescuing. In recent months, relying on the steady stream of cheery financial reports out of City Hall, and forgetting that the same smiling mayor had announced in July of 1975 that the city's fiscal crisis was "reasonably behind us," many New Yorkers have been acting as if the city's money problems were, if not behind it, at least reasonably in abeyance. The truth is that month by month New York's prospects for financial recovery have looked increasingly grim as the impression has grown among the state and federal monitors assigned to oversee the city's progress toward solvency that the Beame administration is unwilling or unable to hold the line or make the spending cuts necessary to erase the billion-dollar local deficit and allow the city to achieve its goal of a balanced budget by June 30, 1978. The 1978 deadline was imposed as part of the three-year financial plan that the city agreed to last year, thus assuring the first of a series of seasonal loans from Washington that saved it from imminent bankruptcy. One reason local optimism nevertheless persisted in some quarters was the theory that this summer's visitors, who had seemed to feel so kindly toward New



"Herb Brinkman, don't you look over your bifocals at me!"

York while they were here (there was the "Texas Thanks New York City" message spelled out on cards held up by that state's delegation on the last night of the Democratic Convention, and also the post-Convention comment by Jimmy Carter's engineer friend P. J. Wise, of Plains, Georgia, that if New Yorkers behave "like they did last week, they'll get out of debt"), would put in a good word for the city the next time it was strapped for cash. This theory has had little corroboration, however, and the chances that the next Congress would prove more sympathetic were not improved after a number of legislators running for re-election around the country this fall found themselves in serious trouble with their constituents because they voted last year to help New York City. Despite the post-election jubilation at City Hall, where the Mayor has constantly pointed out that Carter would not have won without New York's forty-one electoral votes (the same could be said for the combined votes of Ohio and Florida) and implied that the city's troubles might be as good as over, the national mistrust of New York is, in fact, a bipartisan phenomenon: when the city was in extremis last year, the arrangements for the federal rescue of this Democratic town passed the overwhelmingly Democratic House of Representatives by only ten votes. Even in the final dead heat of the campaign, Carter's promises to the city were tentative and cautious. There is also some danger that the spectacle of local politicians continuing to take public credit for his victory could complicate the next President's hopes for working smoothly with Congress, including the legislative prospects for any plans he may have for easing the city's plight.

Still, the election did put the city on the winning side for a change. Although the World Series results hardly bore it out, the view of the city as riding a winning streak had been briefly revived by Chris Chambliss's last-of-the-ninth homer in the American League playoffs, bringing the Yankees their first pennant in twelve years. By a coincidence that the city was bound to consider propitious for November 2nd, the pennant race, too, had been Kansas City versus New York, like the summer political Conventions. The favorite cry of the fans as they surged out onto the field at Yankee Stadium that night was "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" But by that time the faith of New Yorkers still looking on the bright side had been badly



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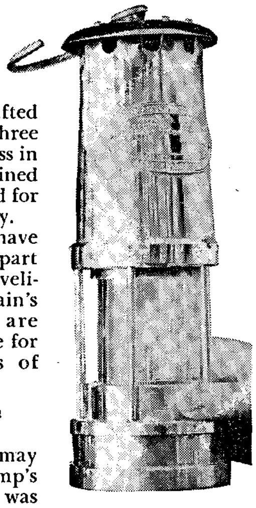
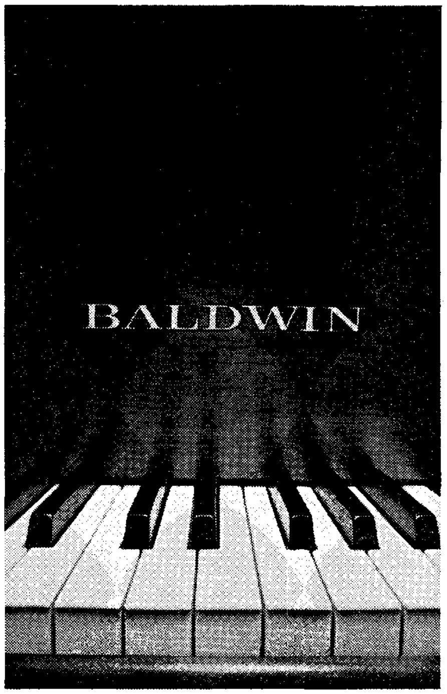


Actually works . . . many are still used in the mines today.

shaken during three weeks of demonstrations by members of the P.B.A., whose favorite chant was also "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!"—reflecting their determination that in their new contract, then being negotiated with the city, they must get a better deal than any other municipal-service workers, and especially the firemen.

The police demonstrations posed deeply troubling questions as to who enforces the law against the city's professional law enforcers and whether New York could cling to the hope of meeting its 1978 budget deadline if so critical an element of local government as the police insisted that its demands be met even if those demands brought the city down. An immediate question was how long City Hall could continue to spend its scarce funds to police the demonstrators rather than to attend to the criminals that the "Fear City" pamphlet had warned against. By mid-October, overtime costs occasioned by the police protests had already reached nearly a million dollars. On the night that Chambliss hit his homer, the city spent ninety-five thousand dollars extra, most of it in overtime, to keep the demonstrators from disrupting the visits of Jimmy Carter at two local political dinners. In the crush, the Democratic candidate may not have caught a glimpse across the barricades of angry off-duty policemen shouting that the city was treating them as second-class citizens, or of some of the ordinary New Yorkers in the crowd as they snarled back or, in a few cases, lobbed eggs and other missiles at New York's Finest. If he did, he must certainly have reported to his mother on his return to Plains that there had been quite a change in the city since Convention time, when she had said of New York, "I didn't see a single cross-looking person there." A six-per-cent pay increase had been collected by other city employees beginning September 1st, and as the police continued to insist that in their case alone it be made retroactive to September of 1975, one cynical explanation for their helpfulness in giving July's visitors a good impression of the city, and for their big smiles, on which many of that month's visitors had remarked, was that any group would smile a lot if it had collected a million dollars in overtime payments for Operation Sail and two million one hundred thousand for the Democratic Convention.

City Hall has been the traditional site of unruly protests here, but it was the police demonstrations in other parts of the city that came to be etched



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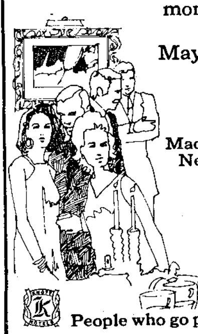
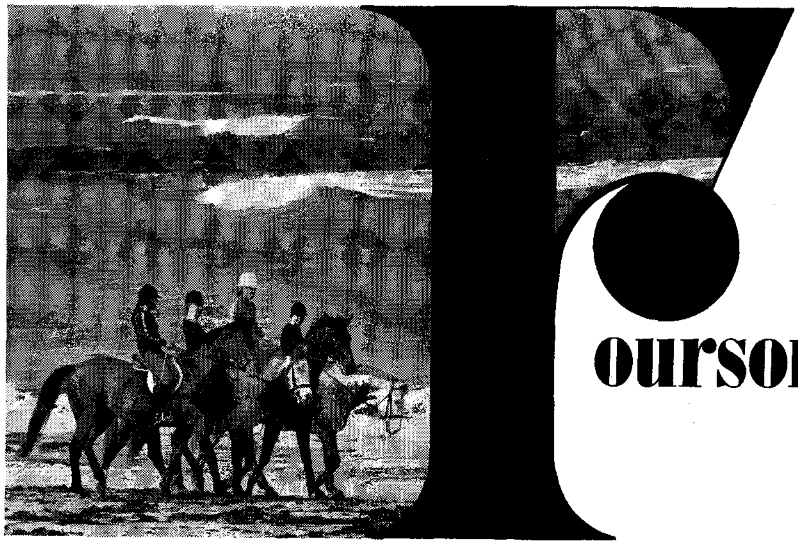


dramatically in local memories as, night after night, off-duty cops, several thousand strong, roamed through the streets, bringing traffic to a standstill. Some of them had clearly been drinking, and all of them were wearing guns. For a time, the P.B.A. program was to invade residential neighborhoods in the post-midnight hours, blowing whistles incessantly except when they were shouting "We're No. 1!" or "Abe's a Worm!" (making obscene gestures at the sound of the Mayor's name), or, for variation, breaking into ear-splitting choruses of "God Bless America" outside a hospital. At two o'clock one morning, according to the *Post*, the police "virtually wrecked" a truck driven by a man who refused to augment their racket by blowing his horn. Another favorite tactic was to jam the police frequencies by leaving the transmitting buttons on their walkie-talkies open, so that citizens' pleas for help would not reach the squad cars. The primary goal, however, seemed to be to disrupt public events at Yankee Stadium, in Times Square, and in the other areas frequented by out-of-towners, apparently to persuade them once again to stay away from New York. But even the comparatively orderly daytime demonstrations at City Hall gave that place a crisis atmosphere that it had seen little of since November, 1975, when the Emergency Financial Control Board, established by the State Legislature, took jurisdiction over the city's financial priorities and it became clear that the ultimate judgment as to what the city could and could not afford to do rested with the Control Board rather than with the Mayor or the city's legislators. During much of this year, the center of local government has seemed as tranquil as a civic building in some provincial capital, its days enlivened by ceremonial events or public-relations happenings carefully spaced to fill out the Mayor's schedule. Virtually gone were the once almost daily demonstrations within sight of the Mayor's window by hundreds (or, on occasion, thousands) of citizens shouting their grievances and demands, often identified as non-negotiable, and carrying signs warning "We'll Remember in November"—a message that in a more prodigal City Hall era often led to the swift discovery inside the Hall that there was in fact enough money to give the noisemakers what they wanted. The new alternative, demonstrations at the meetings of the seven-man Control Board, never really caught on. The Board meets at the local headquarters of its chairman, New York's Governor



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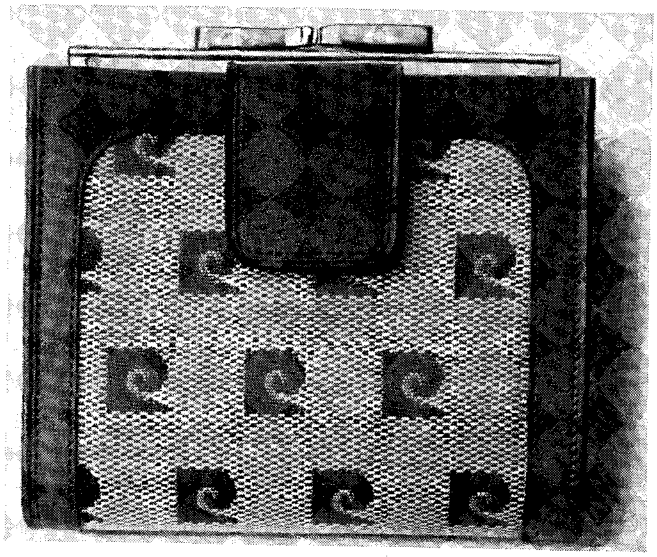

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Hugh Carey, in a thirty-four-story office building at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, a neighborhood more impatient of interruption than that around City Hall. Threats to remember in November strike no terror to the hearts of the three Board members from the private business world: Felix Rohatyn, a general partner in the investment-banking firm of Lazard Frères; David Margolis, the president of Colt Industries; and William Ellinghaus, the board vice-chairman of American Telephone & Telegraph. And although the Board's two representatives from city government, Beame and City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, may be running for reëlection next year, the terms of the two members from Albany, Carey and State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, won't expire until 1978—and to Levitt, serving his sixth four-year term, one November is much like another.

It is the responsibility of the Control Board to reject any municipal-union contract whose cost, in the Board's opinion, will unbalance the city's long-range financial plan—a measure that the Board has taken in the case of a United Federation of Teachers contract—but actual contract negotiations with the unions remain the responsibility of City Hall. Until this fall's dispute over the police demands, most recent contract agreements were reached by something resembling consensus—a result that benefitted greatly from the willingness of the city's outside financial advisers, most notably Rohatyn, to involve themselves and help persuade the union leaders that the city's claims of penury were the real thing. In the summer of 1975, a time when hair-breadth escapes from default were an almost biweekly affair for the city, all but one of the major municipal unions (the exception was the P.B.A.), whose members since that July 1st had been collecting a six-per-cent raise, in accordance with contracts already in effect, agreed that, beginning September 1, 1975, the city could stop paying them this raise, although technically it was only "deferred." During the following months, and particularly during the negotiations for new contracts at the beginning of this summer, these unions made one concession after another to the city's reduced financial circumstances, surrendering a number of rights and privileges won in previous contracts, and agreeing to certain levels of "productivity," which often meant the elimination of expensive featherbedding practices. The city was thus able to avoid further layoffs, and even

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to rehire some city employees who had been dismissed. The firemen's union, the Uniformed Firefighters Association, was among those which coöperated in this way, and, as a result, of the nine hundred firemen (out of eleven thousand five hundred) who were laid off in mid-1975, all but two hundred and sixteen have returned to the firehouses. Thanks to such accommodations, the city agreed that it could afford to pay these unions the six-per-cent raise beginning this September 1st.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association played things differently, fighting the city every step of the way, and one result is that, with the exception of a few hundred policemen paid with federal law-enforcement funds, none of the three thousand members of the thirty-thousand-member force who were laid off in 1975 have been rehired. Unlike the other unions, the P.B.A. declined to defer the six-per-cent raise last year, and, when the city stopped paying it anyhow, the union went to court. It won in the lower courts and expects to win also in the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals (it was, after all, a contractual obligation), but such a victory would not entitle it to the six-per-cent raise that the other unions have been collecting since September 1st. Nevertheless, the P.B.A.'s contract demand this fall was that its members be paid both six-per-cent increases—that is, that their six per cent be retroactive to September of 1975. That deal, without the P.B.A.'s having made any painful trade-off concessions, would have raised the policemen's wages above those of the firemen and made them, as their chanting had it, No. 1. The traditional local practice of paying policemen and firemen at the same level, known as parity, has long been a sore point with the police, who often point out that, unlike the firemen, they put their lives on the line—ignoring the fact that in most years more firemen than policemen die in the line of duty.

"The most important goal of my administration will be to break parity," McFeeley said in 1974, when he took office as P.B.A. president; and, three years earlier, Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, otherwise highly unpopular with the P.B.A. (he had supported Mayor John Lindsay's move to extend the life of the Commission to Investigate Alleged Police Corruption in New York City, also known as the Knapp Commission), became a hero to the union when he insisted that the police should be paid more than the firefighters because they were

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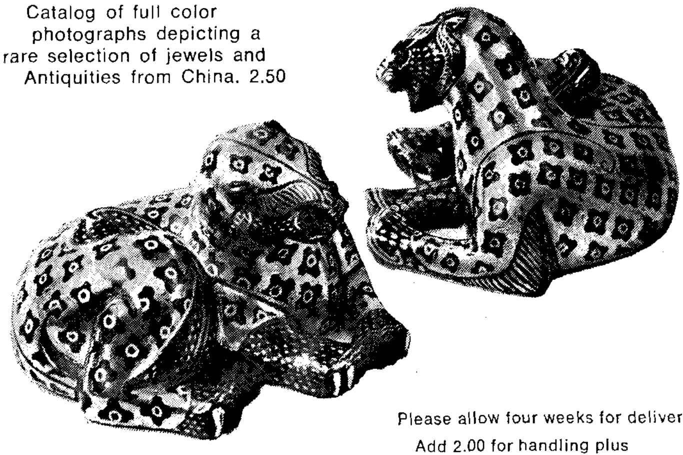

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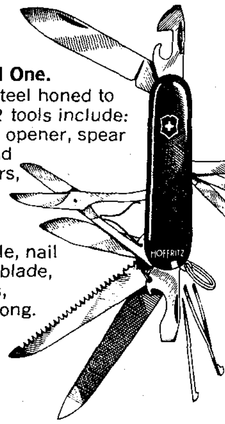

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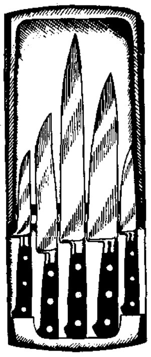

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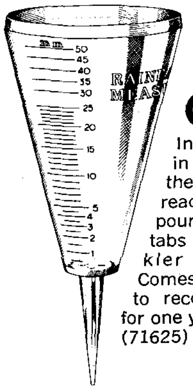

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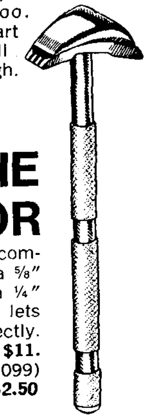

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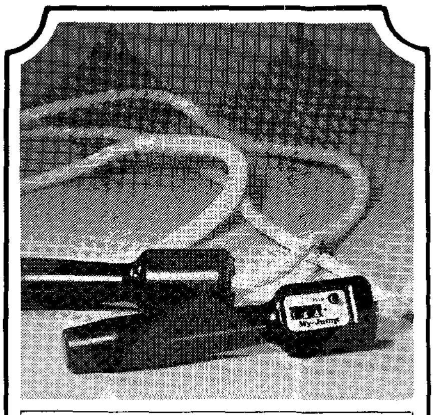
"unique"—a classification that moved a militant P.B.A. leader the next day to dismiss the firemen as mere "professional laborers." The city's response to the P.B.A. demand for retroactive payment this fall was simpler than it might have been in the old days, for then a trompe-l'oeil arrangement might have been worked out whose full costs the public would not have found out about until months, or perhaps years, later. There was simply no provision in the already strained financial plan for the extra twenty million dollars that the retroactive payment would cost—or, of course, for the hundred million or so that would then be claimed by the other unions, understandably unwilling to be penalized for good behavior. Even if the city administration had been tempted to engage in a little fooling of the eye (there's that municipal election next year), it knew that the Control Board would reject it, and that if the police protests should then continue they could threaten the fragile rescue structure that has so far kept the city financially in business. "He knows that if he gives in on this one the whole city caves in," one of Beame's advisers said early last month. Stephen Berger, the executive director of the Control Board, complained that P.B.A. leaders had not made it clear to their members what was at stake, but there were others who wondered whether the reason that the union officers—generally young, not trained to take the long view of anything, and painfully insecure (the P.B.A. has had three presidents in the last three years)—had not done so was that they didn't understand it themselves. As the raucous demonstrations continued, not one other labor leader in the city gave them the faintest encouragement. "They're fighting for a sure loser," said one of the most powerful of the city's labor leaders. "You shouldn't fight hard for a sure loser."

ALTHOUGH Mayor Beame held four press conferences on successive days in which he described the police actions as "an outrage," City Hall's ceremonial schedule went on as usual during the demonstrations. There was no reason for cancellations, because the tense negotiations were being conducted not by the Mayor but by First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti, the Princeton-and-Yale-educated son of the headwaiter at El Morocco, who is now a power in every aspect of city government, and who will almost certainly run for mayor next year if Beame decides not to. On the day



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after the Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton fight at Yankee Stadium, the Mayor's expression of outrage was over the treatment suffered by a number of fight fans, who had been roughed up and robbed by roving bands of South Bronx teen-agers with almost no interference from five hundred policemen on duty at the stadium or from about two thousand off-duty police demonstrators, although the reason that off-duty cops carry guns is that they must be in a position to enforce the law off duty as well as on. The demonstrators not only blocked traffic at the stadium, in violation of a court order, but also, according to witnesses, urged the teen-agers on in their attacks on the fight fans and their attempts to storm the stadium gates. After most of the damage was done, there were arrests of a few of the neighborhood bullies but no arrests of off-duty cops. For which of their on-duty colleagues, who on the next shift might be off-duty demonstrators, perhaps disturbing the peace themselves, would put the arm on them? By this time, the Police Department had let it be known that it had agents taking pictures of the demonstrators for possible use in departmental trials, and, as was also true of later rampages elsewhere in town, some of the protesters were wearing Halloween masks, which added to the grotesqueness of the situation. "As usual, this city resembles something Hieronymus Bosch would have painted with pleasure," the columnist George Will wrote after the scene at the stadium.

At his City Hall press conference, after demanding a report from Police Commissioner Michael Codd as to how innocent people could have been robbed while the police stood idly by, Mayor Beame formally received the first black commander of the Army's Fort Hamilton, in Brooklyn; proclaimed Fire Prevention Week; presented the president of the General Pulaski Memorial Committee with a proclamation honoring the Polish hero of the Revolutionary War; and cut a piece of cake in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Our Lady of Pompei Church, in Greenwich Village, whose parishioners then proclaimed the Mayor an honorary Italian. Just before dawn the next day, Zuccotti and the current P.B.A. president, Douglas Weaving, shook hands on a new contract. Later in the day, three hundred and fifty P.B.A. delegates met at the Police Academy to vote on the agreement. Meanwhile, the Mayor welcomed President William Tolbert, of Liberia, who was here on a visit, and made him an honorary citizen

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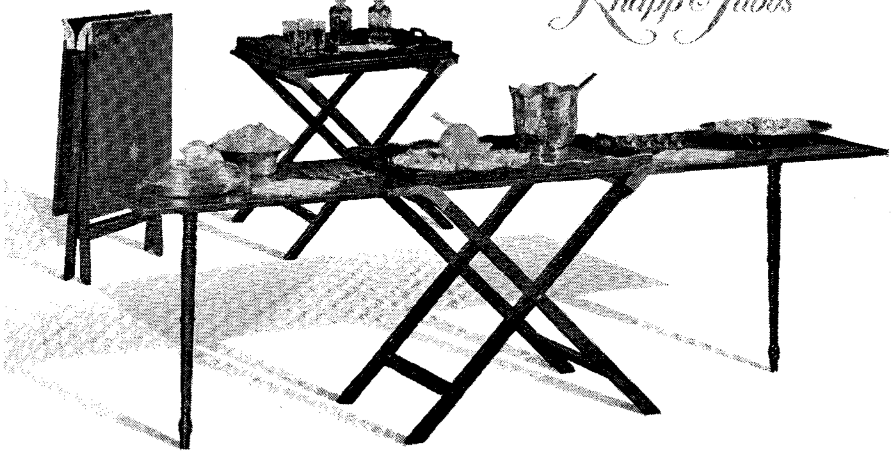

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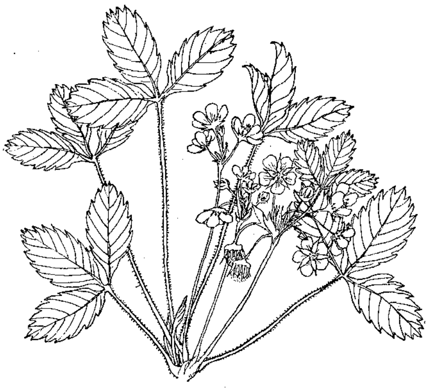

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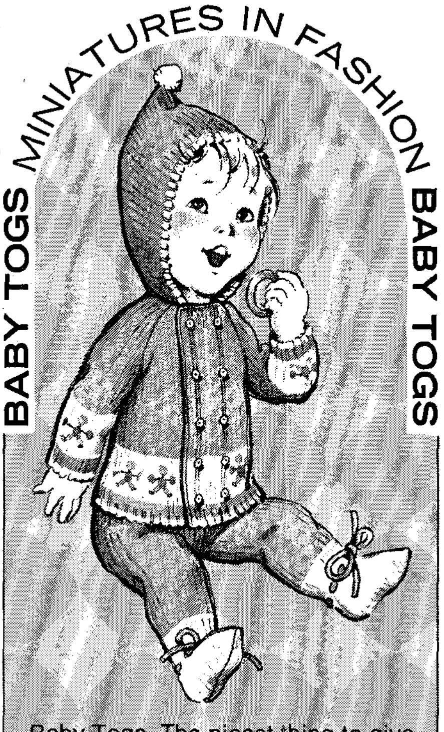
of New York. In one of the more cheerful events of that week, as President Tolbert moved up City Hall's front steps, a black woman from Brooklyn who had come downtown to consult her councilman about trouble with her landlord, somehow got swept up in the Liberian entourage and was welcomed into the Blue Room, across from Beame's office; she attended the ceremony, had her hand pumped by numerous city officials, including the Mayor, and went back to Brooklyn after declaring that it had been "the most thrilling day of my life." On the same day, the Mayor greeted representatives of several Hispanic groups that were conducting voter-registration drives in their neighborhoods; received a courtesy call from Jimmy Carter's son Jack, on whom he pinned a Big Apple emblem; and later posed wearing an "I'm Crazy About New York" T-shirt while patting a plastic figure known as Mr. Big Apple and proclaiming Big Apple Autumn. In mid-afternoon, word came that the P.B.A. delegates had rejected the proposed settlement. (Because they hadn't been offered more money than the firemen were getting, according to one of the City Hall negotiators, "you could have brought them the Holy Grail and they would have rejected it.") The P.B.A.'s Weaving, now indicating that he had never been for the contract in the first place, announced that demonstrations would be resumed all over town. It wasn't until October 22nd, nearly a month after the protests started, that another contract was tentatively agreed upon.

Although the ironies of the situation were probably not uppermost in the minds of many New Yorkers during the police demonstrations, some ironies were evident. One was the explanation for the signs held by policemen's small children reading "If You Force This Contract Down Our Throats I'll Never See My Daddy" and the black-coffin prop, with its legend "Family Life—Murdered by Beame." (At one point, Telly Savalas, who, as Kojak, plays a New York City policeman, was hoisted on the shoulders of the protesters and held up the coffin to show his support.) Part of the P.B.A. members' objection to the proposed contract lay in the requirement that each policeman work ten additional days a year—the result of a complex situation in which, several years ago, the city had traded the police slightly longer daily tours of duty for eighteen extra holidays each year. It now proposed to reduce the daily-tour time somewhat, and



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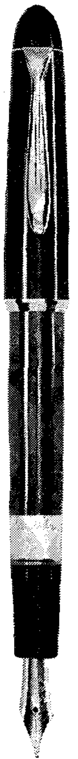

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an impasse panel had ruled that, in return, it could take back ten of the extra days off. Even with the additional ten days, however, the police will work only two hundred and fifteen days a year, including an average of ten days' sick leave. The usual nine-to-five worker in private industry works two hundred and thirty-one days annually, including an average of ten days' sick leave. It is hard to imagine that any one of these workers would put a child on the streets, with or without an accompanying coffin prop, bearing a sign complaining that he never gets to see his daddy (or mommy) and expect his employer to take him seriously. Another odd development in the demonstrations was the curious calm with which New Yorkers reacted to the frequent cry of "Strike! Strike! Strike!" by some of the demonstrators and the warning to the Mayor by President Weaving that a police strike was imminent. Most New Yorkers apparently remembered that during the six-day police strike here in January of 1971 the crime rate did not go up—and, in fact, decreased in some areas of the city. And there was the anomalous prospect that the million dollars in overtime payments to some policemen to protect the city from other policemen could so unbalance the department's budget for this year that more policemen would have to be laid off—a move that would lead, perhaps, to further demonstrations and further overtime.

Still, the protests may have indirectly caused loss to be balanced by savings to the city in other quarters. A frequent charge against the police is that they engage in "bounty hunting"—scheduling arrests toward the end of their tours, so they will have to be paid overtime for their presence during the long arraignment process. Department figures for September, when the demonstrations started, showed that arrests in the city were down 13.7 per cent from September of 1975 and that the police were also issuing a larger percentage of "desk appearance" subpoenas, which do not require arraignment. The speculation in local district attorneys' offices was that the police had been in a hurry to get to the picket lines, and also that overtime from bounty hunting was at less of a premium, since so much of it was already being paid to policemen for controlling their fellow-policemen. The reduction in arrests had also eased conditions in the city's detention centers, which in mid-September had been so overcrowded with people awaiting arraignment

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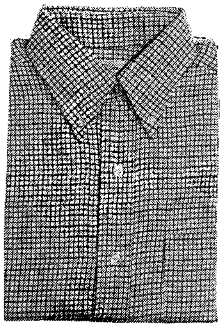

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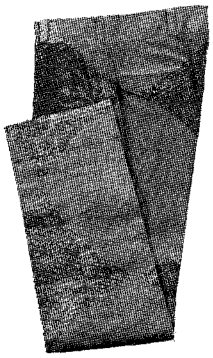

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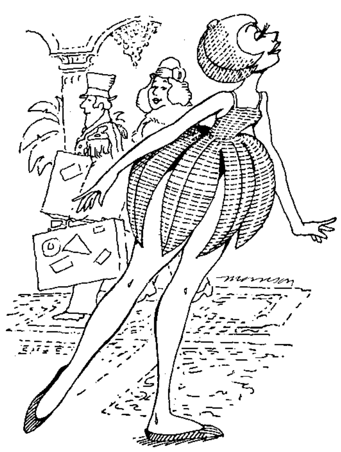
that some of those arrested were being held for three days before they got to court. By the first week of October, almost all of them made it on the first day, and the city was saving a substantial amount in daily prison costs, which come to as much as fifty-six dollars a head. No one could say whether actual crime conditions were worse in the city because of this police inattention, but the district attorneys' offices indicated that they expected arrests to be up sharply again once the cops' self-generating overtime bonanza was over.

There may be yet another financial break for the city as a result of the recent events. When it became clear that on-duty police at the rank-and-file level would not arrest colleagues, with whom they might be exchanging roles on the next shift, the control of the demonstrators was largely transferred to their superior officers, and a few police protesters were actually arrested, although the charges in those cases involved affronts not to the public but to their superior officers. (In an uncommon scene, the demonstrators, massing in front of the station where their fellow-policemen were briefly held, charged that the arresting officers had used unnecessary force, and kept shouting "Brutality!" but no one actually heard the words "Police brutality!") Officers of the rank of captain and above get compensatory time off rather than overtime, but the overtime pay for lieutenants and sergeants, the two ranks below captain, costs the city far more than that of ordinary policemen, making the change an expensive proposition for the department. New York policemen can retire after twenty years at half their final year's income, including overtime, and the prediction is that the extraordinary amounts of overtime, including that at Operation Sail and the Democratic Convention, that have been collected in 1976 by sergeants and lieutenants—amounting to an average of three thousand dollars apiece—will encourage them to retire in unusually large numbers at the end of this year. Just their 1976 overtime will add fifteen hundred dollars to their annual income for the rest of their lives. Their pensions would be paid by the Police Pension Fund rather than from ordinary city funds, however, so their departures could both save the city money and relieve the uncommonly high proportion of chiefs to Indians caused by the layoffs of the three thousand lower-ranking policemen last year. It could also somewhat improve the proportion of police from minority groups. In recent years, mindful of



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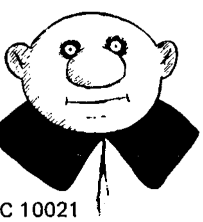

federal affirmative-action laws, there had been a concerted effort to hire blacks and Puerto Ricans, but the layoffs were on a last-in-first-out basis, so the minority members were the first to go in the Police Department, as in nearly all the other areas of city government.

ON October 12th, the P.B.A. announced that six thousand protesters would mass that night at Yankee Stadium, and the city deployed nearly fifteen hundred high-ranking policemen to keep them in line. Only about five hundred demonstrators turned out. One P.B.A. leader, suggesting that the union had found "other ways to hurt the city," hinted that this had been a deliberate scheme to trap City Hall into laying out more overtime money and leaving other precincts undermanned, but P.B.A. President Weaving seemed dismayed by the small crowd. From then on, the number of policemen taking part in demonstrations dwindled rapidly. On October 19th, when members of the Sergeants Benevolent Association met at a Queens restaurant and voted to approve a new contract that, except for the higher pay level, was virtually identical with the one that the P.B.A. had turned down, only a hundred or so P.B.A. members, shouting "Don't sell us out," marched outside. "When I'm dealing with a corporation that has fiscal problems, I've got to realize it. . . . These days, if you hold what you had, it's a victory," said Harold Melnick, the president of the sergeants' union, whom the Mayor had commended for his "statesmanlike" behavior. Meanwhile, a scramble was going on at City Hall to devise some scheme that would allow Weaving (who seemed finally to be catching on to some of the city's problems) to present his members with a contract that offered them no more money—a point on which the city was adamant—and not lose face entirely. One solution was to offer them the same contract with the terms shuffled around somewhat, and to have it proposed by a third party. On October 15th, Michael Sovern, dean of the Columbia Law School, was invited into the case as an adviser, and a week later he made a contract proposal that Weaving immediately called "the best course" and that the Mayor, careful not to sound too enthusiastic, described as "acceptable." A discerning policeman in one precinct complained that if the terms in the earlier contract had been "ham and eggs," the new terms were "eggs and ham." There was one

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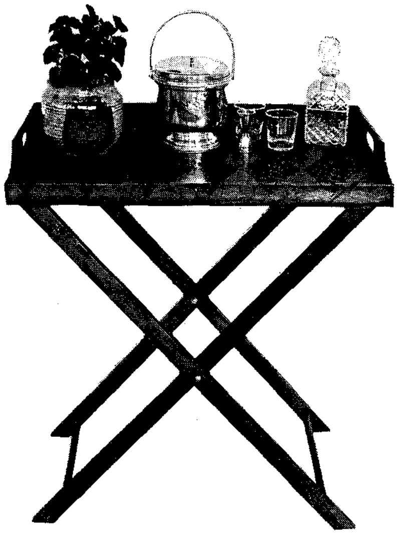

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slight change in the menu, however. Part of the reason that the charge of murdering family life had been laid against the original contract was that the proposed turn-around time between weekly tours of duty ranged from eighty down to fifty-six hours. The *Times* noted that "the issue for many is not more family time but more time for moonlighting." For the average worker in private industry, such an interval is customarily sixty-four hours—from 5 P.M. Friday to 9 A.M. Monday. In the proposed new police contract, the police would be required to work the additional ten days a year, but most of the intervals would be seventy-two hours, allowing more time for family life or whatever. The police would collect the same six-per-cent increase as other city workers, including the firemen, but it would be identified as the raise due them as of September 1, 1975, rather than as the raise paid other workers beginning a year later, and would thus give the P.B.A. leaders a chance to claim a court victory, and seem to justify the enormous legal expenses of their recent disputes with the city: their unsuccessful fight against the extra ten days a year, by itself, is reported to have cost them four hundred thousand dollars. The raise would boost the yearly earnings of the average rank-and-file policeman from $18,466 to $20,160 before overtime, and boost such a policeman's average cost to the city, including health and pension benefits, to about thirty thousand dollars, which, commentators were quick to point out, would not seem to constitute second-class treatment to the third of a million New Yorkers who are unemployed or to the hundred and seventeen thousand who applied for the police examination when it was last given, in 1973, fewer than two hundred of whom were hired—and almost all of these were among the members of the force who were laid off last year.

Among the scenes from the period of the police demonstrations that won't fade just because names are finally signed to a new contract is one at the Ali-Norton fight, when, as the South Bronx teen-agers, all black or Puerto Rican, were hauled away by white members of the force, the white lawbreakers—other policemen, in this case—went free. The event caused little surprise in the city's ghetto areas, however, where it was pointed out that this is routine there: more white people were taking notice this time, that's all. Also notable was the explanation of the night's events offered by Assistant Chief Anthony Bouza, who was

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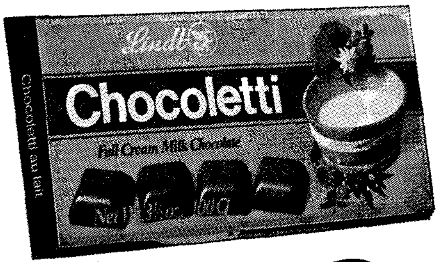

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in charge at the stadium. The problem was not that he had failed to protect innocent people from being robbed, Bouza suggested, but that "this permanent underclass of uncontrolled children," as he called them, had "impinged on the consciousness of more prominent Americans." He added, "If I failed, it's because I didn't continue to make these feral children invisible to middle- and upper-class Americans who aren't used to seeing them." It seems safe to say that this was the first time a high police official had used the word "feral" in a press conference, and the novelty of it momentarily diverted attention from the fact that the problem *had* been that he and twenty-five hundred other cops had failed to protect innocent people from being robbed. A couple of weeks later, Bouza cut the ground from under the frequent claim by the Police Department and the P.B.A. that they cannot control crime in the city because of severe understaffing by declaring in a speech before the local City Club that the department could take a further ten-per-cent decrease with ease, and that it would do everybody a big favor by "weeding out psychos, criminals, and the unfit." No one was surprised to learn that Bouza was considering transferring out of the police force.

Other memorable tableaux from the protests were those in which the police demonstrated over and over their willingness to inflict damage on the local economy and their imperviousness to the argument that they have a stake in the fiscal survival of their city—which in fact many of them do not see as their city, since more than forty per cent of New York's policemen live outside the five boroughs. (Bouza, for example, lives in Westchester County.) Their attitude was a reminder that a considerable share of the problems here, as in other urban areas, stem from the fact that so many of those who make their money here abandon the city's grimy, crisis-ridden streets for the leafy suburbs at the end of each tour of duty, taking with them their spending power and their after-hours civic interests and energies, which the city so badly needs. This fall, the police may have made New Yorkers just mad enough to do something about this situation. It "would not be a bad idea to revive discussions on whether city cops should be required to live within the city," suggested Frank Lombardi, the head of the City Hall bureau of the *News*, which was heretofore the New York policeman's favorite newspaper, and one that had

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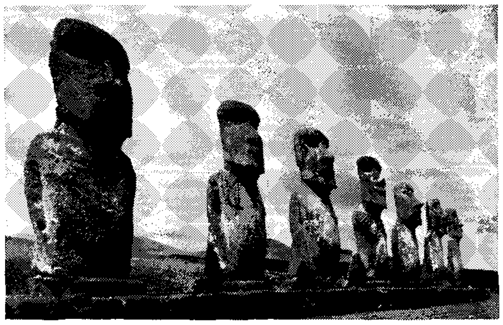

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editorially opposed any law requiring city employees to live here. No one, however, expects the State Legislature to pass a law as severe as the procedures now in effect in Chicago, which not only specify that all newly hired policemen live in the city but also require those already on the force to move back in from the suburbs or face dismissal. "If Chicago is good enough to work for, it's good enough to live in" is Mayor Richard Daley's position.

In the long run, perhaps, the most significant after-image of the fall turmoil will be not that of unruly policemen but that of their fellow-union leaders, old-time comrades at the barricades, looking on almost magisterially. The traditional adversary relationship, the tactic of pushing the city to the wall at contract time, has changed dramatically as the other union chiefs have become partners in the struggle against fiscal disaster; last month First Deputy Mayor Zuccotti called them "the architects of the city's survival." The belief that bankruptcy here would wipe out all hard-won contractual rights and benefits, and that it is in their members' self-interest—self-interest being no more or less a motive for union members than for other citizens—to keep the city going, is so strong that a few months ago Barry Feinstein, the head of Teamsters Local 237, which represents fifteen thousand city workers, announced that in the Democratic primary his union would not support Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, because Badillo had advocated a formal default by the city, saying that the fiscal stringencies the city had imposed constituted "moral bankruptcy." Feinstein commented, "He's trying to do in every union man who's been killing himself to keep the city going." (Badillo won the primary but during the campaign had little to say about bankruptcy, moral or otherwise.) In addition to making contract concessions, the union members, through their pension funds (including the Police Pension Fund), have become the city's bankers, lending it nearly two billion dollars in the past year. The time may come, of course, when being compared to statesmen and designated architects of survival will begin to sound to some union leaders less like having been made full partners than like having been flimflammed, but that development will probably mean that the city is finally on the road to recovery. For the moment, in the matter of the New York police, the P.B.A. delegates last week rejected the second contract version, in part because it con-

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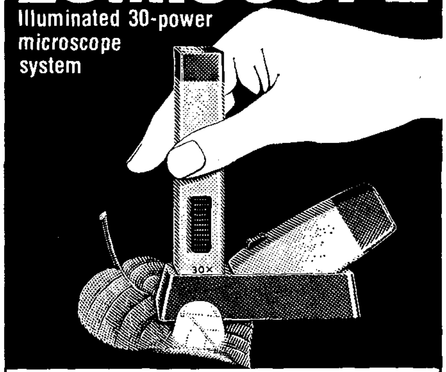

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tained no provision for total amnesty for all police offenses during the demonstrations—the kind of indulgence for which they have not historically shown any enthusiasm in the case of civilian lawbreakers. There was always the possibility that the impasse would set off further large-scale demonstrations, but, for a start, the delegates voted to urge all policemen to write as many traffic tickets as "humanly possible"—a program that may leave them little time for tracking down criminals and will not, of course, further endear them to their fellow New Yorkers. In any event, the end of the disruptions and the eventual settlement of the contract dispute will not disabuse a large share of local policemen of the view that they are isolated, unappreciated, and discriminated against, and therefore owe the city nothing—hardly an ideal frame of mind for those on whom eight million people must rely for protection. Even with the prospect of having a friend in the White House for a change, there is no doubt that the festival spirit of the summer has faded. Still, at the end of last month some comfort could be taken from the fact that any masked figures seen running through New York's streets were the city's children, celebrating Halloween.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

Guintoli said Italian foods will include spaghetti, Mexican dishes, corned beef, Chinese specialties, Japanese delicacies, chicken, pizzas, Belgian waffles, Philippine cookery, an orange juice stand with European rosette pastries and hamburgers.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

No *smörgåsbord*? No apple pie?

•

Man's best friend is often a wanted companion on country strolls and late-night walks, but sometimes poets require more than a casual command when they follow their owners across city streets and to classes.—*Photograph caption in The Daily Texan, published by the University of Texas, Austin.*

And yet we hate to hit them, even with a rolled-up newspaper.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

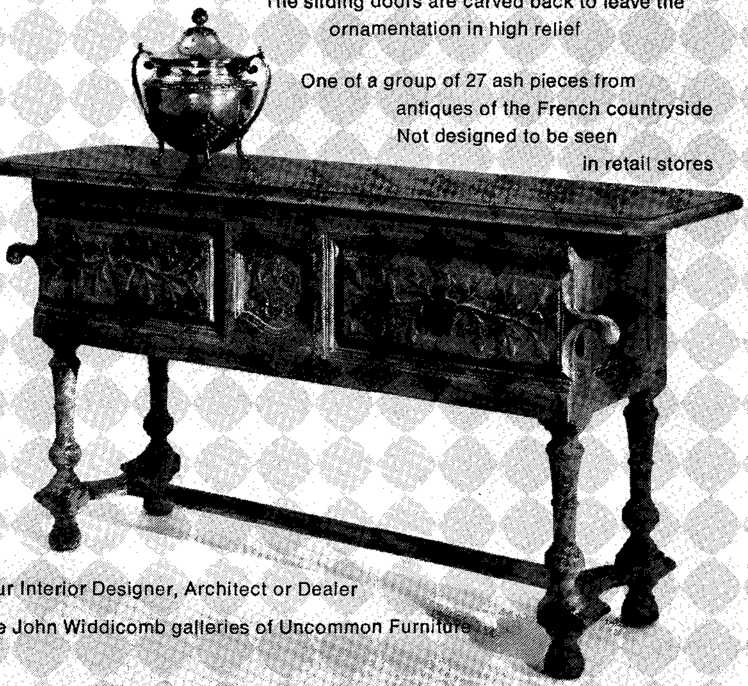
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

THE NORTH

Nome, Alaska

A compass needle points to the North Magnetic Pole, indicating north.

Associated Press



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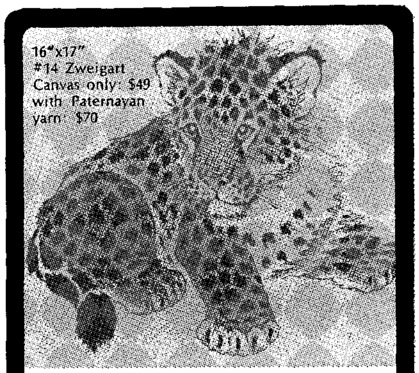

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THE RACE TRACK

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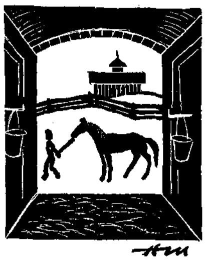

IT was Youth, On My Way II, and Ivanjica in the twenty-fifth Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last Saturday. Though thrilling to watch, the race was a rough-run affair, the horses swerving and crowding in the heavy going on the little merry-go-round course. After Youth had strolled in by ten lengths, Gibert, who rode On My Way II, claimed that Youth had given his mount a whopping bump early in the stretch. But after an inquiry that kept a crowd of some twenty-two thousand on tenterhooks for a quarter of an hour—Youth being an equal favorite with Ivanjica, at odds of 9–5—the stewards disallowed the claim. Eight ran, and Noble Dancer II was quickest out of the gate, with Windwurf and Janus II closest for a couple of furlongs. Then On My Way II came into the picture. Meanwhile, Youth was going easily, in fifth place behind Ivanjica. With three furlongs to go, Hawley made his move with Youth, and the big, long-striding bay fairly zoomed into the lead, swooping past On My Way II and Ivanjica to the winning post. If France had a horse of the year, he'd be it. It was the third Washington, D.C., International for Nelson Bunker Hunt, the Texas oil tycoon who looks like one, his Dahlia having won it in 1973 and his Nobilary last year. All three winners were trained by Maurice Zilber, and it was a double for Hawley, who had ridden Nobilary. It may have been Youth's last race, for he was syndicated along with Empery, winner of the English Derby, for six million. He has started in eleven races and won eight, all of them stakes, for a total of $687,624. He was out of the money once—in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, when he finished ninth.

I agree with Freddie Head, who rode Ivanjica, that she could not have been herself. Perhaps she didn't like the track. Piggott and several other riders thought it was pretty bad. Well, the first quarter was run in 0:27⅕, the half in 0:53⅕, six furlongs in 1:20⅕, the mile in 1:49⅘, and the mile and

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a half in 2:46⅕. How's that for slow? One heard criticism, too, that there was no American color-bearer in the race. Two had been invited, but Improviser pulled a muscle and Effervescing was scratched because of the condition of the track. Anyway, for the record, Youth, On My Way II, and Ivanjica are all American-bred.

WORD comes from California that King Pellinore won Jimmy Kilroe's $350,000 Champions Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend before a crowd of forty thousand. Top weight under 126 pounds, he beat L'Heureux, to whom he gave eight pounds, by a nose. Festive Mood, to whom he gave eleven, was third. Honest Pleasure, who again made the running to the stretch, finished out of the money. King Pellinore is trained by Charlie Whittingham and was ridden by Shoemaker.

THOSE who went to Aqueduct last Saturday did all right for themselves if they backed It's Freezing in the Queens County Handicap. He won, and paid a seven-dollar mutuel. The Knickerbocker Handicap, over the turf course, the main event on Election Day, had given New York metropolitan racegoers their first sight this year of Sandy Hawley, the young Canadian who rode Youth in the big race at Laurel later in the week. After the Cragwood Stable's Javamine won the first division of the Knickerbocker, the stable hoped to bring off a double in the second division of the race with Royal Mission, but Hawley, riding Mr. Hunt's Oilfield, beat him in a driving finish. Hawley had six mounts during the afternoon and three winners. Not bad.

Horseplayers will be delighted to hear—or will they?—that Aqueduct will close on December 23rd instead of New Year's Eve and that the big A will reopen on January 3, 1977.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

STONEFLY

Sitting on a stone
among stonefly cases
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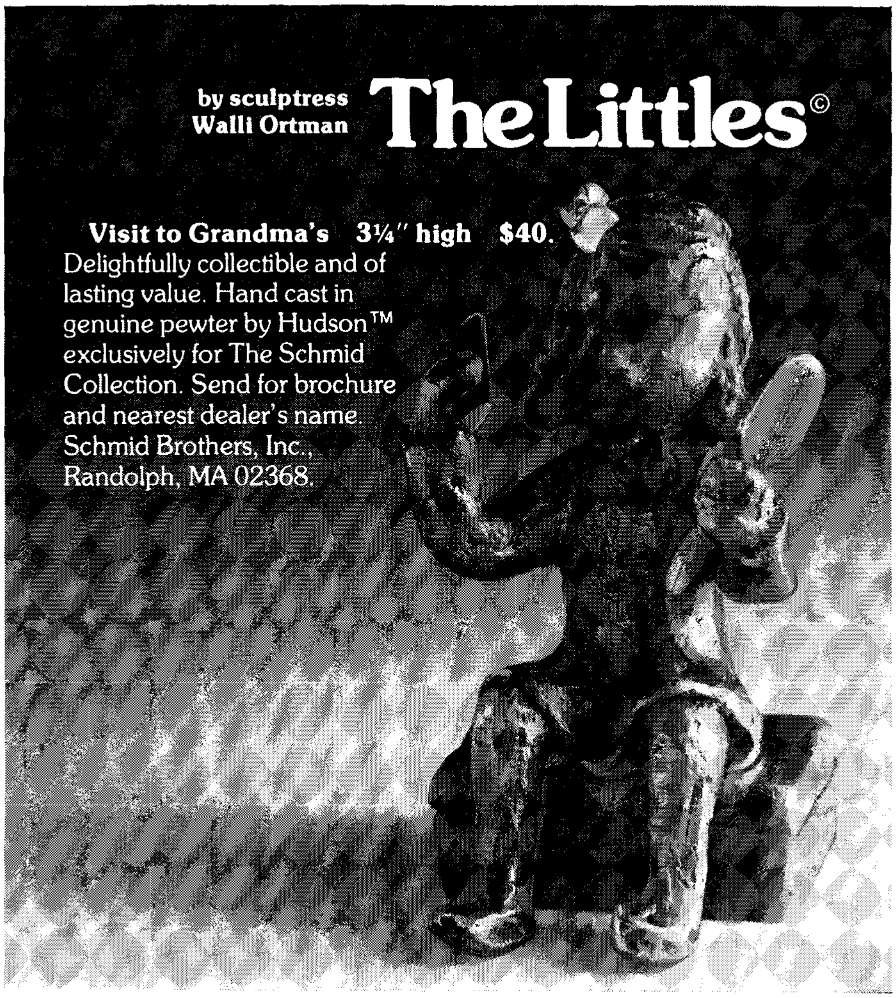
with one antenna curled
like a whip
the body curved
the six arms out
like a preacher saying
someone else has said
"Come unto me"

—SANDRA MCPHERSON



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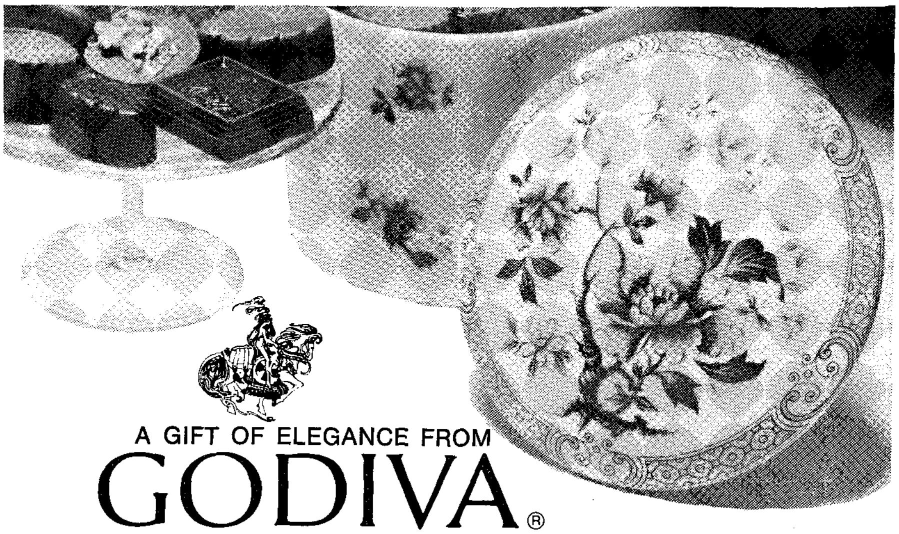

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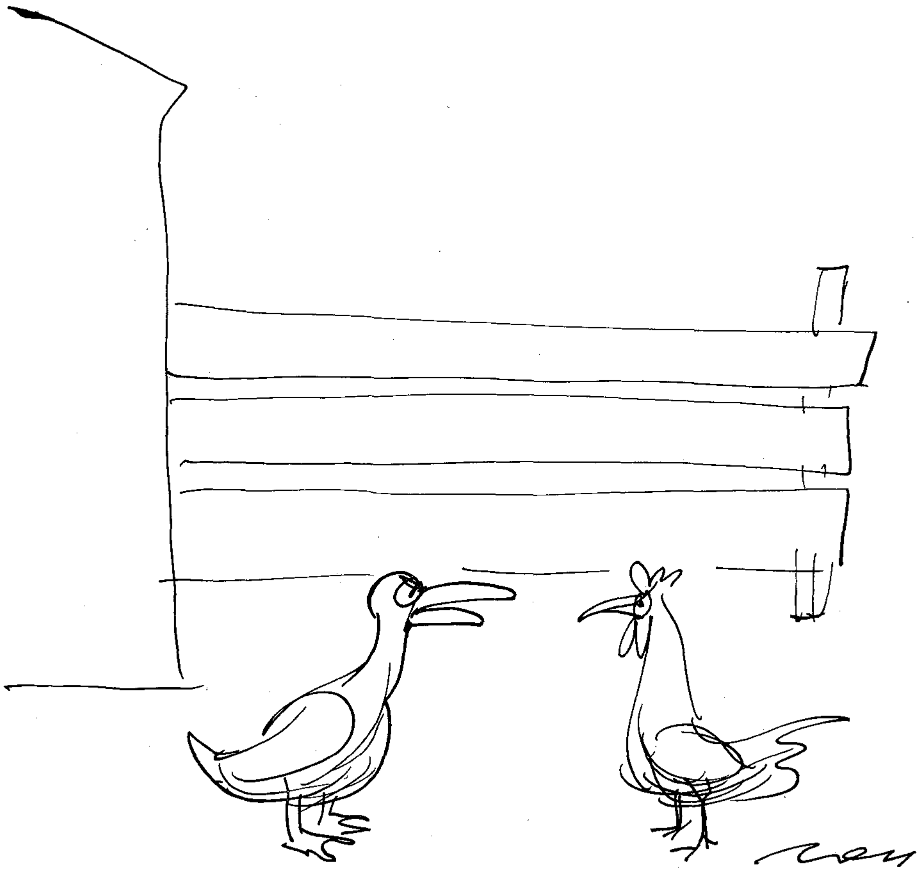
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Travesties

TO think that we were spared Ken Russell's Sarah Bernhardt only to get Richard Fleischer's. "The Incredible Sarah," a Reader's Digest film, opens to the strains of Elmer Bernstein's schlocked Johann Strauss, and on the screen are the famous Mucha posters, fudged up with Glenda Jackson's face. If one were to make a game of selecting the least suitable person to play that frizzy-haired, passionate Jewish Catholic girl, with her yielding body and sultry voice, who became the supreme French actress of her age, maybe it wouldn't be Glenda Jackson. Maybe it would be Tammy Grimes or Stockard Channing, but wouldn't Glenda Jackson come close? Someone was needed who could suggest what feminine genius meant in that period and how it expressed itself; Glenda Jackson is as much like Sarah Bernhardt as she is like Virginia Woolf. Arthur Symons wrote of Bernhardt, "One's pulses beat feverishly before the curtain had risen; there was almost a kind of obscure sensation of peril." Critics described her suppleness, her "admirable limpidity of diction," her melodious flow of moods. Glenda Jackson simply does not have the physical softness or the voice to play a tragedienne of that era; her body does not sing. Glenda Jackson can no more play the lyrical, incandescent Sarah Bernhardt than Sarah Bernhardt could have played the staccato, wrenchingly modern Glenda Jackson, the least lyrical major actress of our day. (Who could have played Bernhardt? I'd like to have seen Geraldine Chaplin have a shot at it.)

"The Incredible Sarah" is an aberration. Stiffer and more anachronistic than the Warner bios of the thirties, it's in the stupefying tradition of "Song of Norway." Glenda Jackson flounces in for her first try at acting, an audition at the Comédie-Française, primped up in bright ruffles and as rude as a duchess. Those interested in theatre history may recall that Bernhardt, born in 1844, was fifteen at the time she auditioned for the Conservatoire, the government-sponsored school of acting, where she appeared dressed in oppressive black silk, with a burn in the bodice covered by lace. The garbling isn't accidental: the movie Sarah is starched and confident in order to make her desire to act seem simply the whim of an arrogant girl. It is the fashion now for American movies to extend self-derision into the past, leaving no heroes and heroines standing, and I suppose that the scenarist, Ruth Wolff (late of "The Abdication"), the producer, Helen M. Strauss, and Fleischer took pride in their modern, unsympathetic approach: their young Sarah is an incomprehensible bitch, an obnoxious smartass whose only interest in the theatre is her glinting-eyed desire for curtain calls. From the way they treat Bernhardt, you'd think she'd been part of the Plumbers' Unit. They omit any indications of the loneliness and privation of her early years, when her mother gave her to a peasant wet nurse and indifferently lost track of her; locked up in a concierge's apartment in Paris, the abandoned, scrawny four-year-old flung herself out a window, and among her injuries was a smashed kneecap. (Many years later, the leg had to be amputated.) The movie shows her sleeping in a coffin, and it seems a spoiled girl's affectation; what isn't explained is that, frail and consumptive, she had been told she was going to die, and was so frightened by the prospect that she wanted to get used to being in a coffin. Nor is there any clue to her tenderness and generosity: at twenty she was taking care not only of herself and her child but of a tubercular half sister, also cast off by their whorey mother, and a few years later she took in her Orthodox Jewish grandmother, newly arrived from Holland. This movie features a well-heeled cutup who cares about nothing but herself. She's ferociously self-sufficient and likes to smash things so much that the movie gives her two complete destruction orgies.

A glorified mechanic, Richard Fleischer pleases movie executives because he has no particular interests and no discernible style. "The New Centurions," "Mandingo," "The Incredible Sarah" are all the same to him. I wonder if he ever thought about what drove the young Bernhardt, so ill that she bled from the mouth, to her fanatical study of acting, and what kept her going out on the stage night after night, even on one leg, until she died, in 1923. Ellen Terry wrote, "She was as transparent as an azalea only more so; like a cloud only not so thick; smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly." Yet there is not one moment in the movie when one feels that this woman has become an actress out of a spiritual need for expression. Glenda Jackson shows Sarah's pleasure in the ovations she got by a twinkling self-satisfaction that degrades Bernhardt to a rank lower than her own. It was bad enough to have Louis Pasteur as Paul Muni, Émile Zola as Paul



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4466

Muni, Benito Juárez as Paul Muni; now we're stuck with Sarah Bernhardt as Glenda Jackson.

BEWARE of producers who speak with pride about creating roles for women. Before the titles of "The Next Man" there's a briefing on a war between oil cartels, and then a string of grisly assassinations. We don't have any idea who's on which side; these slaughters are for the camera's sake—a teaser, an apéritif. The central figure in the story is indeed a woman—a killer female—and the title refers to her next victim. As I reconstruct the genesis of this glamour-and-gore picture, the producer, Martin Bregman, wanted a starring vehicle for his protégée Cornelia Sharpe, who had appeared as the blond dancer in "Serpico," which he also produced. He and a team of writers came up with the idea of an international professional assassin—Nicole Scott, the bored playgirl daughter of the former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who makes love to her targets and kills for kicks. That has to tell us something.

With sequences staged in the Bahamas, Bavaria, Ireland, Morocco, Nice, the United Kingdom, and New York, the picture looks like the record of a producer's vacation. Cornelia Sharpe is photographed in exotic locations shampooing herself, waterskiing, riding, dancing (excruciatingly) at a West Indian carnival; she wears feathers, furs, and a lot of nothing at all. The movie is a series of picture postcards of her long thighs and tidy bottom, and the cast of Arabs, Iraqis, and various Mideastern spies and potentates, plus New York police and federal agents, seems handpicked so that their rough skins and bulbous noses will set off her porcelain smoothness. She's the only young woman in the crowded cast, and wherever she is and whatever she's doing—shooting intruders or kissing a man before suffocating him in a plastic bag—her skin is taut and creamy, and her pouty lower lip is moist. There's no role here, but then she's no actress, either; a lynx-faced former model, she speaks tonelessly and slits her eyes to express emotion. There are chansons on the sound track for class, and behind each scene is the fervent yet unwarranted hope of turning Cornelia Sharpe into the hot-ice blond princess of Hollywood—the new Faye Dunaway.

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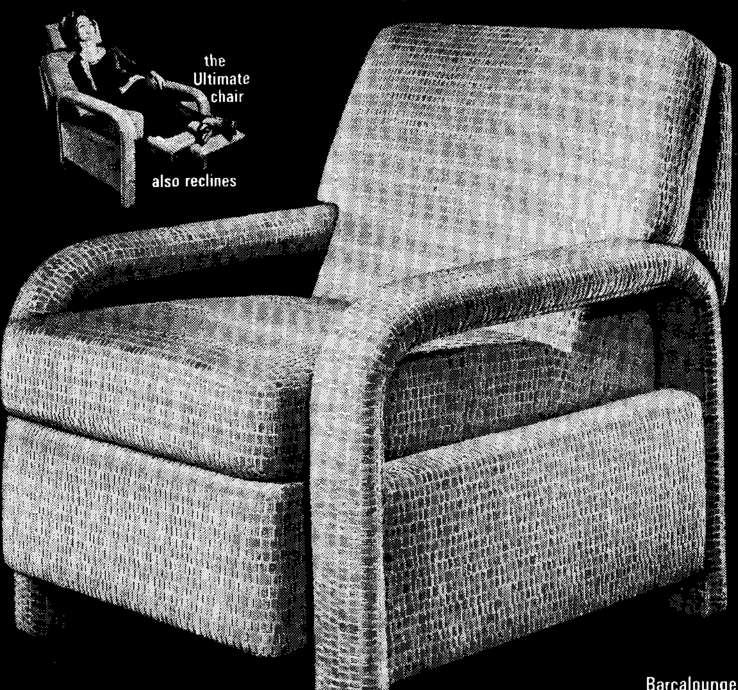

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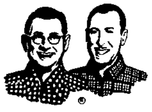

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nership with Israel. (Bregman himself plays the Israeli leader who makes the pact.) Alan Trustman, the scenarist of "The Thomas Crown Affair," helped work up the script, and so the Arab is a gourmet cook, a sportsman, a connoisseur of art objects, a wizard at backgammon (in "Thomas Crown" it was chess), and so on. This Arab is Christ and James Bond, too, and he and the killer shiksa display their competitive gamesmanship and romantic prowess. Connery, in the unenviable role of the best of men, walks through the picture dutifully, reciting gaseous speeches; he's such an image of perfection that a likable young actor named Marco St. John, who plays a federal agent, swipes the picture from him by the simple strategy of chewing gum. "The Next Man" teeters on the edge of parody without giving itself the relief of falling over. It's a four-million-dollar Grade B movie, with anti-terrorist sentiments tossed in between the bombs, bullets, and knives, and the bodies being hurled out windows. When the director, Richard C. Sarafian, can get the cheesecake and the high-flown dialogue out of the way, he and his crew show their skill by the urgency and speed of the brutal suspense scenes—so violence is the only thing "The Next Man" has going for it.

This movie is about a love object who, the movie tells us, has no love in her. That's not such a bad theme; it certainly worked in "Double Indemnity." But "The Next Man" doesn't seem to know that that's its theme, and so it doesn't know that it needs some playful sadomasochistic chemistry between the lofty hero and the cold-hearted woman; it needs the suggestion that he couldn't love a woman who loved him. "The Next Man" doesn't seem to get the point that its hero has hangups; it just wears its subconscious on its sleeve.

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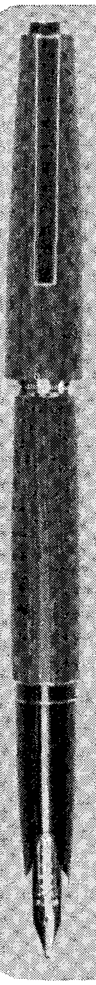

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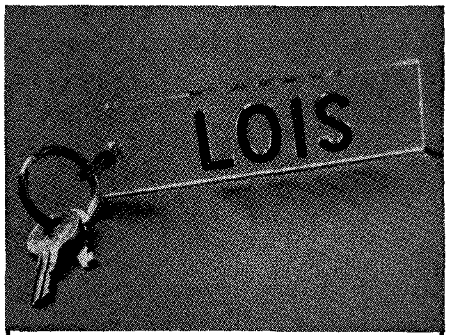

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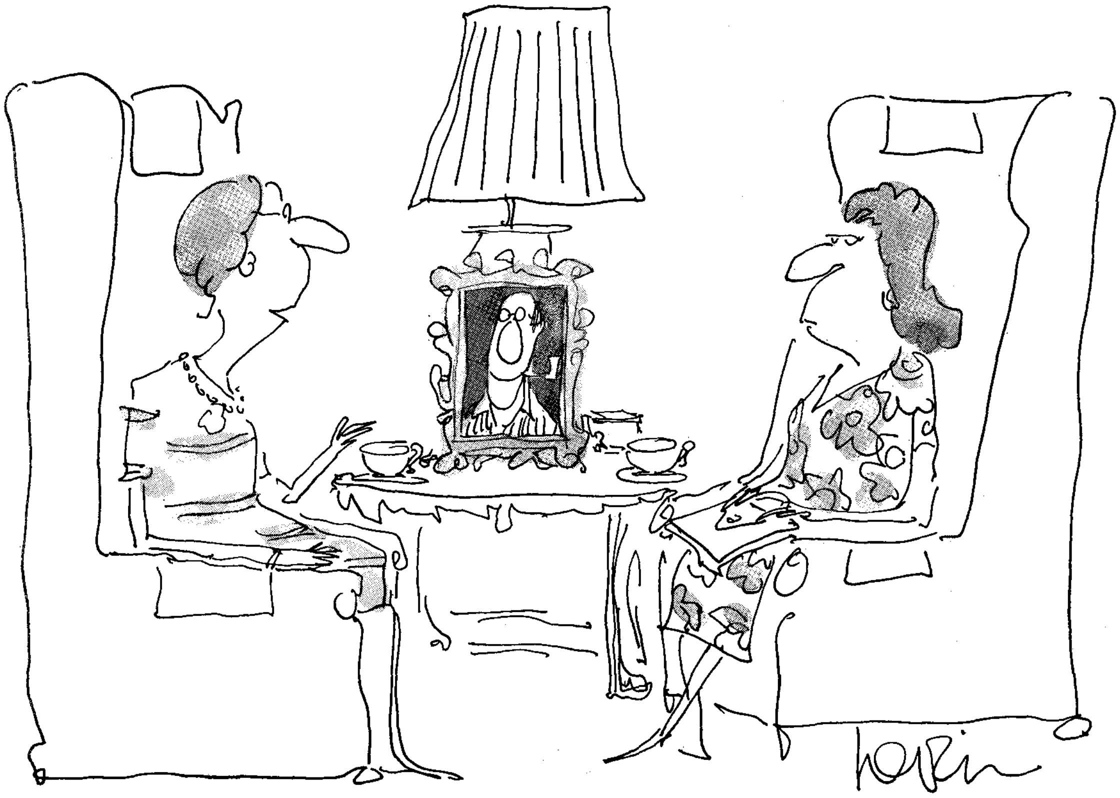
MUSICAL EVENTS

Crossing the River

HANS WERNER HENZE was fifty this year, and in most countries where Western music is played Henze celebrations have mingled with the Bicentennial observance that has otherwise made American music and American artists dominant in festival programs. Festivals feed on new works, and Henze, always a fertile and fluent composer, has been providing them to a point where it has been hard to keep track of all the premières. At the Brighton Festival, in May, he conducted the first performance of a suite drawn from his music for the Volker Schlöndorff film "Katarina Blum." In London, on July 12th Covent Garden gave his latest opera, "We Come to the River," its first staging. Two days later, for the City of London Festival, he conducted his new orchestration of Carissimi's oratorio "Jephte." In August, he was in Montepulciano, directing the Cantiere Internazionale d'Arte for students and citizens; two Henze premières there, the quintet "Amicizia!" and the recomposition of Paisiello's opera "Don Chisciotte," were noted in these pages last month. In September, he went to West Berlin to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic in two concerts of his music during the Berliner Festwochen; those festival weeks also saw the German première of "We Come to the River" and the world premières of his Third String Quartet, written for the Concord Quartet, and his "Royal Winter Musick," for solo guitar, written for Julian Bream. The last of these pieces had its second performance, in Town Hall, last month, as the most substantial item in Mr. Bream's lute and guitar recital.

Prolificness is commonly viewed with suspicion—today, if not in earlier centuries—and Henze has not escaped the charge of composing without due care and attention. Within works as well as with works, he has been copious; into such scores as the opera "König Hirsch," the cello concerto "Ode to the Westwind," the cantata "Novae de Infinito Laudes" he poured so much ready invention and wove such richly intricate textures that he was often recommended to try for a simpler, less efflorescent manner. Most of his later compositions are certainly leaner, less lushly embroidered, but neither in thought nor in workmanship are they thin. "Royal Winter Musick" is a substantial six-movement "Sonata on Shakespearean Characters" lasting about twenty-six minutes. In a spoken introduction to his Town Hall performance, Mr. Bream explained that the "Gloucester" whose name heads the first movement is not the Earl in "King Lear" but the future Richard III, and that the winter of the title is a "winter of discontent" not yet made glorious by any sun. ("My music," Henze said in 1972, "has been and is now more than ever the analysis of the amount of mental sadness that is present now.") The movement is in sonata form and has a drum rhythm on the body of the instrument as one of its themes. "Romeo and Juliet" is a reverie, and "Ariel" a quicksilver fantasy. "Ophelia" is made of a gentle, plaintive melody above a flowing accompaniment, and "Audrey, Touchstone, and William" is a scherzo-and-trio in which the scherzo sounds like the transformation of an Elizabethan galliard. "Oberon" provides a rondo finale. Henze is a master of modern guitar writing: the 1958 "Kammermusik," a reflection on a Hölderlin poem for tenor, guitar, and instrumental octet, includes three eloquent guitar solos headed by phrases of Hölderlin (it has recently been recorded on Oiseau-Lyre); a guitarist is one of the four musicians who perform "El Cimarrón." "Royal Winter Musick," Mr. Bream said, results from his request to the composer ten years ago for a guitarist's "Hammerklavier"—a work that would extend both technique and expressive powers to the utmost. The new piece does.

Lutanists—for the first half of his recital Mr. Bream played the lute—need no special inducement to play John Dowland, who wrote for the instrument with a Lisztian combination of poetry and virtuosity. But since this year is the three-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Dowland's death, Mr. Bream's large Dowland group could be considered a part of the 1976 Dowland commemoration. One of the pieces he chose was "My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe," a piece that Henze uses in his Second Violin Concerto (and it is not the only piece of Dowland that reappears in Henze). Mr. Bream must have played it in public hundreds of times before, yet he played it again with no trace of staleness; the large, mainly young audience hung intent on his delicate inflections—the subtle rhyth-



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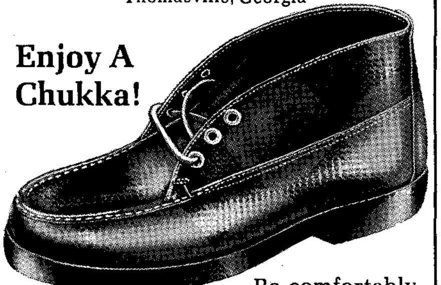

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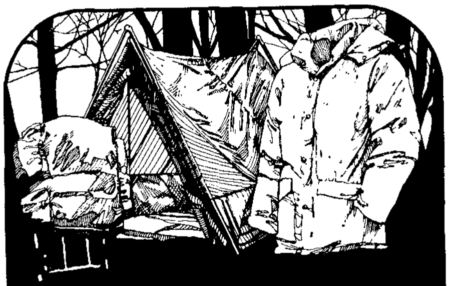

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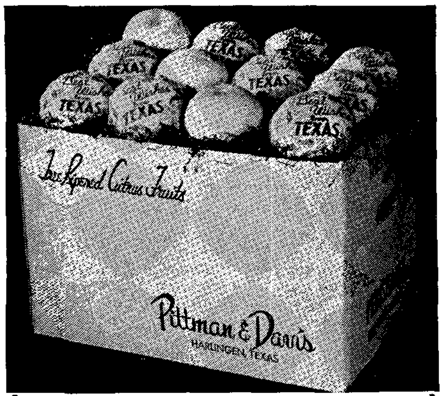
mic nuances and small, bewitching changes of tone color. I have often praised the ambience and acoustics of Town Hall; hearing so well, as if in a room, this most intimate of all instruments gave new proof of their excellence.

"We Come to the River" is Henze's seventh full-scale opera. Ten years separate it from the sixth, "The Bassarids," a work that plays for two and a half hours without intermission, and is shaped as a huge Mahlerian symphony, plus action. "The Bassarids" closed a chapter in Henze's career. After it, he turned to "music-theatre" for the concert platform, in such scores as the oratorio "The Raft of the 'Medusa,'" the "recital for four musicians" "El Cimarrón," and the "show with seventeen" "Der Langwierige Weg in die Wohnung der Natascha Ungeheuer." The soloist of his Second Violin Concerto hurries onto the stage after the music has begun and, wearing a plumed tricorne and a red opera cloak, "enacts" Baron Münchhausen as he fiddles away in a musical counterpart to the Baron's celebrated feat of pulling himself out of the mire by his own hair. The concerto has a text, recited by the soloist and by "a gentleman in the audience;" it is a poem based on the famous theorem that Kurt Gödel, the Princeton mathematician-philosopher, formulated in a 1931 issue of the *Monatshefte für Mathematik und Physik.* Given Henze's concern for words, ideas, actions, and music in communicative interplay, that he would sooner or later return to opera was predictable. Given the importance of a text or, at least, a "program" in just about all his compositions, his choice of literary collaborators reflects both his musical and his political development. Words—by Shelley, Hölderlin, Giordano Bruno—had inspired him to music; but words had also to be found, or commissioned, to express his latest ideas and match the kinds of music he now wanted to write.

W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman were the librettists of Henze's operas "Elegy for Young Lovers" and "The Bassarids;" they worked for him in the tradition of Hofmannsthal. But the texts of "El Cimarrón," of the Second Violin Concerto, and of "La Cubana" (1972), the "vaudeville" commissioned by WNET, are by Hans Magnus Enzensberger, a poet with whom the post-"Bassarids" Henze had much in common—as a Marxist artist repudiating the orthodoxy of most Communist art; as a thoroughly German artist repelled by the New Germany



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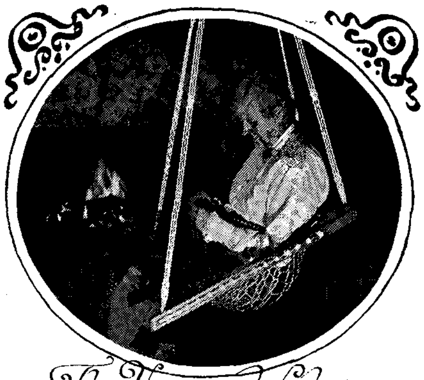

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(Enzensberger's poem "Man Spricht Deutsch" could be the text for Henze's ambivalent feelings about his cultural patrimony); as one who would work for "the people" but most readily expressed himself in "élitist" idioms; as a lyricist who felt he should also be a lecturer; and as a creator who made these dilemmas the subject matter of his art. Michael Hamburger, introducing the Penguin anthology of Enzensberger in translation, writes of the poet's "moral purpose at variance with his personal needs and perceptions" and of "the antagonism between public purpose and personal impulse." Similar conflicts prompted Henze's "Versuch über Schweine," "Natascha Ungeheuer," the Second Violin Concerto, and the viola concerto "Compases para Preguntas Ensimismadas." In music of great precision—lyrical, nostalgic, peremptory, aggressive; Mahlerian in its brusque oppositions—he plotted his uncertainties about the roles a troubled artist and his work can play in a world of social injustice. A decade of (musically fruitful) self-questioning seems to have ended with "We Come to the River." The librettist of the new piece is Edward Bond, a dramatist who in his plays does not ask questions about the nature of art (those are reserved for, and answered in, his uncommonly interesting prefaces) but considers it his job "to create public images, literal or figurative, in sight, sound, and movement, of the human condition." Bond is England's major living playwright: a visionary, a clear-eyed observer of human nature and of forces that can shape and misshape it. His comedy "Saved" (1965) achieved notoriety because during it five men, more or less as a lark, stone to death a baby in its pram. ("A typical English understatement," said Bond. "Compared to the 'strategic' bombing of German towns it is a negligible atrocity, compared to the cultural and emotional deprivation of most of our children its consequences are insignificant.") The preface to his "Lear" (1971) begins, "I write about violence as naturally as Jane Austen wrote about manners. Violence shapes and obsesses our society, and if we do not stop being violent we have no future." Violence done to men's spirit and imagination as well as to men's flesh is his theme: long, slow violation ("The English slums [of the nineteenth century] were like slow-motion concentration camps—death takes longer in slums") as well as sudden, sensational brutality. The protagonist of "The Fool" (1975), a play published together with "We Come to

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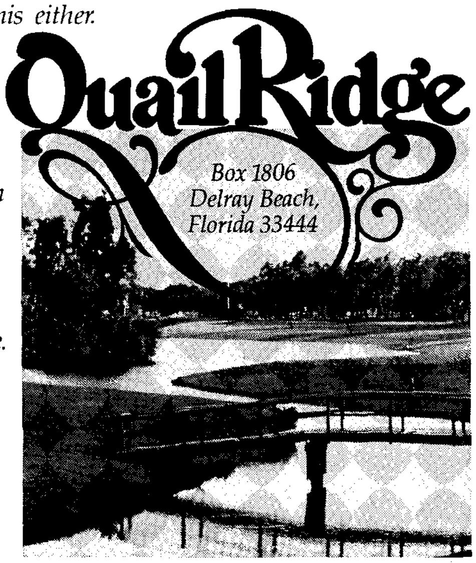

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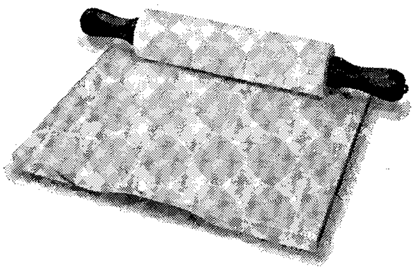

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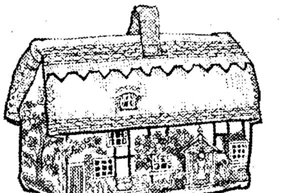

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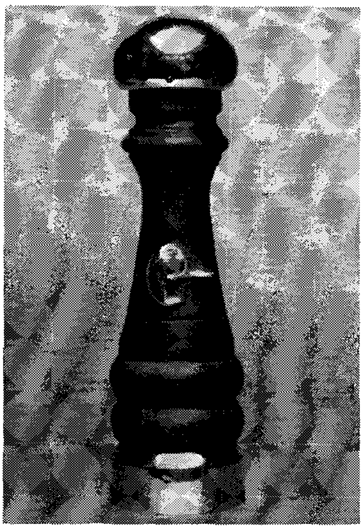
the River," is the poet John Clare; in an introduction Bond writes of capitalism as a system that can lead to Fascism (which "would work *if* we were prepared and able to behave permanently worse than animals") and can lead to an affluence that "isn't well-being but a form of aggression." Capitalist affluence, he argues, creates no culture—first, because it thrives by destroying the natural resources of a limited world, and, second,

> because the more wealth that's put into the business of feverishly creating and stoking-up private dissatisfactions, the less there is to spend on the public fundamentals of culture or of any human society. The richer our organization becomes, the more impoverished are our schools, hospitals, and welfare and social services. We abandon the old, we can't afford to socialize our children, our cities *decay, and our streets become the play*-ground of violence, because we have neglected the necessities and decencies of life for the trivializing and ultimately despairing consumption of ersatz satisfactions.

Bond is neither resigned nor pessimistic. He believes in the possibility of change and in an artist's ability to help bring about that change, not by inventing a utopia in abstract opposition to the present but by showing, whether realistically or in symbol, an accurate and critical picture of the present. His Lear

> is blind till they take his eyes away, and by then he has begun to see, to understand. (Blindness is a dramatic metaphor for insight, that is why Gloucester, Oedipus, and Tiresias are blind.) Lear's new world is strange and so at first he can only grope painfully and awkwardly. Lear is old by then, but most of the play's audiences will be younger. It might *seem to them that the truth is always* ground for pessimism when it is discovered, but one soon comes to see it as an opportunity. Then you don't have to go on doing things that never work in the hope that they might one day—because now you know why they *can't*.

The central character of "We Come to the River," the General, begins after a victorious and bloody campaign to see the truth of what he is doing—and is told he is going blind. Later, on his emperor's orders, he is actually blinded. "Lear" and "We Come to the River" have much in common, beyond the scene of deoculating the straitjacketed protagonist: images of brutality, executions, and jubilation; of soldiers starting to question their orders ("They make you do things no one should even have to dream of and cheer you when you've done it"); of suffering; and—fleeting yet powerful in both works—of a peaceful family life in which children's questions are asked and answered about the marvels of the natural world, not about hardships and unhappiness.



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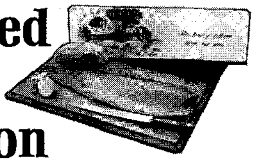

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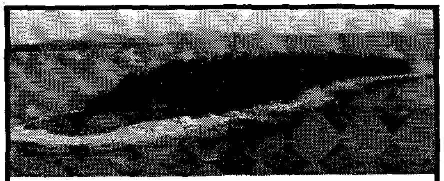

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The opera ends with a chorus of affirmation, in which the victims—men, women, and children—rise again and sing, "We stand by the river. If there is no bridge, we will wade. If the water is deep, we will swim. . . . We have learnt to march so well that we cannot drown." It comes dangerously close to the obligatory optimistic finale practiced in orthodox Communist compositions. One critic declared that it "emerges not as an expression of faith but as unmotivated gush." Critical reaction to "We Come to the River" ranged from "Marxism, Schmarxism, what does it matter so long as he can write for the theatre?" through "I doubt whether anyone in the audience would dissent from the view expressed about the futility of war, the suffering that results from it, and the inequalities that exist in many societies (East and West)" to the shrill denunciation "Hans Werner Henze, you will not teach me anything: I have been more a victim of Nazism than you have, and I have experienced the Communist corruption of basic human values at closer quarters than you have, as a member of one of their musical juries. . . . There is no substitute for individual conscience."

But, it seems to me, the action of "individual conscience" is precisely what Bond's and Henze's opera is about. As individuals, the General, the Deserter, the Soldier driven to assassinate the Governor, the Young Woman, and the Old Woman make their protests. (Those generic titles suggest a piece more schematic than in effect "We Come to the River" is; the personal characterizations are sharp.) It is the rulers and their wives, and such of their servants as have been dulled into mindless obedience, who show unthinking acceptance of a collective ethos. Because the soldiers of the Covent Garden production wore modern British battle dress and the civilians Edwardian costumes, the first critic quoted concluded that the object of the authors' attack, instead of being "the régime that shuts sane men in a madhouse [and] Nazism (which blighted Henze's youth), Stalinism, Aminism, the hijacking and murder of innocent travellers," was "the British social system . . . not the most potent symbol of violent oppression." Bond's and Henze's concern is with nothing so narrow or specific. (Several productions of the opera in Germany, one in Zurich, and one in Turin are scheduled, and presumably the soldiers in them will not be attired as Tommies. In Volker Schlöndorff's Berlin produc-

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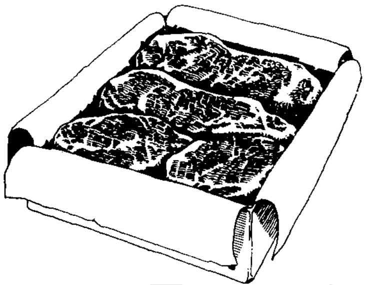

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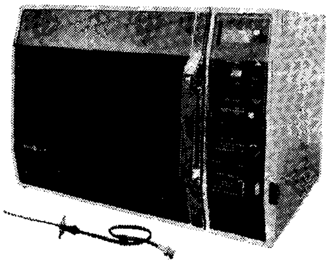

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tion, where most of the principals were American, the General is reported to have looked like General MacArthur.) There are, it is true, some points of local British reference. For example, the officers celebrate their victory in a public copulation scene ("it suggests romantic pictures of officers listening to girls playing the piano") to the strains of the Eton Boating Song. But then the work *was* commissioned by the Royal Opera House; in the unlikely event of the Met's having commissioned it, the melody in that scene *might* have been "Semper Fidelis," and "Hail to the Chief" could have worked its way into the band music that greets the Governor. When Beethoven set "Fidelio" in Spain, he did not mean to suggest that only there were upright men imprisoned.

"The opera houses exist," Henze said, "and their facilities are the best available. They have good stage equipment, and good acoustics. So instead of saying let's blow them all up, as Mr. Boulez suggested, I say let's *use* them." In "We Come to the River," he has written large-scale music theatre rather than traditional opera. Like Ives in the Fourth Symphony, he uses three orchestras (and, in addition, a large military band), and, like Bernd Alois Zimmermann in "Die Soldaten," he divides the stage into three sectors on which scenes are played simultaneously. The orchestra pit is covered over and the stage advances into the house. Two of the orchestras (one of eight players, the other of thirteen) are clustered one at each foot of the proscenium arch, and the third (of twelve) sits in a gallery at the back of the stage. Onstage there is also an organ, and many percussion instruments are built into the resonant structure of the large, wooden, barnlike basic set by Jürgen Henze, the composer's brother. Thus, all the musicians are out in the open. The piece, which is subtitled "Actions for Music," brings together techniques Henze has pursued in recent compositions. There are parodies (a coloratura song, "Hail Liberator," with chorus from the patriotic daughters of the nation), quotations, variations (a set for organ, on the chorale "Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen," during the Deserter's court-martial; more chorale variations when the General is blinded), and improvisations, both vocal and instrumental, within carefully defined limits. There are tonal passages, bitonal passages (the chorus's last, triumphant cry is a C-major triad superimposed on a D-minor), twelve-note passages, and two virtuoso se-

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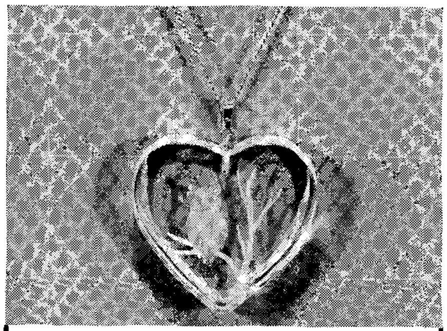

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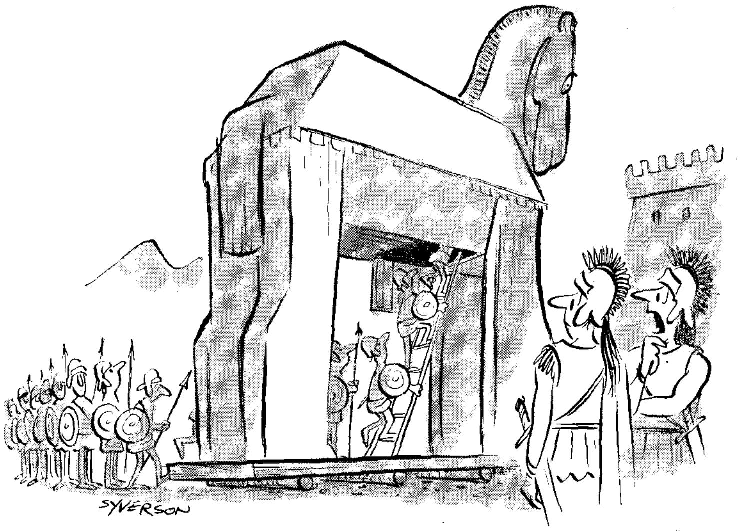
quences for the onstage percussionist. The music, filled with contrasts and oppositions of rhythms, colors, and musical styles, is eclectic in Henze's personal and distinctive manner. One orchestra contains viols; the string quartet in another alternates on hyoshigi, pandereta, sistrum, and cabaça. One of the most beautiful passages is a long, lyrical aria for the ruthless, exquisitely civilized Emperor (a mezzo role, *en travesti*), gently accompanied by the three orchestras working together and the softly melodious clonking of an angklung, or Javanese bamboo tubular chime. In such episodes, Henze honestly avows the seductive charm of the life led by the rich. In the next scene, the General is neatly and elegantly blinded.

Bond, writing of the artist's task, says that "the complexity is usually in the skill, the vision should be simple." "We Come to the River" enshrines a simple and stirring vision in intricate musico-dramatic forms. It is at once clear and complicated. The simultaneity of scenes and the resulting counterpoint of musics and actions mean that at any single visit much is bound to be missed. A prior reading of the libretto is essential, and several hearings are needed before, having concentrated now on one set of events, now on another, one begins to "assemble" all that is going on, to be able to hear and see it all at once. The Covent Garden performance was one of superlative accomplishment. About eighty solo singers took part (there are more roles than that, but much doubling is possible), several of the principals being borrowed from the English National Opera. Josephine Barstow, Anne Wilkens, Josephine Veasey, Deborah Cook, Valerie Masterson, Norman Welsby (as the General, the central character), Gerald English, Robert Tear, and Raimund Herincx form a short-list of the most remarkable, while the whole cast afforded a panorama of singers by whom—after Royal Opera productions of "Moses and Aaron," Michael Tippett's three operas, and Peter Maxwell Davies's "Taverner," and the English National Opera productions of Krzysztof Penderecki's "The Devils" and Henze's "The Bassarids"—difficult new music is performed with assurance and eloquence. "We Come to the River" had a special difficulty—that of coördinating three far-flung orchestras—but a single conductor, David Atherton, held things together (via television screens) in masterly fashion. The instrumentalists, each of whose parts is solo, were



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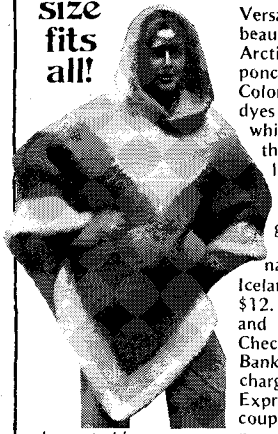

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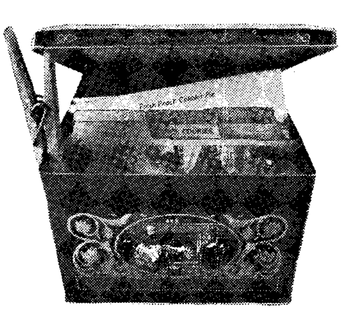
drawn from both the London Sinfonietta and the house orchestra. Henze himself directed the staging. Five performances were given, to filled houses.

WHEN it was new, in 1864, Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" contained sharp satire of Second Empire mores. The topical references mean little now except to a historian, but the score, surely Offenbach's most captivating, remains a delight. The City Opera production, directed by Jack Eddleman, designed by Lloyd Evans, has style—a style which seems not to have been to all tastes, but which I found deft and attractively diverting. I caught up with the show after the company, strikebound for two weeks, had resumed its performances. It was conducted, by John Miner, with not quite enough verve (puny cymbal clashes for the entry of the heroes!) but with full appreciation of the Mozartean grace and beauty that distinguish much of the music. (Not only Rossini, with his "the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées," but also Wagner acknowledged an affinity between Mozart and Offenbach.) Karan Armstrong was a voluptuous Helen, and Joseph Evans a passable Paris. It was a mistake to drop Orestes' music by an octave; the role was written for a sparky young lady in chiton and monocle.

"La Belle Hélène" is the only one of the three new productions of the City Opera season to which I would gladly return. "Der Fliegende Holländer" has been directed and designed by Robert E. Darling in weak imitation of Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth staging. Richard Wagner's own detailed, almost move-by-move, measure-by-measure instructions were ignored, and there was none of his grandson's genius for creating an alternative dramatic treatment such as at Bayreuth in 1959 held audiences spellbound. On the first night, the singing was poor, and the principals' use of words provided no justification for doing the opera in German rather than in English. There were many romantic and poetic musical moments in Julius Rudel's conducting, but both his orchestra and his chorus sounded too small for the large house. It was probably the fault of the house itself. Can anything be done about its acoustics, short of demolishing the auditorium and rebuilding it to Cyril Harris's prescriptions? Yet it is a good theatre for ballet. I look at that space where the Lincoln Center band shell stands bleak and



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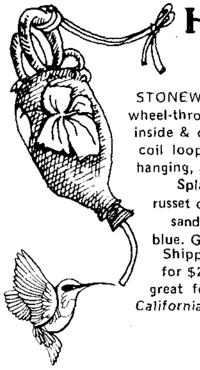

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empty most nights of the year and wonder whether it is extensive enough to hold the opera house that the City Opera and New York deserve—a place where both voices and words would carry, and the orchestra would well out to support them.

Sitting in a seat closer to the stage, I heard "Il Barbiere" more strongly, and admired very much the finesses and the admirable tones of Donald Gramm's Don Bartolo and Samuel Ramey's Don Basilio. But Sarah Caldwell's production was gross, based on the idea that a piece of business that might be funny once would be six times as funny on the fifth repetition. A similar overelaboration marked Helen Pond's and Herbert Senn's scenery. Jan Skalicky, the costume designer, had dressed Mr. Gramm in a crinoline festooned with big bunches of keys, and the others with similar heaviness. Beverly Sills played Rosina as a grinning doll. The Almaviva, William Harness, lumbered through his divisions. The Figaro, Alan Titus, relied on his all-purpose boyish charm. No one had character; all was rude farce. A Sarah Caldwell of different stamp conducted, one who brought rare insight to the rhythms and colors of Rossini's score (even when the ensemble went awry). But her directing altera ego destroyed the conductor's good work and smothered the music with scenic japes.

—Andrew Porter

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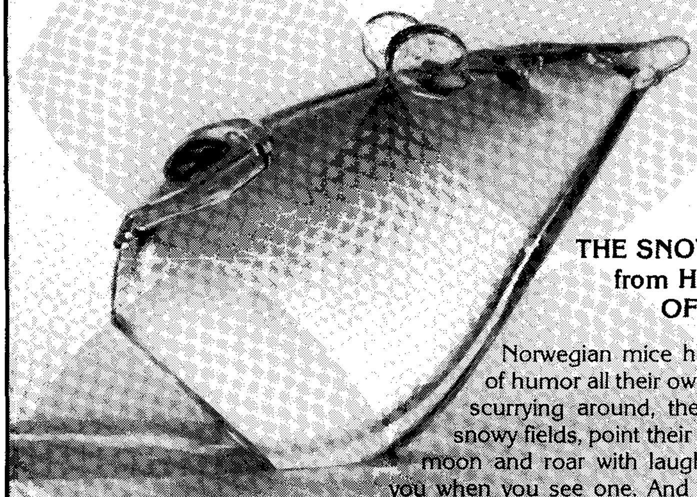
THE Bicentennial has brought forth a quantity of American music on recordings, some of it good, some merely interesting, some poor. The Louisville Orchestra, under the innovative Jorge Mester, is to be credited with several of the most worthwhile items, all recorded for the first time. In these recent releases, the orchestra has paid special attention to the much-neglected New England school of composers. On one disc it performs Arthur Foote's "Francesca da Rimini," Arthur Bird's "Carnival Scene," and Leo Ornstein's "Nocturne and Dance of the Fates" (First Edition Records LS-754). All three composers richly deserve their phonographic resurrection. "Francesca," regarded as Foote's finest work, is a noble piece of nineteenth-century Romanticism, honest and impassioned. Bird's "Carnival Scene" shows the influence of Liszt, and it is light, enjoyable, and skillfully conceived. Ornstein, not one of the New Englanders,



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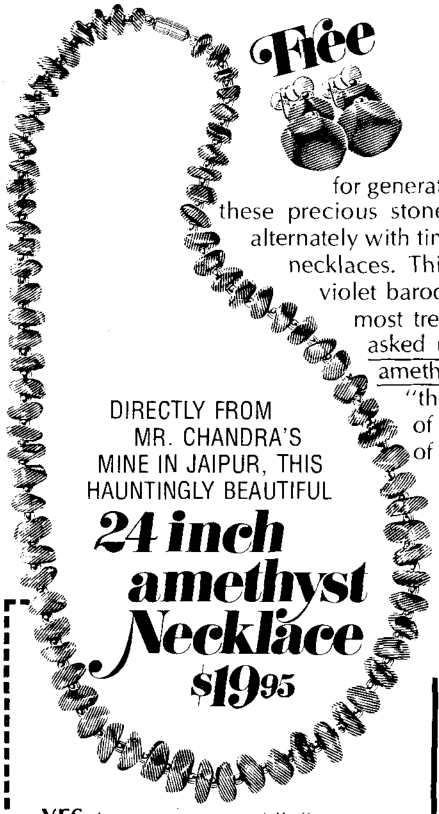

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was a Russian who came to America and turned into an *enfant terrible* of the twenties and thirties. There has recently been a revival of interest in his music, and his work on this disc shows why. Surprisingly, it is not atonal, as much of his piano music is, but broodingly Romantic and strikingly beautiful.

Another Louisville Orchestra record contains Frederick S. Converse's "Endymion's Narrative," Op. 10, and his "Flivver Ten Million: A Joyous Epic" (it was inspired by the ten-millionth Ford to come off the assembly line), along with George Whitfield Chadwick's "Euterpe," a concert overture (First Edition Records LS-753; single disc). Jorge Mester is again the conductor. Converse's honest Romanticism and melodic gift make "Endymion's Narrative" one of the finest American compositions of its time. The "Flivver" item is impressionistic in the manner of its period—the late twenties. Chadwick's "Euterpe," an apostrophe to the Muse of Music, is dignified and skillfully written, but it is also a bit conventional.

PHILIPS has joined the Bicentennial parade by issuing Charles Tomlinson Griffes' Sonata, Charles Ives' "Three-Page Sonata," and Robert Nathaniel Dett's "In the Bottoms," all played by the British pianist Clive Lythgoe (9500 096; single). The Griffes work is said to be his most ambitious. Rich in feeling, sometimes polytonal (or, at any rate, of indefinite tonality), the piece is not without interest. The Ives sonata, which, the composer says with his usual machismo, was "made mostly as a joke to knock the mollycoddles out of their boxes and to kick out the Softy Ears," turns out to be rather tame, but it is no doubt "modern" enough in structure to please Ives enthusiasts. I found its slow movement tiresome, and I could not identify the references to ragtime that the liner notes mention. Robert Nathaniel Dett was a black composer and pianist. His suite, an effective evocation of the life of black people in the Deep South, is the most moving of the three compositions on this record. Mr. Lythgoe's performances are painstaking and praiseworthy.

TURNING to more recent American works, Columbia/Odyssey has issued a piano concerto titled "Within the Mirror of Time," by Robert Suderburg, coupled with William Schuman's Eighth Symphony (Y 34140; single). The Suderburg is performed by the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Milton

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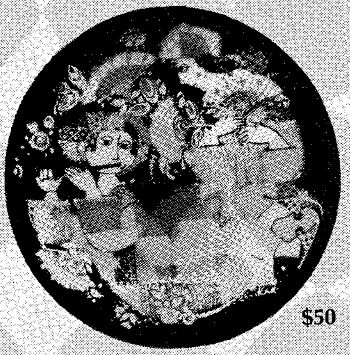

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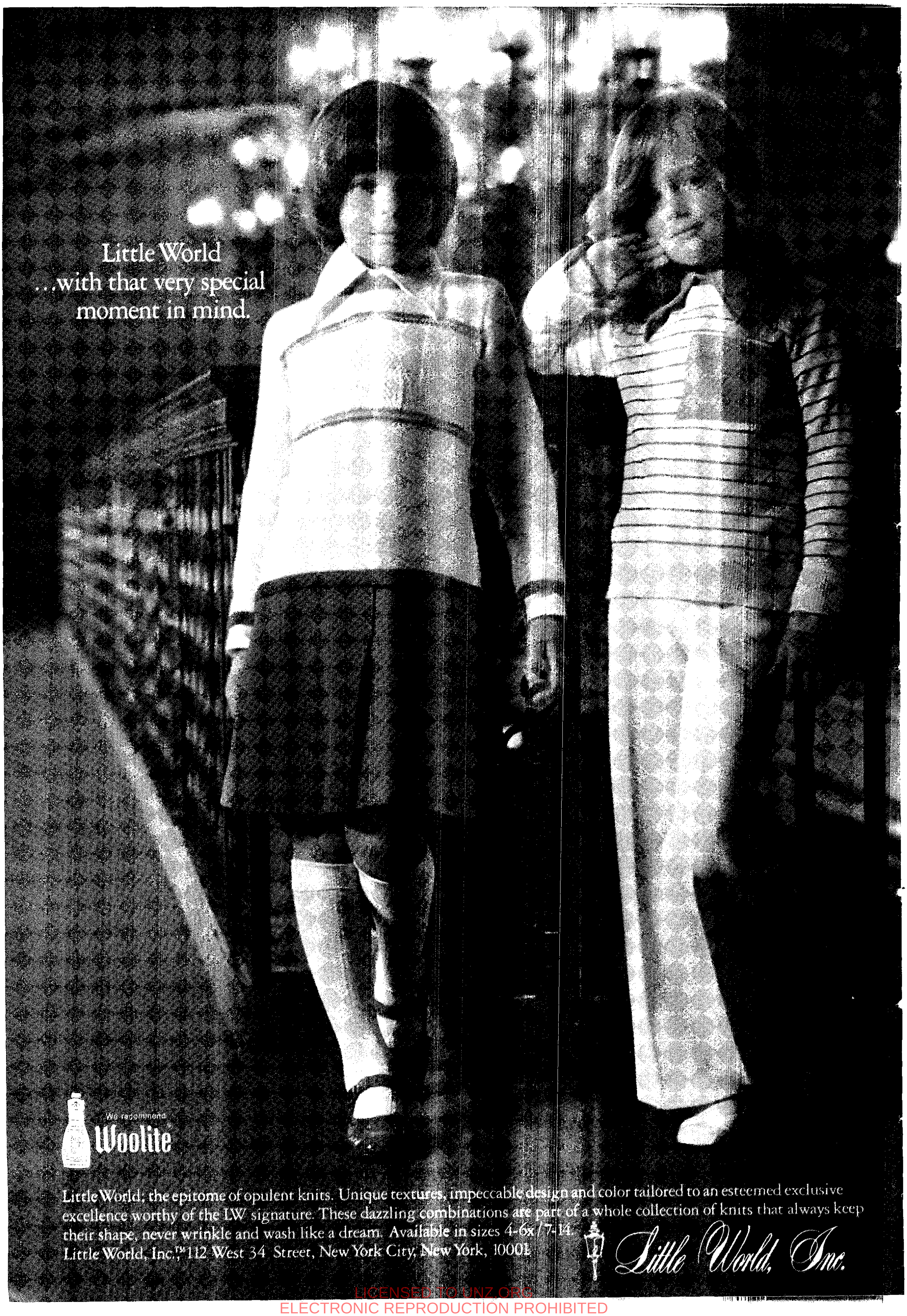
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Katims conducting, with Béla Siki as piano soloist, and the Schuman by the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein. The concerto might be described as neo-Romantic; it is filled with passion and fury, and it contains some passages of real beauty. Mr. Siki performs prodigies of virtuosity. The Schuman symphony is rather predictable. It is a thick, sombre work, ambiguous in its tonality and at times raucous.

Other Columbia/Odyssey releases—all of them atonal—were, to me, less interesting. I list them here, but I can work up no real enthusiasm for any of them. One consists of Gunther Schuller's "Tre Invenzioni" and Bruno Maderna's "Il Giardino Religioso," both played by an ensemble conducted by Mr. Schuller, and also Mr. Schuller's "Contours," played by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (Y 34141; single). Elliott Carter's Brass Quintet and Eight Pieces for Four Timpani are played by the American Brass Quintet and Morris Lang as timpanist (Y 34137; single). Morton Subotnick performs his composition "Until Spring" on the electric music box (Y 34158; single). Finally, there is Morton Feldman's "Rothko Chapel," for chorus, viola, and percussion, performed by soloists and the Gregg Smith Singers, and the same composer's "For Frank O'Hara," for flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano, and percussion, played by members of the Buffalo Center of the Creative and Performing Arts (Y 34138; single).

RCA has embarked on a series of reissues under the general title "Victrola America, Historic Recordings." One record presents Gershwin's "An American in Paris" and Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite," both performed by the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini (AVM 1-1737, mono; single). Another is "A Collector's 'Porgy and Bess,' " an anthology of performances brought together for the first time. The singers are Eleanor Steber, Helen Jepson, Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Lawrence Tibbett, Cab Calloway, and the Robert Shaw Chorale—an all-white cast except for Mr. Calloway, who sings Sportin' Life's aria in what seems to me a rather overdone manner (AVM 1-1742, mono; single). The various accompanying orchestras are conducted by Jay Blackton, Robert Russell Bennett, and Alexander Smallens, and, generally, the disc is a pleasure to listen to. The John Latouche-Earl Robinson "Ballad for Americans," with Paul

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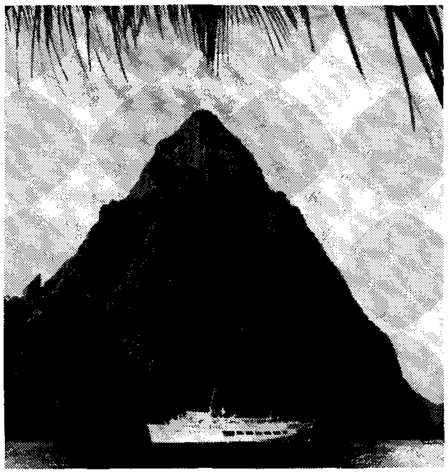

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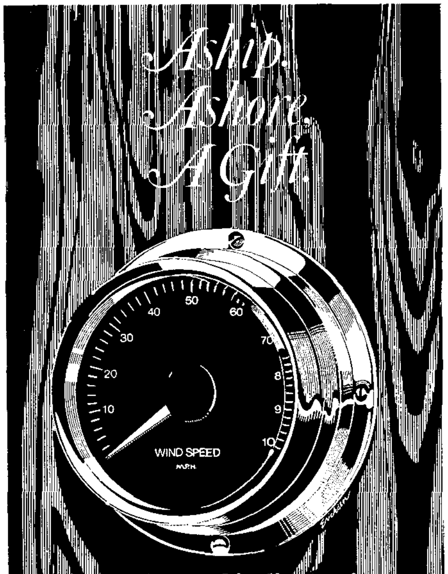

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Robeson, the American People's Chorus, and the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Nathaniel Shilkret, and the Walt Whitman-George Kleinsinger "I Hear America Singing," with John Charles Thomas, the I.L.G.W.U. Radio Chorus, and the same orchestra and conductor, are reminiscent of the radical movement of the thirties (AVM 1-1736, mono; single). Paul Robeson's voice stands out. Richard Crooks, tenor, sings Stephen Foster's songs, with Frank LaForge at the piano (AVM 1-1738, mono; single). Foster was unquestionably a great melodist, but he is oversentimentalized here. "A Collector's 'Show Boat,'" from Jerome Kern's most famous score, is, like the "Porgy and Bess" item, a collection of songs from a great musical show (AVM 1-1741, mono; single). The songs are sung by Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel, Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, Janet Pavek, Howard Keel, Kevin Scott, Dorothy Kirsten, and Risë Stevens, with various orchestras, choruses, and conductors, including Lehman Engel, Paul Whiteman, John Scott Trotter, and Henri René. Whiteman's orchestra mercilessly vulgarizes the accompaniment to "Ol' Man River," but the other performances are impressive. It is striking that some of the Broadway singers do a lot better in this music than the big operatic stars.

FINALLY, from Deutsche Grammophon, of all places, comes an excellent reissue of what is probably America's most successful opera—John Latouche's and Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe" (2709 061; six sides). The work is performed beautifully by the original New York City Opera cast—including Beverly Sills, Walter Cassel, and Frances Bible—with the New York City Opera Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Emerson Buckley.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

My personal inclination as far as astrology is concerned parallels that of Shakespeare's Cassius, who said, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our tsars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."
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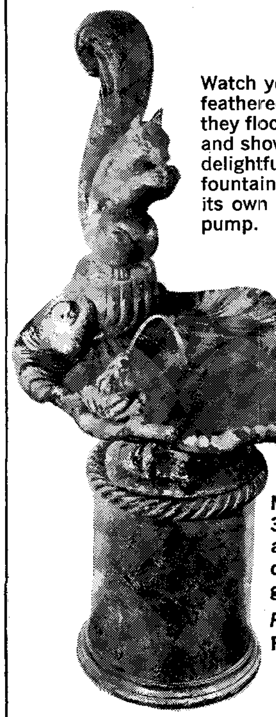

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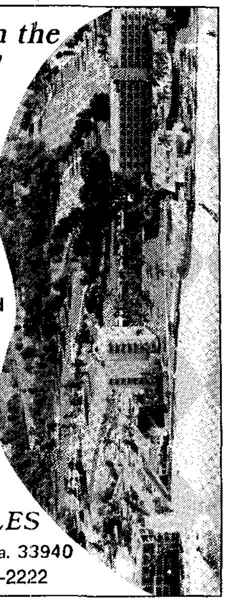

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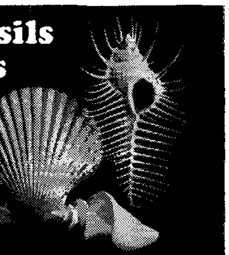

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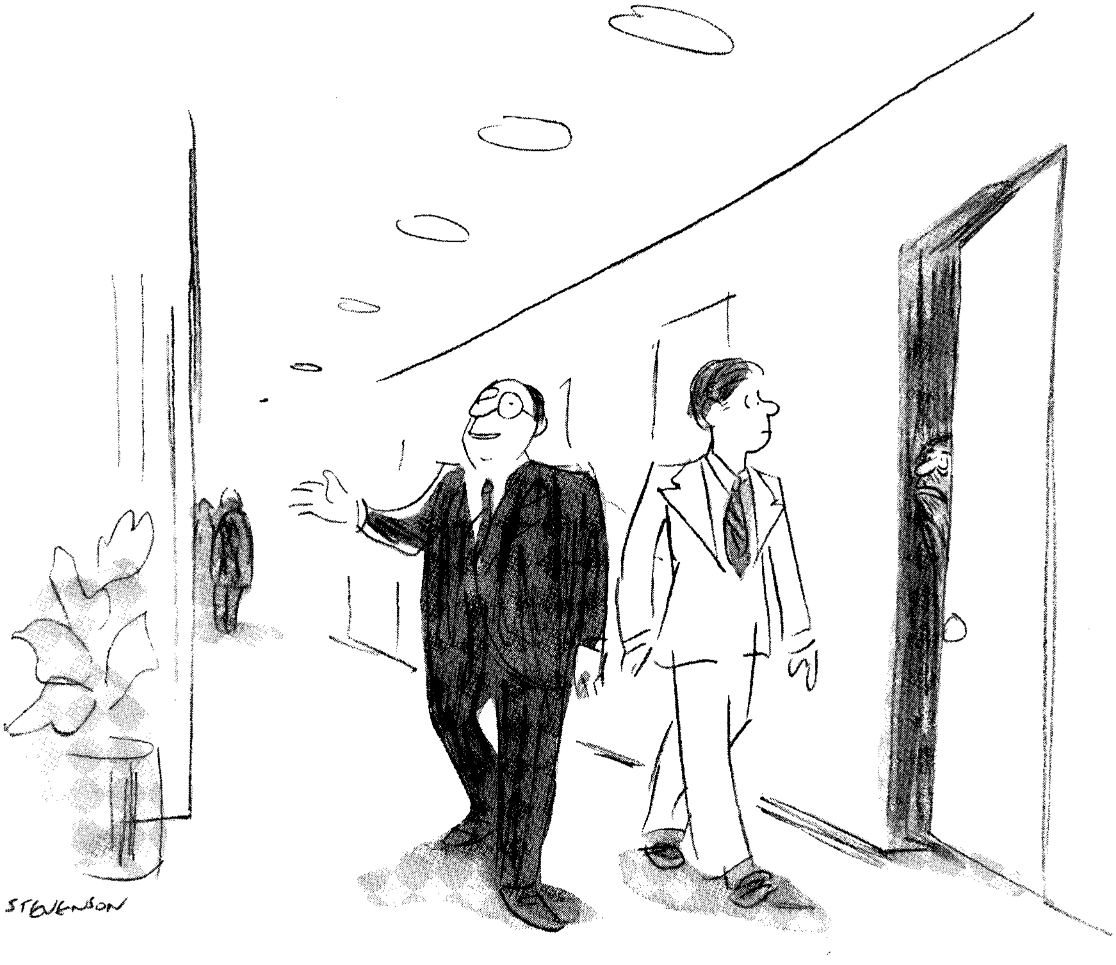
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 6

THE conventional wisdom is that Jimmy Carter succeeded this year because he reassembled the Democratic coalition that Franklin Roosevelt mobilized in the nineteen-thirties—a coalition that held together until Dwight Eisenhower dismembered it in the nineteen-fifties, that was revived by John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson in the nineteen-sixties, and that was overpowered by Richard Nixon in 1972. As a metaphor of sorts, this works reasonably well. Like Roosevelt, who also defeated an incumbent who resisted government intervention in the economy, Carter was seen as an activist, a man committed to vigorous—or, as he puts it, "aggressive"—political leadership. Like Roosevelt, Carter was strong in the South and in the big cities; he was backed by labor and the poor. But over the years the nature of the coalition has changed as much as the country has; were this not so, someone like Morris Udall or Fred Harris or Henry Jackson, all of them more in the New Deal mold than Carter, would have been the nominee. It was the white South, the traditionally Democratic South (and the South that later backed Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon), that supported Roosevelt; in time, the black South, largely because of what Mrs. Roosevelt was saying and doing, came to regard him as its champion. But most of the blacks were then disenfranchised (those who were not tended to vote Republican as an expression of gratitude to Abraham Lincoln) and could not be counted as part of any national coalition. The cities then were controlled by the local Democratic organizations, whose influence began to wane as Roosevelt, for better or worse, consolidated power in the central government. Labor backed Roosevelt, as it did Carter, but it was not organized labor as much as it was the workers themselves, many of whom were not working and who wanted to organize; they believed that under Roosevelt they would have a chance to do so. The trade-union movement was not much of a political force until 1944, when the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O. helped win a fourth term for Roosevelt. The Carter coalition has a rather small regional base. The President-elect lost the entire West, unless Hawaii is to be considered part of it, and much of the Middle West. The farm vote, which mostly went to Democrats in the Depression, has been greatly reduced by advances in agricultural technology, and has become largely Republican, at least in Presidential elections. It was the black vote that accounted for Carter's success; without it, he could not have won either the nomination or the election. Gerald Ford carried the white South, though by narrow margins in most states. Carter's strength in the cities and the large industrial states owed more to labor than to the Democratic machines that rounded up votes for Democrats from Roosevelt to Johnson. Mayor Daley of Chicago, whose support Carter considered so important that he risked his reputation for independence by pleading for it, proved unable to deliver Illinois.



"For God's sake, don't join this firm."

Carter did not really put together, or put back together, a political coalition of the traditional kind. In the South, he won the votes of blacks and of many whites whose support was a gesture of regional pride, but he cannot be said to have brought them together on any common ground, to have made them allies in a common cause or in any enterprise larger than casting their ballots for him. Last Sunday's incident in his church in Plains, which closed its doors rather than admit four blacks, demonstrated the breadth of the gulf that still separates the races in much of the South. Nor did Carter make himself master of the Democratic Party. Few, if any, Democrats elected to the House or the Senate on Tuesday have a sense of indebtedness to him. In most cases, they ran ahead of him, and many feel that they were helpful to him in a way that he was not to them—a fact that may make his relations with Congress not quite so "harmonious" as he has said he expects them to be. His victory, then, was more one of persuasion than of organization. It was personal in a way that such things seldom are in American politics. John Kennedy also began as something of an outsider and had to demonstrate

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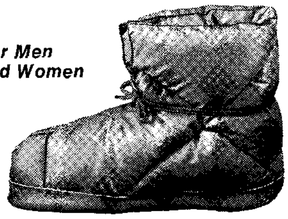

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his appeal in the primaries. But he had, in addition to a well-known name and great financial resources, the support of more than a few established and influential leaders. Carter began with no such assets, though it might be argued that his lack of them was one source of his strength. Certainly he turned it to good advantage, particularly in the early primaries, when he was running against men far better known than he was. Still, he had to convince the electorate that despite his lack of experience, despite a record that was thin and largely irrelevant, he was qualified for national leadership. He managed it, and how he did it is something that will keep a good many students of politics busy for some time to come. He is not in any visible or audible way an imposing man. In the debates, it was Ford who—physically, at any rate—seemed to convey the kind of command presence that Americans appear to associate with powerful leadership and that Carter did not really project until his post-election news conference in Plains. Carter's platform manner is unimpressive, and though he has a more agile mind than Ford, and uses the language with more precision and at times with grace, he is anything but eloquent. He conveyed, though, a sense of steadiness, of resolve and earnestness, of uncommon self-confidence, as well as a sense of decency and concern. It is being said that the debates changed few votes, that they simply reinforced whatever convictions members of the television audience brought to them, but it is difficult to see what, apart from the debates, led undecided voters—and evidently quite a few voters who at some stage intended to vote for Ford—to choose Carter over the President. For many millions, the debates were the campaign, and Carter's performance in them was impressive in the sense that it showed people that incumbency does not in itself confer a knowledge and understanding of national and international problems that is unavailable to others of equal intelligence and diligence. It was of this that Carter had to persuade people, and it was of this that in the end a majority were persuaded.

Like Kennedy in 1961, Carter will take office after eight years in which the largest domestic problems have hardly been acknowledged—much less dealt with, except by veto—by the White House. He inherits an economy in far worse shape than it was then, and a bureaucracy far more swollen and unmanageable. The country now is at once more restless and more skeptical

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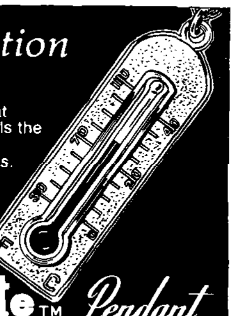

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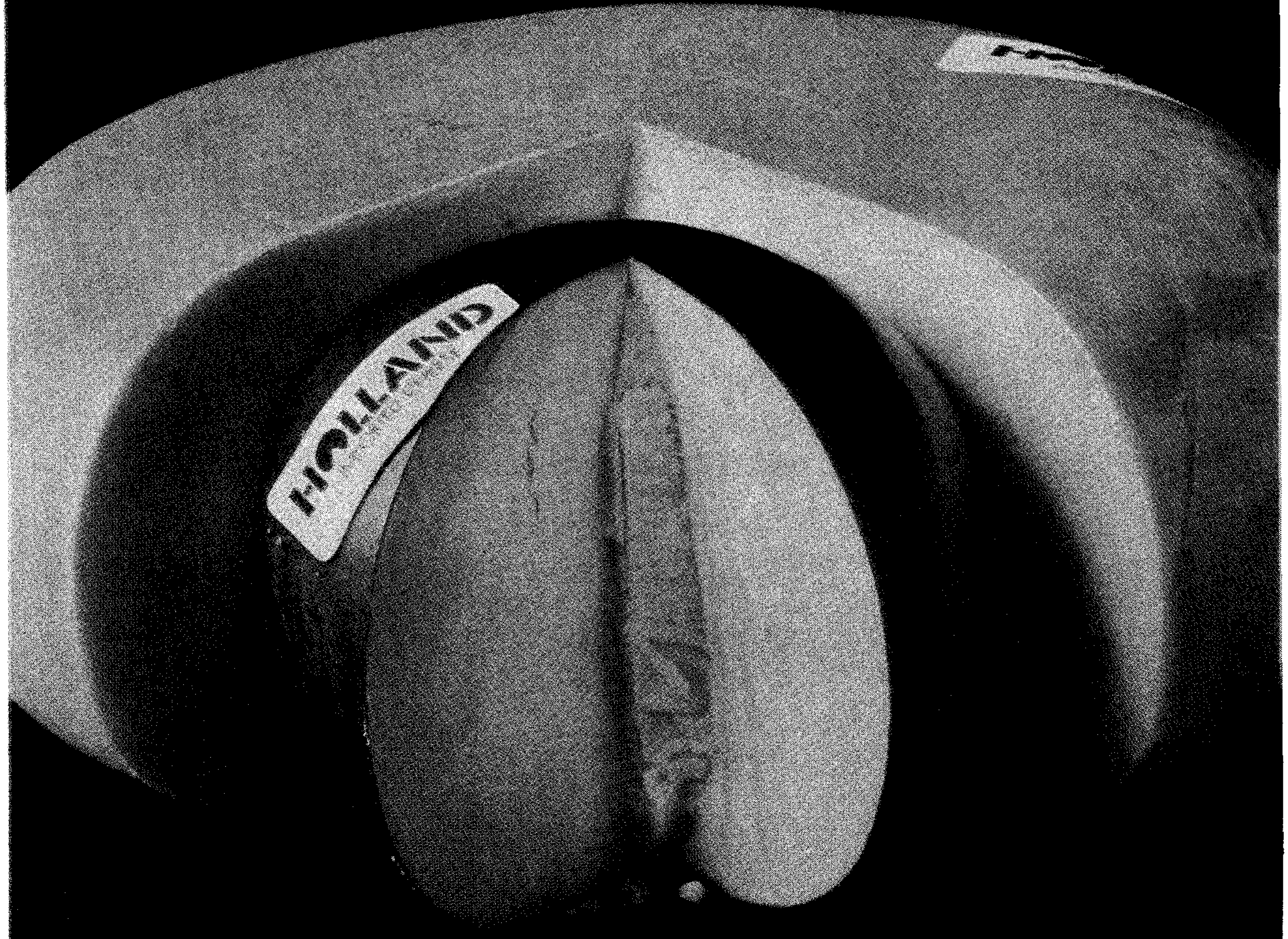

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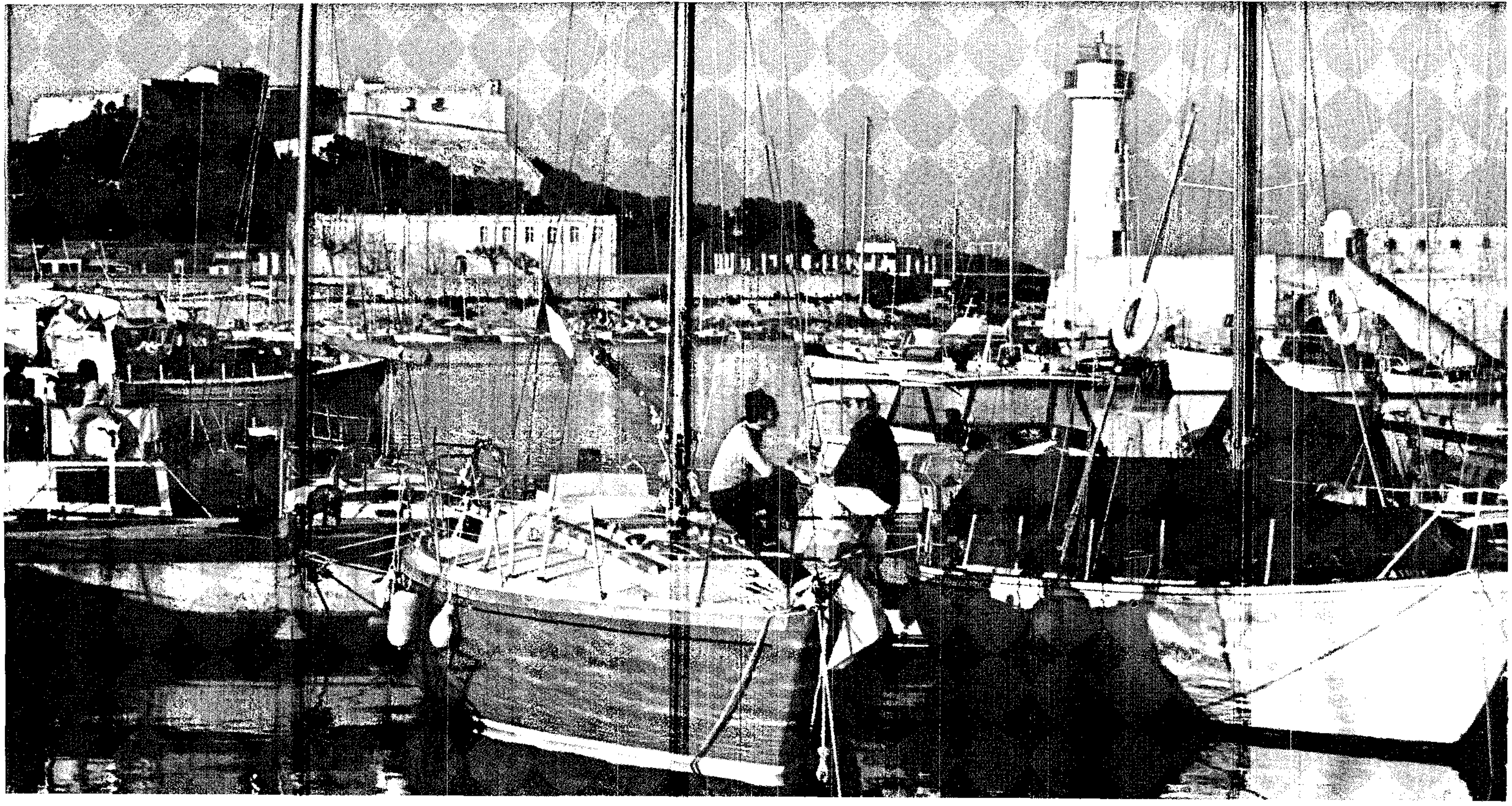

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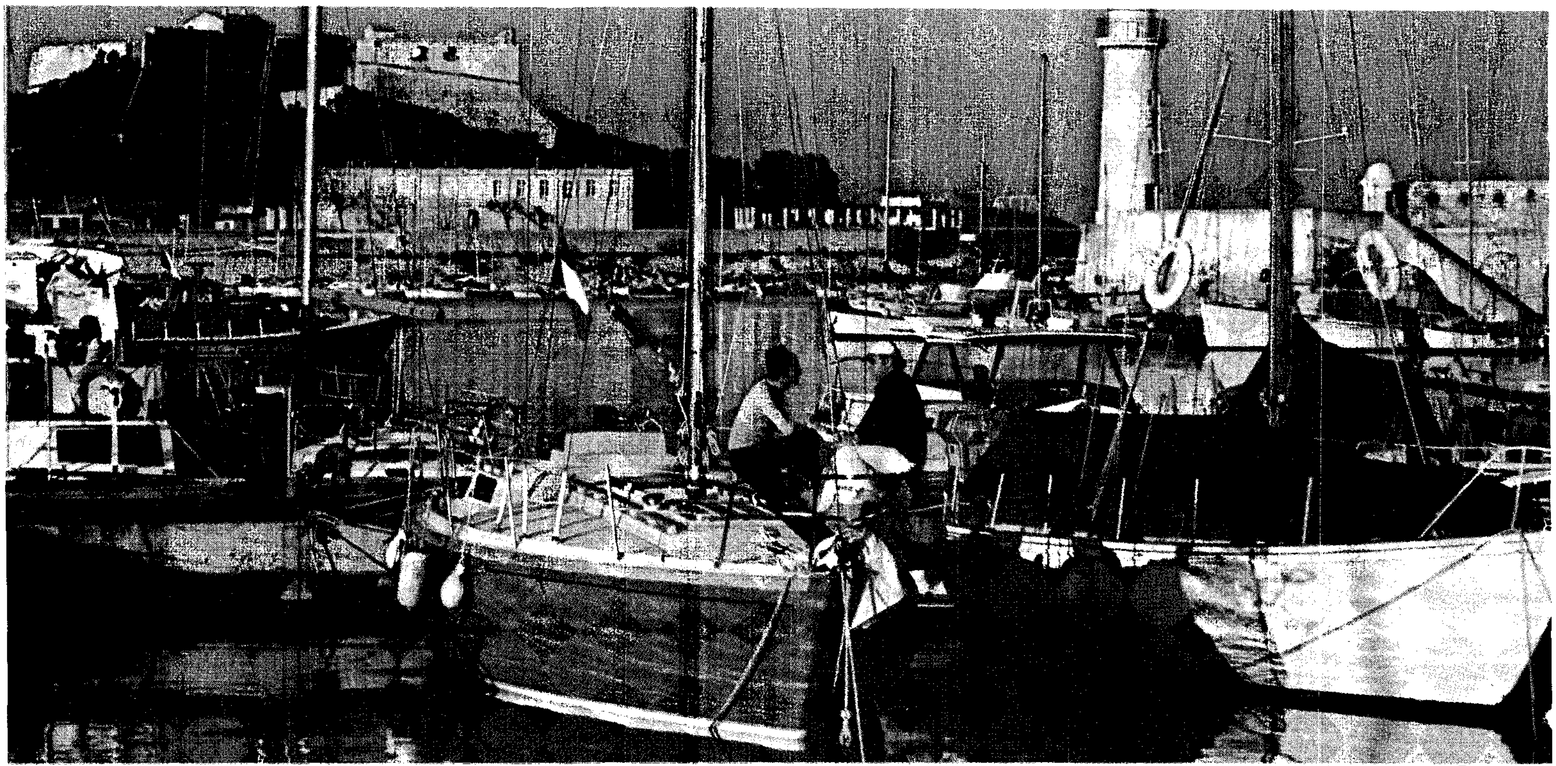

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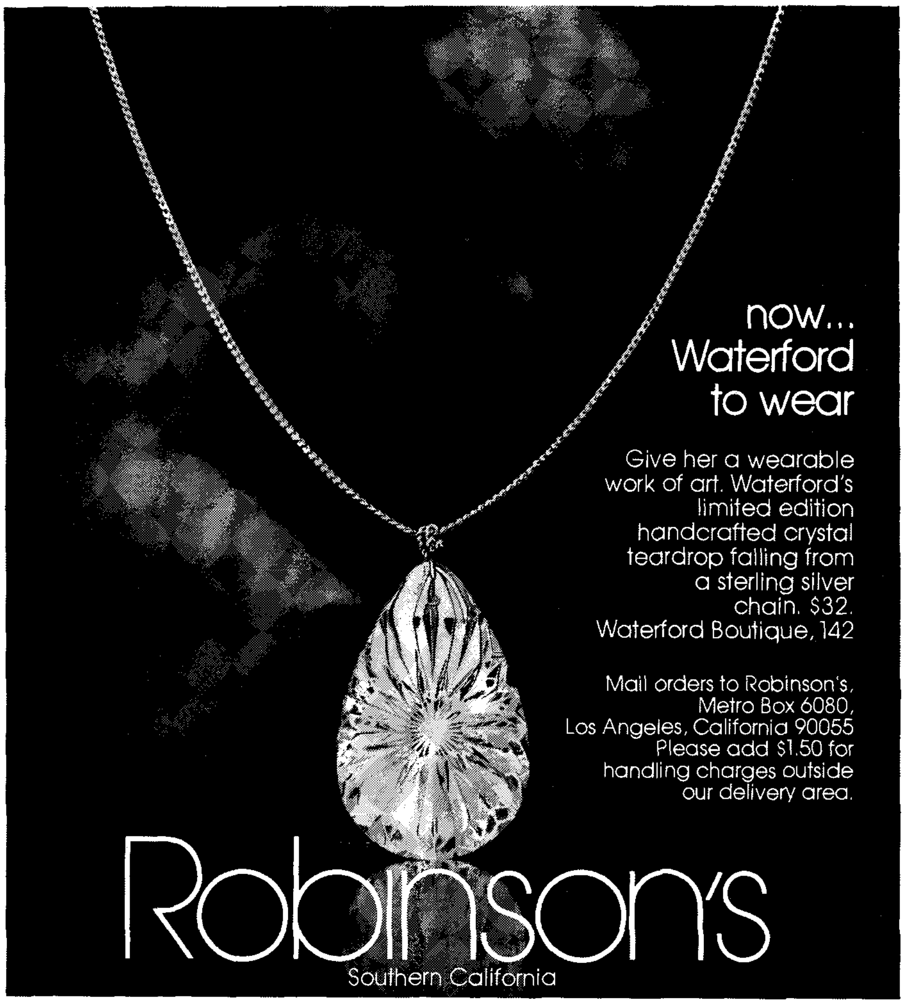
about the efficacy of government in dealing with social disorders. Though he has been deliberately unspecific about how and when he will go about seeking change and reform, Carter's commitments are larger and bolder than Kennedy's. But despite the narrowness of his victory, he has more of a mandate than Kennedy had, and he will not, like Truman, Kennedy, and Nixon, be a minority President in his first term. He will deal with a Congress more heavily Democratic and far more liberal than that of Kennedy's day. It is not, however, likely to be a Congress that shares his eagerness for tax reform and government reorganization. And it may, feeling that it has a mandate separate from his and more decisive, wish to put in place social programs that are costlier than he would like, and to do so at a pace faster than he considers prudent. Though during the primaries he endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which calls for massive federal spending to generate jobs and is regarded by many liberal economists as unacceptably inflationary, he seemed to back away from it after winning the nomination. But Congress may send some version of it to his desk, where he will have to face either the political consequences of vetoing it or the economic consequences of signing it. He favors cutting military expenditures by relatively little, and there is powerful resistance in Congress to Pentagon spending, despite its election-year approval of all that Ford asked; this could lead to pressure for reductions in force, which the President-elect says he opposes. In general, though, the election has set the stage for the kind of change undertaken by Roosevelt, Kennedy, and Johnson. There is bound to be an emphasis on stimulating the economy, on aid to the cities, and on cleaning up the environment. This last may very well come first, for much can be done without great federal funding, and Carter is less solicitous of the interests that oppose reform than were Nixon and Ford. And if Congress does not share his zeal for restructuring the government, it is within his power to do a considerable amount on his own. Congress is unlikely at any early date to resist him on appointments. He may simply replace old bureaucrats with new ones, but there will be a difference in style. They will undoubtedly be activists like himself, for he has said that he wants people who can administer government agencies independently and keep their headaches and rivalries away from the White House. This has been the desire of many Presidents, and few have been



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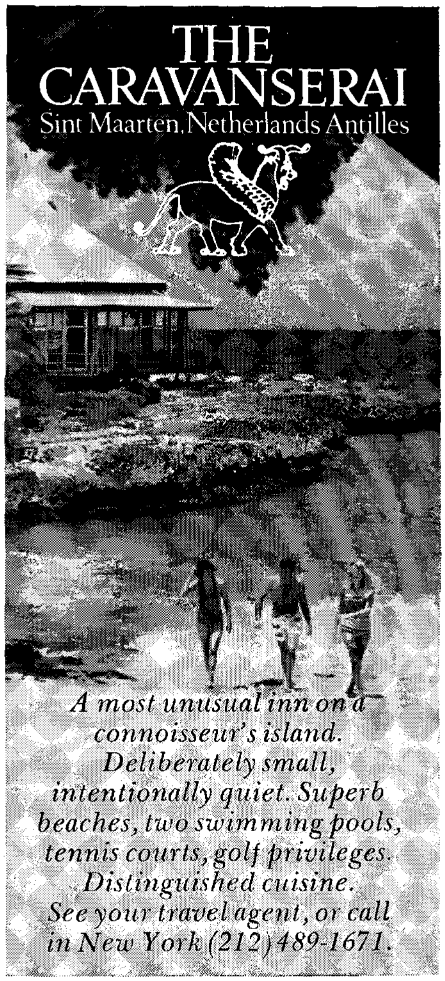
able to satisfy it, but Carter, it is said by those who observed him in Atlanta, learned to delegate and decentralize managerial, as distinct from political, authority. If he can do so here, that in itself will constitute a large measure of reform.

BEFORE and during the Republican meeting in Kansas City in August, it was being said by Party leaders—partisans of both Ford and Ronald Reagan, and some who were unenthusiastic about either—that whatever took place at the Convention was bound to be so divisive that the Party might cease to exist as a serious force in national politics. If Reagan was denied the nomination, or if he got it and was not elected, his supporters would take this as conclusive evidence that the Party could never be a vehicle for their kind of politics, leaving them no choice but to quit and start building a new party that could appeal to the conservative majority they were confident existed. Some, it was said, would vote for Carter, in order to speed the dismantling of the Party and to make easier the job of organizing an alternative. And Ford partisans were saying that if the President was repudiated, many of them would either vote for Carter or sit out the election. Some Reaganites may have voted for Carter or for minor-party candidates on Tuesday, and few of them, their leader included, extended themselves very much on Ford's behalf. But the defectors must have been few in number, for the Republicans seem to have closed ranks a bit more effectively than the Democrats. Post-election surveys show that almost ninety per cent of the Republicans who voted backed the ticket, while only eighty per cent of the Democratic turnout voted for Carter. Ford's appeasement of Reagan—in his selection of Robert Dole for Vice-President and in his acceptance of a platform that reflected Reagan's views on most matters—was doubtless of importance in achieving this unanticipated degree of unity. Still, the Republicans lost the White House, their only power base in recent decades, and have nowhere else improved their lot. They remain outnumbered three to two in the Senate and two to one in the House. In governorships, they suffered a net loss of one this week and now have twelve, as against the Democrats' thirty-seven. (Governor Longley, of Maine, is an independent.) In thirty-six states, Democrats will next year control both houses of the legislature. Ford carried the West and much of



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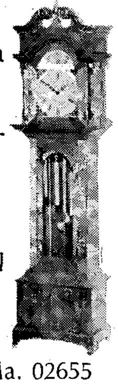

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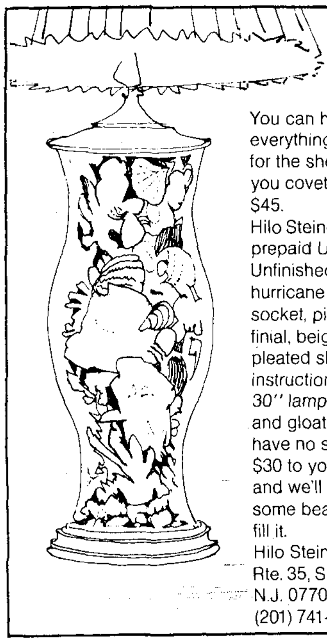

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the Middle West, but neither can be counted as Republican territory. Their delegations in Congress are mostly Democratic, and in four of the states that Ford carried his margin was one per cent or less; there were four states he would have lost if Eugene McCarthy had not been on the ballot. The South, in which Republicans invested so much hope and energy, is once again almost solidly Democratic.

After Barry Goldwater's defeat in 1964, the Republican future looked bleak to most, and to some hopeless. But Goldwater was not as divisive a figure as Reagan; his supporters were largely the same as those who favored Reagan this year, but their passions, unlike his, have intensified over the years, and, of course, they have lived through Watergate. And in 1964 the Republicans had leaders of stature. Eisenhower was still a figure who enjoyed great respect throughout the country. Nixon was available and untainted. Nelson Rockefeller had been booed in San Francisco, but he was in control in New York, which still had the most electoral votes. Henry Cabot Lodge was a spokesman of some authority and considerable prestige. Also, despite their huge majorities, the Democrats were beginning to show signs of becoming divided over Vietnam. Today, the Republicans seem not only powerless but leaderless. Ford will be their nominal leader for the next four years, but he is an appointed President and now a defeated one. He has never had a national constituency of his own, and when he leaves office he will have no forum. Robert Dole seems to have been one of the few candidates for Vice-President who ever cost a ticket votes. Some Republicans thought they had a winning figure in John Connally, but as Daley failed in Illinois, Connally failed in Texas. No one really expected that Rockefeller could deliver New York this year, but he might be able to do duty as an elder statesman if he were acceptable to the conservatives, which he is not. In the Senate, there are some Republicans who are widely respected and might be capable of leadership: Charles Percy, of Illinois; Charles Mathias, of Maryland; Clifford Case, of New Jersey; Jacob Javits, of New York; Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts; Lowell Weicker, of Connecticut. But these men are viewed with such hostility by the right wing that most of them were encouraged to make themselves scarce in Kansas City, and they were little heard from in the campaign.

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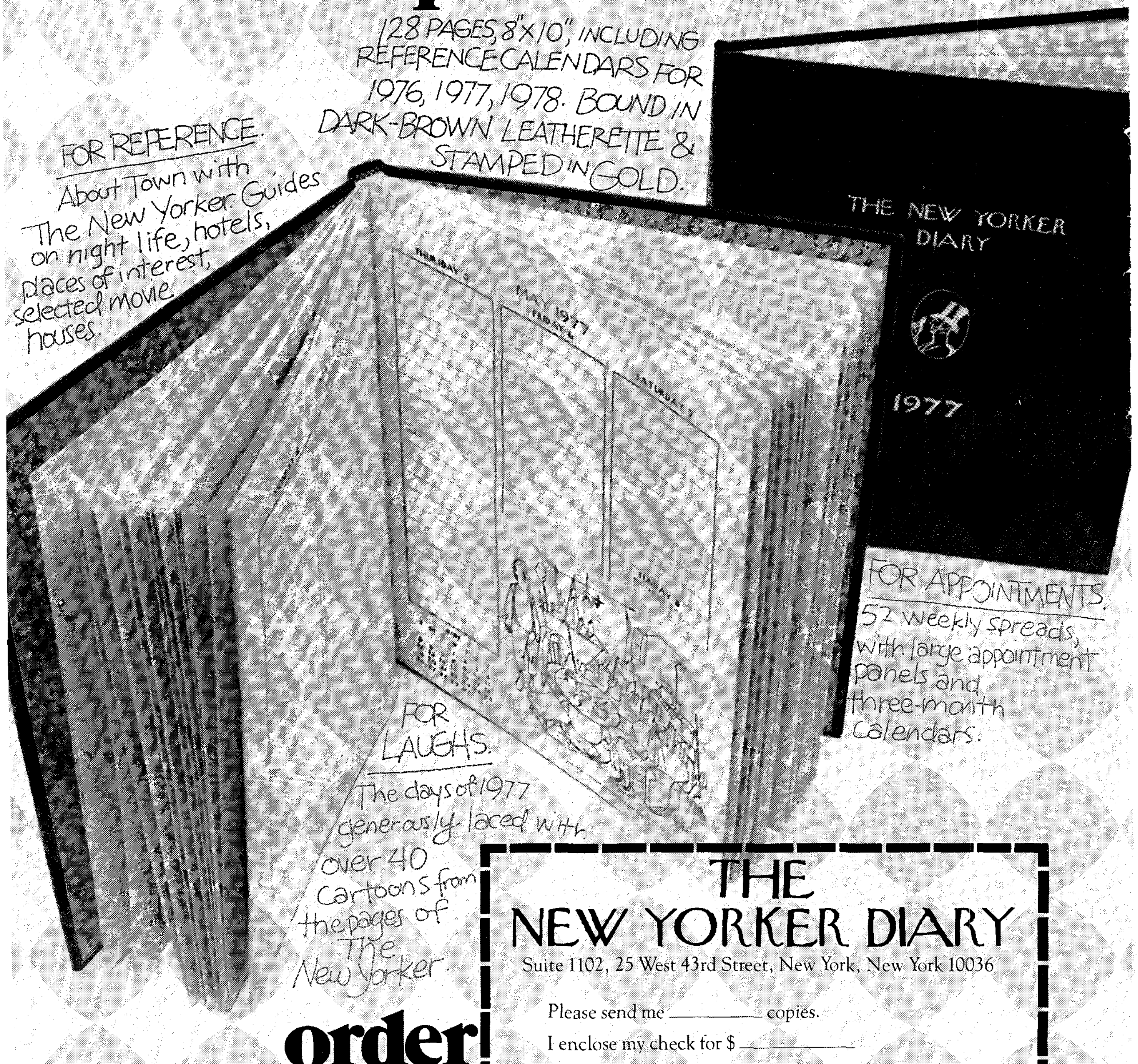

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stantial body of followers. Less talk is heard now than in the summer about starting a new party and more about reorganizing the Republican Party. Though Reagan is not likely to try for the Presidency four years from now, when he will be sixty-nine, he wants to continue an active career in politics and to help his fellow-Republicans rebuild. His enthusiasm for the cause is undiminished, according to his aides. In Los Angeles two days ago, one of them said, "Look at the map of how the states voted and it looks like a conservative coalition, and Ford almost won it without any Southern states except Virginia. Forgive the South its emotional binge and you have the new majority." This seems a strange reading of an election lost by a fundamentally conservative President and in which liberal candidates for Congress did better than ever. But the faith is one that has endured and been strengthened in adversity for more than a third of a century, during which no conservative majority ever materialized. If those who adhere to this faith are really determined to take over what remains of the Republican Party, they can almost certainly do so; indeed, they nearly did it this year, and with the loss of the Presidency it shouldn't be difficult to finish the job. There would then have to be some kind of organization for those who backed Ford in Kansas City, because the Reaganites will not be satisfied until most of them are purged. Some, of course, could become Democrats, but it would be a sad day for both Democrats and Republicans if things came to that. The system functions badly when there is no opposition—even when the opposition is as weak as it will be next year. Our political life may be in need of realignment, but not of a realignment brought about in such a way as to break an already enfeebled minority in two and simultaneously to strengthen what may become an increasingly overbearing majority. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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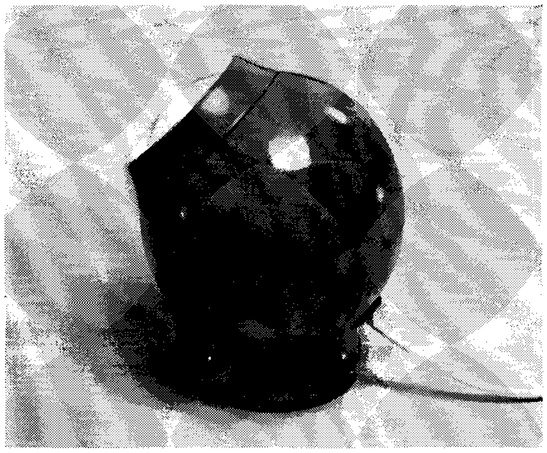

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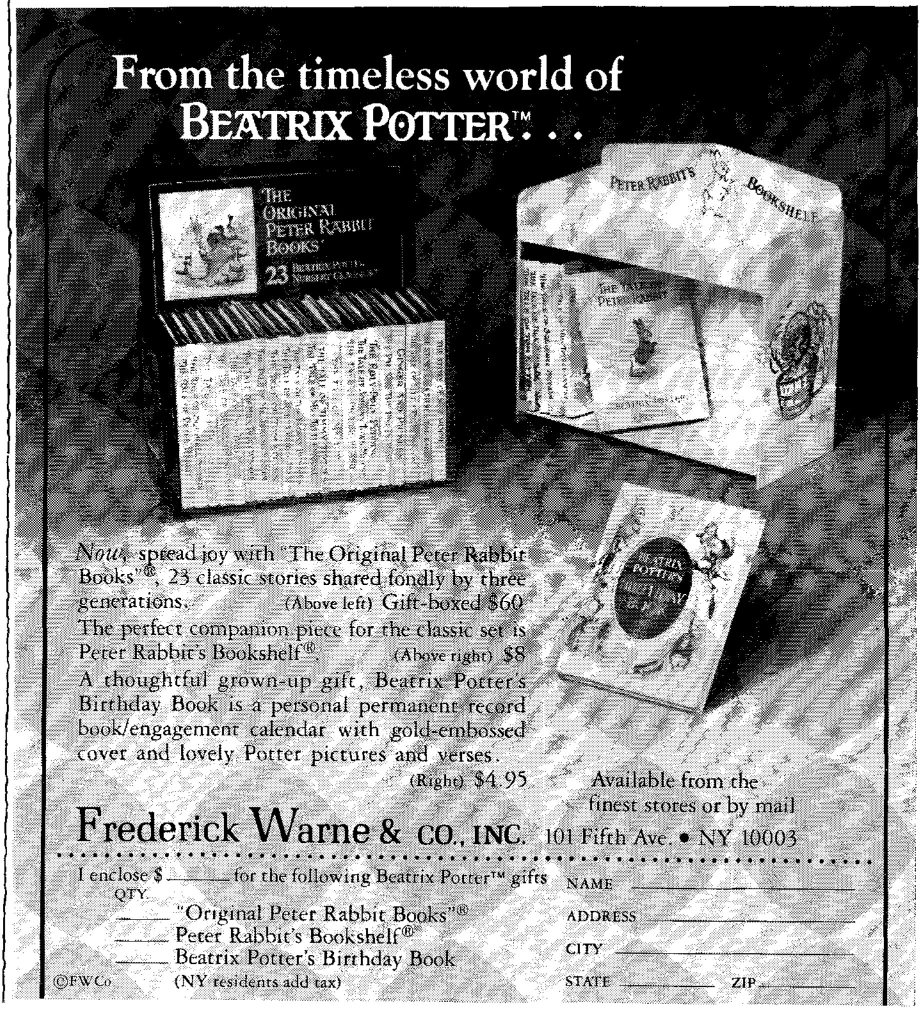

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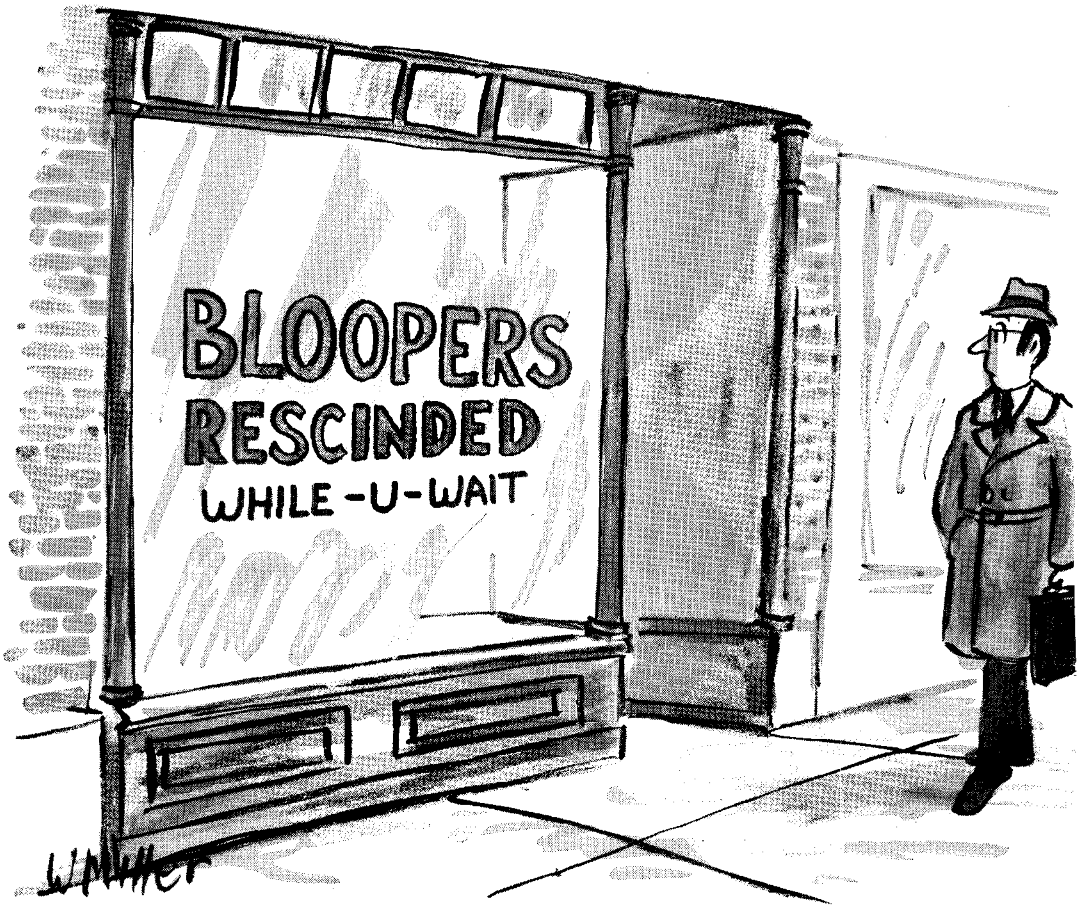
BOOKS

Wives and Daughters

HUMAN beings cannot think without abstractions; human societies cannot exist without ideals. But a good many of our ideals have been absurd in theory and cruel in practice, though we have rarely known what went wrong until it was too late. "Women and Marriage in Victorian Fiction," by Jenni Calder (Oxford), an intelligent and entertaining study, investigates an absurd ideal whose effects still plague us. That ideal—marriage for love—was not necessarily absurd, but the Victorians' definition of the lovable was. The Victorian bride was young and beautiful, soft as a sofa, strict as a saint, seducible in her innocence but averse to sex. Physically delicate yet husky enough to produce plenty of healthy children, she was ignorant of everything unpleasant or wicked, and nonetheless sufficiently shrewd to detect the failings of her children and servants. She cultivated ornamental talents, though never at the expense of domestic duties. She could earn nothing, and was costly to maintain even if she came with a dowry, so no man could marry without money—his or hers, and preferably both. For that reason, true love was always qualified: despite the Victorians' scorn for the traditional marriage of convenience, Mrs. Calder finds that Victorian novels never escape "the concept of marriage as a financial transaction." Once having acquired the perfect wife, the ideal Victorian husband had to hold on to his fortune while remaining in every sense a perfect gentleman—no easy task in a commercial society that looked down on many forms of commerce. What was still more difficult, a Victorian husband always had to be right about everything; unless a senior male—his father or an older brother—was around, nobody in his household could be expected to know enough to tell him when he was wrong. Such superpeople and supermarriages were, naturally, nonexistent, even though novel upon novel—most of them addressed to women—offered them as the norm. Good or bad, Victorian fiction was absorbed, Mrs. Calder tells us, in the problems of marriage. No wonder. Storytellers deal in conflict, and the unworkability of an ideal breeds conflict: between Waterloo and Mons domestic conflict must have been more familiar to the British than any other kind.

In his introduction to this book, David Daiches argues against the "so-called New Critics" on behalf of Mrs. Calder's kind of literary-social criticism. I do not think that her book, as literary criticism, justifies his argument. She does not illuminate writers' intentions or achievements, and she is far too apt to chide a writer for not writing what she thinks he should have written. Her book succeeds and holds the reader in quite another way: it illuminates our lives because she puts her finger on matters that trouble us as much as they troubled the Victorians. For example, in discussing Thackeray she says, "Wherever there is a parent who cares a great deal about his children there is damage done," and we cannot help recognizing that many of us are uncertain about how to love our children. Everybody can see that ego masquerading as love is harmful, but Thackeray's (and Mrs. Calder's) point is finer and harder: Colonel Newcome really loves his son, as Pendennis's mother loves hers, yet they damage their children—the first by giving too much, the second by demanding too little. On another point, David Riesman, back in 1959, compared the large-scale American movement to the suburbs and the concomitant retreat into the family with the "inner emigration" in totalitarian states—a withdrawal from a hard, complicated, impersonal world. Dickens, Mrs. Calder notes, portrays marriage as ideally "a refuge from society, an island in a nasty world." It is doubtful how much shelter the middle-class family could offer in the nineteenth century, or how much it can offer in the present. Very few families have been or are immune to business cycles.

Mrs. Calder makes it clear that Victorian marriage was a middle- to upper-middle-class ideal. It was regularly threatened (in fiction) by "fashionable society" at the top, while the poor could not afford anything like it. She is attracted to Mrs. Gaskell because that author wrote sympathetically about



working women and working-class families, although Mrs. Calder thinks Mrs. Gaskell could not bring herself to tell everything she must have known about working-class life in Manchester, and left it to Disraeli, in "Sybil," to say that the factory system, rather than the licentiousness of the lower classes, was destroying the home and family life of the poor.

It seems to me that Mrs. Gaskell made that point adequately, as a good writer does, by showing, not by lecturing (in, for example, "Mary Barton"), but the question of what Victorians knew and what they said is more complicated than the simple hypocrisy of which they have often been accused. Their fiction is noticeably gingerly whenever it touches on what they must have known—that preceding generations had not obeyed the Victorians' strict sexual code and were none the worse for their laxity. Perhaps Victorian writers were embarrassed to remind their readers that by Victorian standards their mothers were no ladies. Victorian fiction always exaggerates the worldly, or practical, perils of unchastity in women, as if the whole British population went around carrying stones ready for throwing at women taken in adultery. Mrs. Calder comments that George Eliot, who was an adulteress, would have figured as an outcast in Victorian fiction; in real Victorian life, as a successful writer, she was nothing of the sort. In discussing Eliot, Mrs. Calder remarks that "Victorian fiction is obsessively concerned with the verdict of society." Since we know that Eliot herself had ceased to believe in the divinity of Christ and the immortality of the soul when she was in her twenties, Mrs. Calder's observation seems to me an astute juxtaposition; it suggests that this assignment of the ultimate judicial function to society signified a widespread loss of religious faith which was too painful for Victorian writers to acknowledge. What sinner would worry about being snubbed if he feared damnation? Atheists know that jail is bad; believers know that Hell is worse. Though religious controversy roiled Victorian England and produced polemics, memoirs, confessions, journalism, books for children, and third-rate novels on all sides of every question from the powers of bishops to the opening of museums on Sunday, no first-rate Victorian novelist was inspired by faith; there is no English analogue to, say, "The Brothers Karamazov." In the twentieth century, when England had more or less come to terms with her irreligion,

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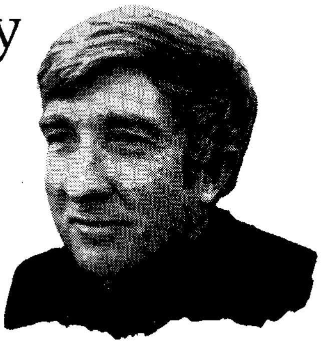

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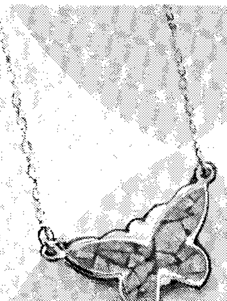

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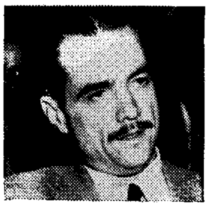

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good English novelists (Waugh, for one) wrote religious fiction.

Mrs. Calder tells us that in the second half—and, more emphatically, in the last quarter—of the nineteenth century writers began expressing dissatisfaction with the Victorian ideals of womanhood and marriage. The middle class found a large family an economic hardship, and respectable writers could mention the physical hardship of repeated pregnancies. Writers began to propose that women be active—exercise became chic—and receive better educations, either to make them interesting spouses (the ideal Victorian wife often bored the ideal Victorian husband) or to enable them to support themselves if they did not marry. Mrs. Calder discusses Meredith as a good novelist whose work expressed some of these changes in attitude. Rereading him, I noticed for the first time that his Egoist is the same personality as Christina Stead's Man Who Loved Children, although the former is a nineteenth-century upper-class Englishman and the latter a twentieth-century American civil servant barely into the lower middle class. Self-centeredness apparently is not confined to any time or place, and first-rate literature lives not because of but in spite of recording the etiquettes of its era. We do not consider, as do the characters in "The Egoist"—and in the whole corpus of Victorian novels (Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters," say, or Trollope's "The Claverings")—that an engagement is a sacred promise, but we are nonetheless heartbroken when, in our own terms, we are jilted. The good writers Mrs. Calder mentions seem not so much Victorian as permanent.

The Victorians, like us, were climbers. Along with their romantic demands, they harbored the ambition that the perfect marriage would result in a family that would become great and powerful and enduring, as traditional great families—the Cecils, for instance—had been. Yet this aspiration became ever less plausible as the industrial revolution proceeded on its way, first assailing the families of the poor and then stripping wealthier families of a multiplicity of functions that they had once assumed: school, hospital, bank, business, employment agency. Had little Paul Dombey survived to take his place in his father's business, Dombey and Son would sooner or later have had to go public or go under, and Dombeys in our generation might have had no part in the firm and hardly any acquaintance with each other. Almost at

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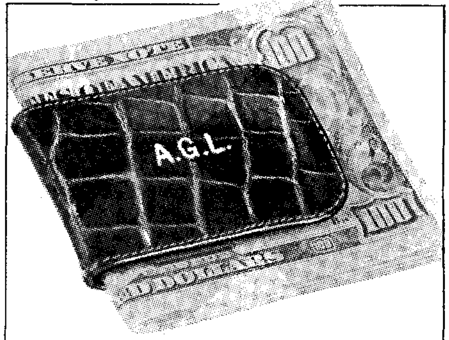

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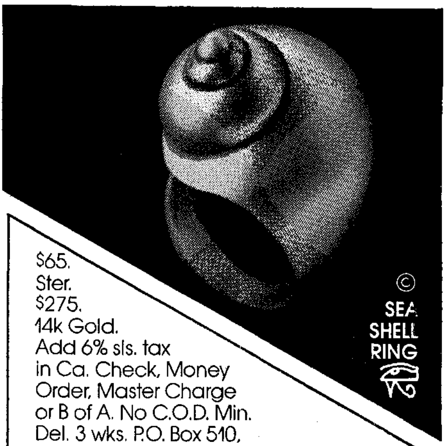

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the moment that the middle-class ideal of snugness replaced the aristocratic ideal of grandeur, snugness, having no practical function, came to seem stuffy, and those overdraped, overupholstered homes began to feel less like nests than like cages. Mrs. Calder finds a few early-twentieth-century novelists arguing against marriage itself, although for the most part writers, good and bad, assumed that the institution would continue—as it does even in the present, when advanced societies are removing still more family functions by attempting to offer all citizens what the Victorian workhouse offered only paupers: day care at life's start, nursing homes at its end.

Do we have an ideal of marriage today? I think not—any more than we have an ideal of woman or women. There are few heroines in modern literature. We have certainly modified the Victorian ideals, but we have not agreed on anything new to put in their place. The "contradictions of marriage and family life" that Mrs. Calder's authors could not resolve have become more stark. Our society as a whole—not merely its public policy but also the attitudes and assumptions of private individuals—is inimical to the family. At the same time, almost every one of us cherishes the Victorian dream of living in a cozy little knot of human beings who love us more than they love anybody else. I do not think we can expect novelists to resolve this contradiction. The most we can ask is that they express some of our perplexities for us.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WOMAN WARRIOR: MEMOIRS OF A GIRLHOOD AMONG GHOSTS, by Maxine Hong Kingston (Knopf). A picture of nineteen-forties and fifties Chinese-American life in San Francisco, from the back of a laundry looking out, and some extraordinarily rich evocations of pre-revolutionary village life in China are wonderfully combined in this highly poetic, powerful fictionalized memoir of a Chinese woman whose parents immigrated to the United States in the nineteen-thirties. Brave Orchid, the author's mother, was a well-to-do villager who gave up an eminent life as a doctor to come to the United States and work side by side with her husband in a San Francisco laundry; then, after seventeen years of gathering customers, they lost their business when their block was

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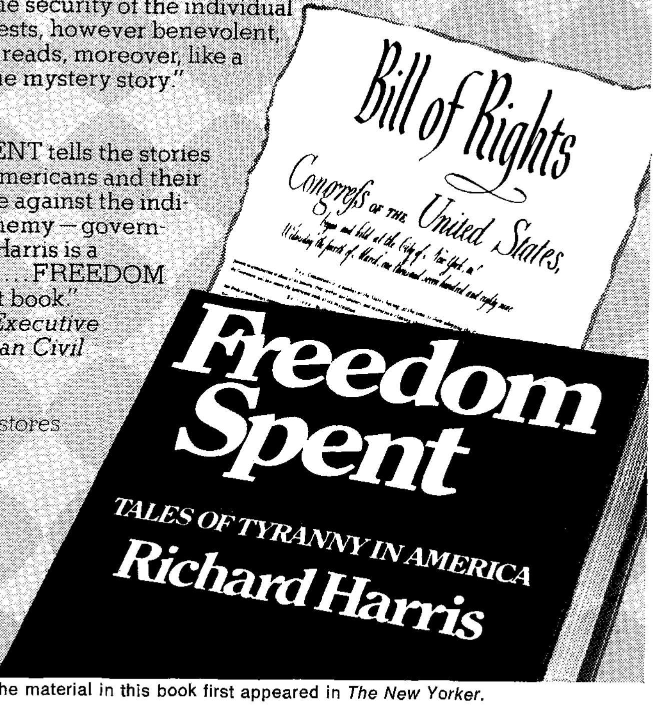

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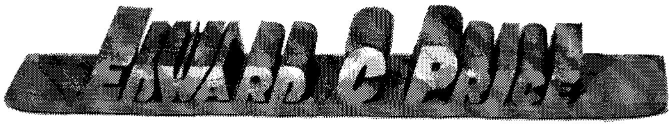

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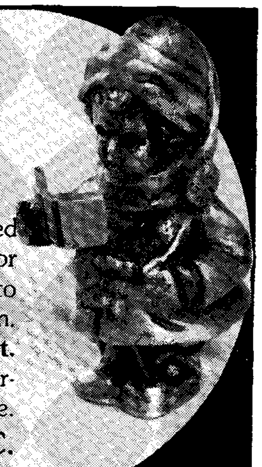

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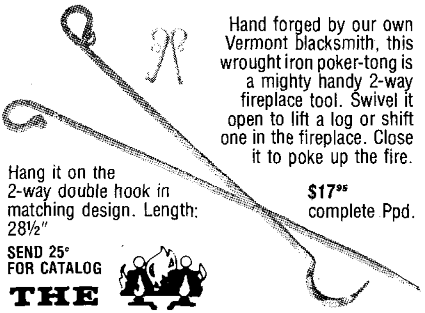

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eradicated by developers. A great deal of the book is about the mother, an intelligent, tyrannical, canny, superstitious woman, who so befuddled her children with her mysterious traditional Chinese ways and her belief in and fear of spirits that they were as confused at home as they were by the alien teacher-ghosts, milkman-ghosts, wino-ghosts, and newsboy-ghosts (all native Americans were referred to as ghosts by the Chinese immigrants) who surrounded them. Mrs. Kingston's writing is smooth and cool, but it also conveys dark wells of emotion—about the shy self-hatred of the Chinese children, who were never Chinese enough for their parents or American enough for the Americans, about the absurdity of trying to graft Chinese ways onto American culture (one of the most moving sections of the book is about the author's timid old aunt, who came to America when she was an old lady and went mad after confronting her husband, who had emigrated thirty years before, abandoned her, and taken a younger second wife), and, above all, about the author's schoolgirl need to shed her heritage, and her deeper need to preserve and understand it.

GENERAL

THE FACE OF BATTLE, by John Keegan (Viking). A remarkable, original, absorbing study. The author, who teaches military history at Sandhurst (born in 1934, he has never been in battle himself), points out that military history never tells us what battle is like but serves other purposes, such as enhancing national pride. He talks about the disparate approaches of Greek historians (matter-of-fact, practical, personal) and Roman historians (glorifying the state, portraying the army as a perfectly disciplined machine), and suggests that the writing of military history has affected the making of military history. Then he gets down to the realities of three battles—Agincourt, Waterloo, and the Somme—raising and answering questions that military historians rarely ask. Why did the men fight? What scared them most? What could they see, hear, do, know? One point, for example, that military history hardly ever mentions is that the troops in all three actions had been given a lot to drink; alcohol—along with coercion, comradeship, and, in the two earlier battles, the promise of loot—was a

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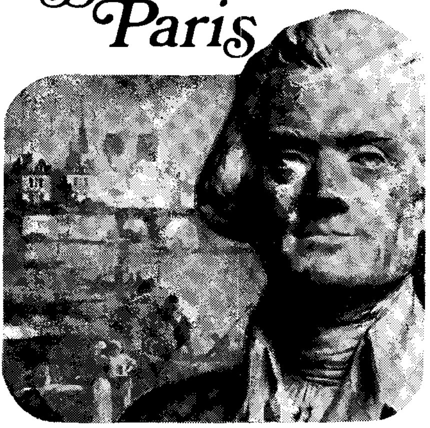

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time-tested means of persuading soldiers to kill. (Born killers, Keegan believes, are a minority in every army.) Agincourt was a tiny tussle compared to Waterloo, as was Waterloo compared to the Somme; bigger battlefields make it harder for soldiers to run away. At Agincourt and Waterloo, troops who got off the field (flight in combat is the most dangerous maneuver of all) were safe when they reached nearby woods; the Somme offered no attainable shelter, and the "killing zones" of the Second World War were even bigger. Keegan believes that "battle is always an abnormality" but that it was less abnormal in earlier periods—Agincourt was more like the violent everyday life of the Middle Ages than the Somme was like twentieth-century civilian life. And future battles strike him as wholly implausible. Physical fatigue has always been a concomitant of fighting, and Keegan thinks that the exhaustion of modern battle is almost more than human beings can endure. "The suspicion grows that battle has already abolished itself," he concludes. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

HENRY WALLACE, HARRY TRUMAN, AND THE COLD WAR, by Richard J. Walton (Viking). An openly partisan effort to rehabilitate a half-forgotten man and the crusade he led. Mr. Walton believes that the former Secretary of Agriculture, Vice-President, and Secretary of Commerce, who in 1948 ran for the Presidency on the Progressive Party ticket in protest against Truman's foreign policy, was right, and that there would have been no Cold, Korean, or Vietnamese war if we had followed Wallace's advice about seeking accommodation with Russia. Like Mr. Wallace, Mr. Walton feels that when differences arise between the United States and the Soviet Union it is more incumbent upon the United States to yield. Even in retrospect, he believes (as Wallace believed) that the greatest threat to peace after the Second World War was British imperialism. Eulogy, not history.

NOTE: "Rehearsal's Off!," a collection of cartoons by George Booth, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dodd, Mead.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE APPARITION, by Georges Simenon, translated from

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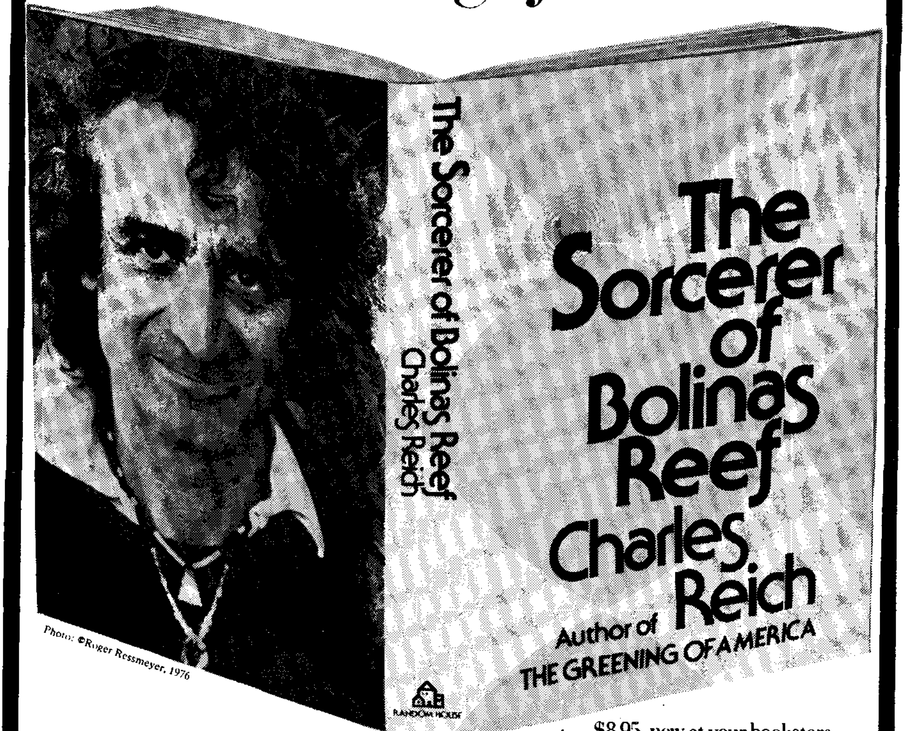
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the French by Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This is one of those luxuriously meandering Maigrets in which the solution of the crime is a little disappointing simply because the byways leading up to it are so much more amusing than what they are going to reveal. The scene is Montmartre—always a favorite haunt of the Chief Superintendent's—and the plot involves a hapless fellow-investigator who gets shot while trying to solve a crime all by himself and thus earn the reputation of super-sleuth that he has always felt cheated of. High-level international art fraud is what lurks in the background, and in the foreground are lots of sleepy, wary, suave, grumpy Parisians standing around in their bathrobes enveloped in clouds of smoke from Maigret's pipe. An unusual feature of this chapter of the Chief's life: Mme. Maigret briefly leaves her pot-au-feu on the simmer to have a simpatico lunch with her husband and help solve the case.

ASK FOR ME TOMORROW, by Margaret Millar (Random House). A young Mexican-American lawyer (this is in Santa Barbara or thereabouts) is hired by a rich woman of middle years to find her first husband (her second, and present, husband is a wheelchair case), who disappeared eight years before with a pregnant Mexican housemaid and their brand-new mobile home, named Dreamboat. The lawyer's search, the fruits of which are interestingly ambiguous, takes him into the wilds (both physical and moral) of lower California, and there is a certain amount of foul play, but Mrs. Millar has chiefly chosen in this splendid entertainment to engage and hold our attention with a bounty of mocking wit and humor.

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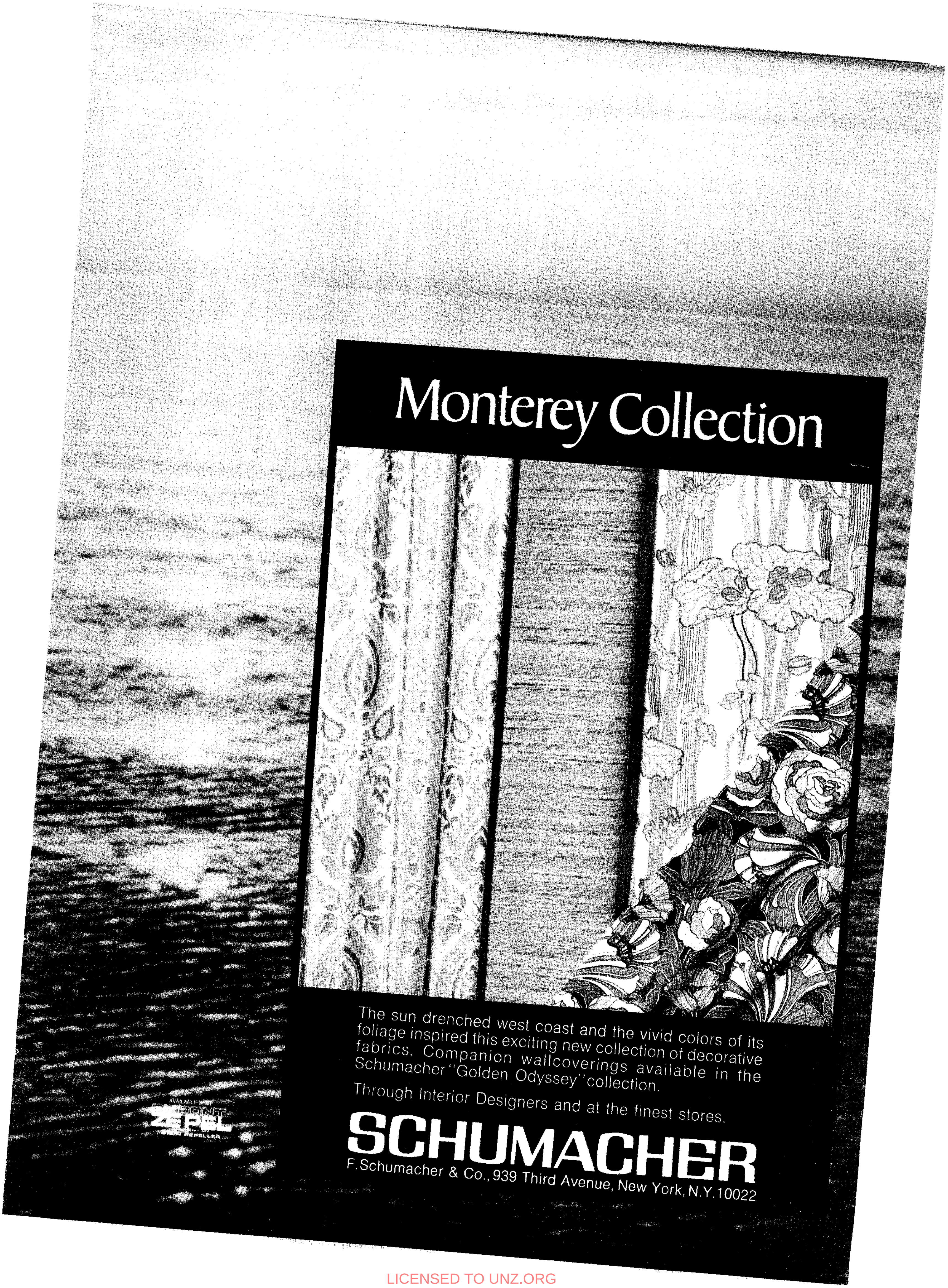

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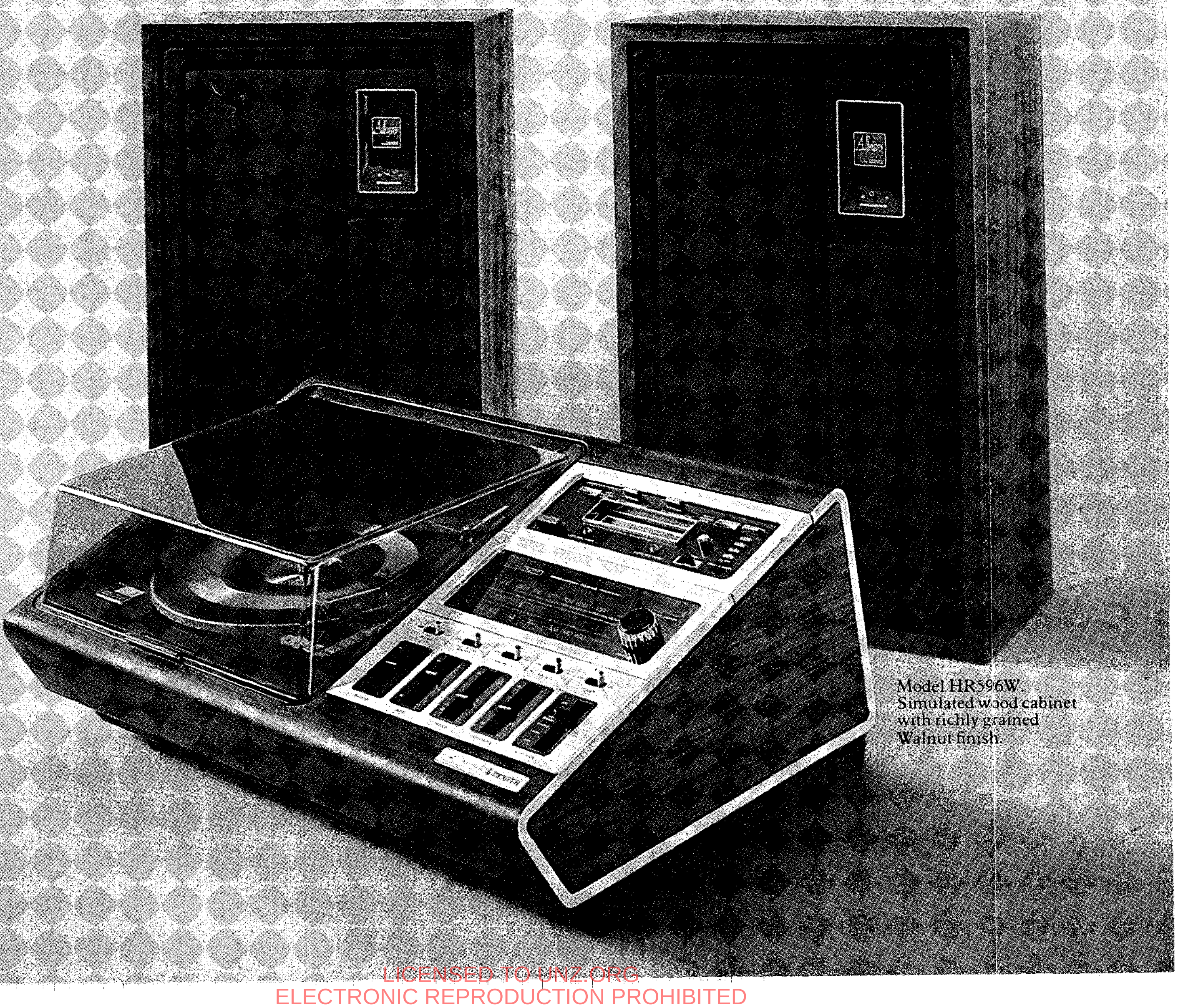

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